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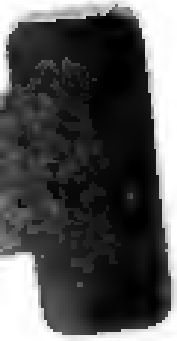

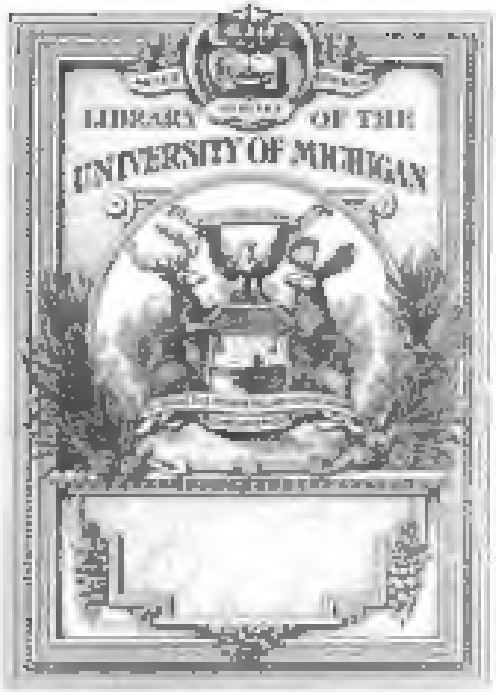
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THE MONTHLY REVIEW

EDITED BY

HENRY NEWBOLT

VOL. VII.

APRIL—JUNE 1902

LONDON: JOHN MURRAY
ALBEMARLE STREET, W.

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SPORT AND CRUELTY

WE were glad to have an opportunity some months ago, of calling the attention of our readers to the high level both of tone and argument which is not infrequently attained in the debates of the House of Lords. We have unfortunately been reminded by a more recent discussion that the Upper Chamber, no less than the Lower, may at times fall lamentably short of its own standard.

On Monday, March 3, the Bishop of Hereford moved the second reading of a Bill for the Prevention of Cruelty to Wild Animals in a short speech the moderation and humanity of which were cordially acknowledged by Lords Aberdeen and Ribblesdale, the two most serious and considerable of his opponents. He explained that the Bill followed the lines of the Act of 1900, to which it formed a logical sequel: that it prohibited the hunting, coursing, or shooting of any animal which, to the knowledge of the person so acting, had been kept in confinement and was released for the purposes of such sport. It would thus prohibit the hunting of the carted stag and the practice of pigeon-shooting: it would not interfere with the killing of so-called tame pheasants, since it was not to apply in the case of animals which had had two months' liberty immediately before the date of the shooting, but it would put an end to the coursing of bagged rabbits, an amusement which he considered cruel and brutalising, and which is said to be gaining favour rapidly in many great centres of population.

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The result may have been only what the Bishop feared, or what his opponents confidently expected: to those who read the report of the debate next day it was a complete surprise. As a nation we are almost to a man devoted to sport; few of us at any rate are born without the instinct; we are humane even to the verge of absurdity, as we have shown in the South African War: we are genuinely concerned for the welfare of our industrial classes, and love to put our concern for any good cause into the exhilarating form of a crusade. There were therefore plenty of strong reasons for expecting a full and spirited debate, perhaps even an illuminating one, for though the House of Lords is certainly a constellation in which one star differs from another in brilliancy, it contains probably few members who have not given much time and thought to the particular subject now under discussion. If but one in twenty of those qualified by skill or experience to speak on such matters had been anxious to take part in the debate, an adjournment would have been inevitable: as it was, after hearing five speeches against him and not one in support, the Bishop withdrew his motion exactly an hour and a half after he had first risen to make it.

It might be worth while to examine the arguments which preceded—we cannot say that they caused—so decisive a result. The attack was led by Lord Newton, an unselfish peer, who happens to live in the neighbourhood of manufacturing towns, and is subjected to considerable inconvenience by people who attempt to take, and very often do take, his rabbits for the purposes of coursing. We sympathise strongly with Lord Newton, and should not have blamed him if under such provocation he had voted for the Bill. The House, however, laughed at the conscientious struggles of this good man. His subsequent points were more important, if not so clearly reasoned. The measure, he said, was directed against forms of sport which in the opinion of the mover were both spurious and cruel. For his part he should be extremely sorry to have to define what was spurious and what was legitimate sport (hear,

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hear), and he thought that the only question they need seriously concern themselves about was that of cruelty. He had never been able to see the cruelty of tame-deer hunting. He had no sympathy with pigeon-shooting, but the question was—was it unjustifiably cruel? Was it more cruel than shooting tame pheasants or partridges? He doubted whether there was more cruelty in rabbit-coursing than in rabbit-shooting. Of course all sport was cruel more or less: those who engaged in shooting or hunting could not with any consistency vote for the Bill. It was really an attack on all sport, but he opposed it chiefly on the ground that it was a piece of class legislation.

The Earl of Durham concurred on this last point, and referred to, but did not feel able to read, some letters he had received from members of the working class desiring that he would tell the Bishop of Hereford their opinion. We regret the suppression of these letters; but Lord Durham made ample amends by reminding us "that physical courage and love of sport have been for centuries the distinguishing characteristics of the British race." He was further of opinion that this Bill "would withdraw many rabbits from the food of the people."

Lord Ribblesdale acquitted the Bishop of making a general attack on sport; but he thought that their lordships were met by the overwhelming difficulty of distinguishing between what was legitimate and what was spurious. He would be very sorry to see stag-hunting included in a Bill of this sort. He should also vote against it because if the other parts of it passed into law "a great number of people who led hard working lives and did not get much amusement would suffer very much."

The Marquis of Londonderry "cordially supported" Lords Newton and Durham, and repeated the last argument of Lord Ribblesdale, but in less memorable language.

The Earl of Aberdeen felt that many of their lordships must feel a difficulty in voting for the Bill. He thought, however, that "the Right Reverend Prelate had done good work

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in raising the discussion, as he had drawn attention to possible abuses. People must be on the alert for checking any such abuses."

On this, the highest note yet reached, the debate ended.

We regret the unworthiness of the discussion, and the confusion and timidity of mind which it revealed; still more do we regret the result—the apparently conclusive nature of the failure; for we are entirely devoted to the interests of sport, and we believe that this Bill, so far from being an attack upon all sport, offered an opportunity of doing something towards saving all that deserves the name. It was, in fact, in our view, a far-sighted attempt to place sport upon the footing on which alone it can eventually stand, if it is to stand at all, to separate the worthy and healthy parts of it from that which is not only corrupt in itself but must, if allowed to remain, inevitably involve the whole in one sweeping condemnation. If it be true that the difficulty of distinguishing between legitimate and spurious sport is, as Lord Ribblesdale declared it to be, overwhelming, we have only two alternatives before us: we must either abandon one of the most valuable and characteristic elements of English life, or look impotently on while it poisons, like impure blood, the manly strength and beauty which it has so long nourished.

Have we really no third choice? We do not for a moment believe so. We should not claim to set our opinion in the balance with a serious and considered judgment of the noble lords whom we have named, but the superficial nature of their arguments and the perfunctory manner in which they presented them on this occasion encourage us in the belief that they were so preoccupied or so much taken by surprise as to be unable for the moment to bring their best powers to bear. Lord Durham for example, when he is not addressing the House, knows as well as any one that the supply of rabbits for food is ample, and that it would be at least as easy when you have caught your rabbit (or Lord Newton's rabbit) to send him direct to the market, as it is to course him first and send him

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to market afterwards. Lord Newton again, when he is not taking dialectical exercise, would readily admit that there is a great difference between the sudden death of a creature shot in its native woods and the lingering torment of one which is captured alive, kept in confinement, carried to execution huddled and stifled in misery, turned out in strange surroundings half paralysed with terror, and worried to death by strange enemies, without even the barest possibility of escape. And Lord Ribblesdale, in spite of his quaintly expressed sympathy with those who "would suffer very much" by the loss of their sport, cannot seriously mean to contend that everything is justifiable which provides "amusement" for working people. He would not really vote for the legalising of bull-fights or of gladiatorial shows. No, these were not serious arguments; they were but the hasty unaimed shots of a picquet ready to fall back on a position to whose real strength, whatever it may be, their fusillade bears no relation. They were on this occasion effectual in repelling the attack, simply because it was entirely unsupported, a single-handed charge, a forlorn hope without the hope. That attack will certainly be renewed, and we trust that in the meantime their lordships will have considered at their leisure whether the position is one that can or ought to be defended at all.

At present they have avowedly looked at the question from one point of view only; they have taken it as a balancing of cruelty against amusement, of the loss to the animal against the gain to the human being. Setting aside the word "amusement" for the moment, and substituting for it the word "sport" in its highest sense, we shall for our own part find no difficulty in agreeing that man's interest must outweigh the animal's, as it is almost universally admitted to do when food is in question. In fact, it seems to us very doubtful whether the pursuit and killing of a wild animal can in itself be properly called an act of "cruelty" at all; it is, at any rate, the chief principle of that struggle for existence upon which terrestrial life is founded, and if we are condemned for preying upon our fellow inhabi-

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tants of the earth, the same judgment must fall more heavily upon the Power which created the order of the world. Mr. Russel Wallace discusses this question in the second chapter of his "Darwinism" and adds with great force:

> We must remember that animals are entirely spared the pain we suffer in the anticipation of death—a pain far greater, in most cases, than the reality. This leads, probably, to an almost perpetual enjoyment of their lives; since their constant watchfulness against danger, and even their actual flight from an enemy, will be the enjoyable exercise of the powers and faculties they possess, unmixed with any serious dread. There is, in the next place, much evidence to show that violent deaths, if not too prolonged, are painless and easy; even in the case of man, whose nervous system is in all probability much more susceptible to pain than that of most animals.
>
> Where we err is, in giving to animals feelings and emotions which they do not possess. To us the very sight of blood, and of torn or mangled limbs, is painful, while the idea of the suffering implied by it is heartrending. We have a horror of all violent and sudden death, because we think of the life full of promise cut short, of hopes and expectations unfulfilled, and of the grief of mourning relatives. But all this is quite out of place in the case of animals, for whom a violent and a sudden death is in every way the best.

We believe this to be a sane and just statement of the case; but it has little to do with the coursing of rabbits, for there can be no doubt that whatever may be the truth about their death, the capture and captivity of such timid and weak creatures must be to a certain degree cruel. Lord Ribblesdale, who spoke up for the noblest form of sport in England—the chase of the wild red deer—must have listened with horror to the sacrilegious sentence in which Lord Newton declared that those who engaged in hunting could not with any consistency vote for a bill against the worrying of so pitiful a quarry as a cowed rabbit. Pigeon-shooting is upon the same footing; in neither of these "sports" is the victim in any true sense "wild"; in both the death is in reality a prolonged and terrifying one. We must add that the cruelty is not accidental or occasional only; it is by the very nature of the case necessary and invariable.

We are content, however, to leave on one side what may be called the animal's point of view, for the decisive considerations

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lie, we believe, elsewhere. We would advise their lordships to summon up their courage and approach once more the problem which one of them thought overwhelming and another "would be extremely sorry" to attempt—the problem of the distinction between spurious and legitimate sport—and to approach it this time from the man's point of view. What are the elements which, on the man's side, go to make up the definition of sport? What is it that satisfies "the sporting instinct" which is so deeply engrained in the English character, in the character of one of the kindliest and most humane peoples in the world?

The answer may be arrived at by examining the different forms of sport in use amongst us. They will be found to fall into three broad divisions; and the basis of all of them is the delight in contest. In the first class come all our games and athletic sports—contests of strength, speed or skill between man and man, whether equipped or not with sails, wheels, oars, skates, or gloves. To the same class belong all kinds of hunting and shooting of wild animals; contests in which the trained faculties of the hunter are pitted against the natural powers of the game. In a second and perhaps less exciting, though hardly less interesting, class come those contests in which the sportsman measures himself not against any living creature, but against the natural difficulties caused by time and space, and by the weaknesses and limitations of his own human nature. Alpine climbing is a sufficiently good example of this kind of sport.

All the pursuits included in these two classes have in greater or less degree the same marked characteristics; they are not only "amusements," they increase the strength and skill of those who follow them. When used in moderation they produce health of mind as well as of body, and the amount of enjoyment and exhilaration derived from them is directly proportioned to the amount of courage, patience, and endurance expended. It follows from this that the best sport is attained in these pursuits when the difficulties to be surmounted are greatest—always, of course, within the limits of possibility—or,

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in the case of contests with men or beasts, when the match is an even one, or the wild animal has a fair chance of escaping by his speed and cunning and by his knowledge of the ground. This is, we imagine, the explanation of the marked love of fair play in all good sportsmen, and their curiously sympathetic feeling for the creatures whose lives they delight to take when they can do so within the rules. Of one thing there is no doubt: the moral effect of all these sports is strong and salutary; the life of England has attested it for centuries.

The third class is of a very different order: the contests which are included in it are not contests in which the sportsman himself takes part: they are games played, races run, fights fought, not by him but for his "amusement." To a certain extent the exhilaration produced by these spectacles resembles that gained in the true sports; we sympathise with the combatants or competitors, more especially if we have ever done the like ourselves. But where the contest is one between animals, the feeling must be different. It may still be a not unworthy feeling; admiration, for instance, at a horse-race, by the common consent of all times and nations one of the most stirring and beautiful sights that man can see in the purely physical world. But it may be one of the basest and most degrading of human pleasures, the glutting of the gladiatorial instinct, of the desire to enjoy the sensational thrill at the cost, not of our own, but of another creature's effort, or pain, or death. There is no doubt that this desire is rapidly increasing in England, and the Triple Alliance which it maintains with the evils of excessive drinking and betting forms a danger to the welfare of the country perhaps not less formidable than the outside combinations against which we are so much on guard.

On such lines as we have roughly indicated it would not, we hope, be difficult for a House crowded with good sportsmen to distinguish between the spurious and the legitimate. It might even be possible for some decision to be come to on the vexed question of the carted deer, without, on the one hand, taking the opinions of the ignorant and sentimental, or, on the

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other, consulting the animal itself as to whether it preferred—in Lord Newton's words—"to be hunted as a tame deer with the certainty of having its life prolonged, rather than as a wild deer with the probability of its being killed." It would be perceived, we think, upon further consideration that this curious sport is an anomalous one: it contains little or no element of cruelty; it demands from the hunters the fullest amount of skill and courage; but the quarry is not a wild animal contending for its life and on its own ground; rather it is an unwilling player in a kind of game, much in the unenviable position of a team of slaves compelled to stand up at football against an overwhelming combination of their owners. Even if the slaves learnt to enjoy it, we do not think the sport would cease to be unworthy of so high a name. But however this may be, about pigeon-shooting and rabbit-coursing there can surely be no doubt; the animal has no fair chance, and where there is no fair chance there is no true sport; the man spends neither courage nor skill and gains neither health nor manliness.

As to the charge of "class legislation" little need be said. They dishonour English sport who represent it as the subject of a corrupt bargain between high and low to wink at each other's cruelty. And if democracy can be shown to mean that the standards of our social life are to be lowered until they cease to conflict with the most barbarous or most decadent tastes among us, then to whom should we look if not to the House of Lords to set about the ending or mending of democracy?

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ON THE LINE

WE have, it appears, one writer at least—and how thankful we are for him—who knows that to be original it is not necessary to lay your scene in the moon, or preach a new religion, or deprive your hero of legs. Mr. A. T. Quiller-Couch in **The Westcotes** (Arrowsmith. Bristol. 6*s.*) does not even shrink from the danger of superficial comparisons; his time and place are those familiar to all who know their Hardy, and in his method he claims to be a disciple of Mr. Henry James. Whatever may have been his intention we take leave to assert that the result is all his own; it has a natural romance, a distinctively English feeling, and a broad kindliness which no combination of these two writers could by any possibility produce. Of their subtlety, their critical fineness and their detachment he has, at any rate, sufficient for his purpose: which is to make us sympathise with the French prisoners of the Great War without for a moment losing our good solid old national pride. Frigate actions end, as a matter of course, in French prisoners and more French prisoners; but these, even in their captivity and poverty, are gentlemen and artists, who can not only keep their parole under all temptation (love only excepted) decorate a ball-room for their conquerors and discuss Roman antiquities, but avenge those fatal broadsides with a quick fire of wit, better aimed if less heavily shotted. For the life of us we cannot help taking sides here against our own people, represented though they are by the

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majestic person of the senior partner in the firm of Westcote and Westcote, bankers of Axcester, in the country of Somerset.

Endymion Westcote, like many pompous men, usually hurt somebody when he indulged in a joke, and for this cause perhaps, had a nervous dislike of wit in others. Dull in taking a jest, but almost preternaturally clever in suspecting one, he had disliked Raoul's sallies in proportion as they puzzled him.

But the point of the book, and half the originality of it, lies not here but in the treatment of Dorothea's love-story. See with how sure and light a hand we are steered between the ridiculous and the sublime. "Face it," said her brother, "the thing's absurd! You, a woman of thirty-eight (or is it thirty-nine?), and he, if I may judge from appearances, young enough to be your son!" And a tender-hearted public all the time longing to see convention, and comfort, and even nationality, heroically defied, and true love disappearing with postillions and old shoes into a conveniently misty region of happiness! Mr. Couch knows better than the brother or the public.

I pray you be gentle with Dorothea. Find if you can something admirable in this plain spinster, keeping, at the age of thirty-seven, a room in her breast adorned and ready for first love; find it pitiful, if you must, that the blind boy should mistake his lodging; only do not laugh, or your laughter may accuse you in the sequel.

She had a most simple heart. Wonder filled it as she rode home to Bayfield, and by the bridge she reined up Mercury as if to take her bearings in an unfamiliar country. At her feet rushed the Axe, swollen by spring freshets; a bullfinch, wet from his bath, bobbed on the sandstone parapet, shook himself, and piped a note or two; away up the stream, among the alders, birds were chasing and courting; from above the Bayfield elms, out of spaces of blue, the lark's song fell like a din of innumerable silver hammers. Either new sense had been given her, or the rains had washed the landscape and restored obliterated lines, colours, meanings. The very leaves by the roadside were fragrant as flowers.

For the moment it sufficed to know that she was loved. She was no fool. At the back of all her wonder lay the certainty that in the world's eyes such love as hers was absurd; that it must end where it began; that Raoul could never be hers, nor she escape from a captivity as real as his. But, perhaps because she knew all this so certainly, she could put it aside. This thing had

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come to her: this happiness to which, alone, in darkness, depressed by every look into the mirror, by every casual proof that her brothers and intimates accepted the verdict as final, her soul had been loyal—a forgotten servant of a neglectful lord.

Long afterwards, when the war was over, and the Provence rose root came from France—no letter accompanied the gift—she planted it sentimentally, and, later still, pruned it with calm reflection:

"After all . . . provided one sees things in their right light and is not a fool——"

Folks no longer smile at sentiment. They laugh it down: by which, perhaps, no great harm would be done if their laughter came through the mind; but it comes through the passions, and at the best chastises one excess by another—a weakness by a rage, which is weakness at its worst. I fear Dorothea may be injured in the opinion of many by the truth—which nevertheless has to be told—that her recovery was helped not a little by sentiment. What! Is a poor lady's breast to be in combustion for a while and then—pf!—the flame expelled at a blast, with all that fed it? That is the heroic cure, no doubt; but either it kills or leaves a room swept and garnished, inviting devils. In short, it is the way of tragedy, and for tragedy Dorothea had no aptitude at all. She did what she could—tidied up.

There can be but few readers of the "New Arabian Nights" who do not remember the Rev. Mr. Rolles. Finding, to his own astonishment, that he had stolen the famous "Rajah's Diamond," he was embarrassed by his ignorance of a safe method of disposing of so conspicuous a booty. He consulted, at his club, a stranger whom he judged from his appearance "to be pre-eminently a man of the world," and who was in fact no other than Prince Florizel of Bohemia himself.

"I, sir," said the curate, "am a recluse, a student, a creature of ink-bottles and patristic folios. A recent event has brought my folly vividly before my eyes, and I desire to instruct myself in life. By life," he added, "I do not mean Thackeray's novels; but the crimes and secret possibilities of our society, and the principles of wise conduct among exceptional events. . . . I am a patient reader; can the thing be learnt in books?"

Mr. Arnold Bennett, the author of **The Grand Babylon Hotel** (Chatto and Windus. 6*s*.), is here entirely at one both

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with Mr. Rolles and with the fantastic genius who created him. Life, for him, is by no means Thackeray's novels: it is more like Balzac's *Histoire des Treize;* as full of crimes and secret possibilities as the Paris of "Monte Cristo"; but abounding in more modern elements, American millionaires and their daughters, royal princes and their debts, hotel waiters more important and mysterious even than Lord Rosebery's, chefs who can embalm a murdered man with the coolness of Baba Mustapha, and will not stoop to serve a steak at eight o'clock for any man on earth. We must confess that Mr. Bennett is never for a moment on Stevenson's highest level in this kind; but he is on the right road, and his first five chapters give promise of successes to come. The writing is excellent: the sensational grip of the story is irresistible. If "the thing" can be learnt in books this is certainly one of the books in which to learn it.

Royal folk in Russia—they that make history—behave like the worst characters in the worst plays of the time of Elizabeth. Whether they were bad rather than mad, or mad rather than bad, will always remain an open question; magnificent they are always. Shakespeare's kings and queens are not capable of such conduct, but Marlowe's, Ford's, and Fletcher's are, and their accumulated horrors are not more wanton than the individual deeds of Catherine II. To look at the quiet, sensible face of this lady, as depicted in Mr. Nisbet Bain's vivid **Life of Peter III.** (Constable. 10*s.* 6*d.* net) is to shudder. Was the cold, calculating vampire even as one of ourselves? Alas for the unnaturalness of Nature!

"My child," said Peter to the young and lovely Princess Dashkova, one of the thousand tools of his terrible wife, "you would do well to recollect that it is much safer to deal with honest blockheads, like your sister and myself, than with great geniuses who squeeze the juice out of the orange, and then throw away the rind."

It was the only clever thing he ever said. He was not clever, and yet "stupidity is too solid and substantial a quality

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to be attributed to one so essentially flighty and feather-brained." He was possessed of a wonderful memory (unintelligent people often are); he had a passion for soldiers and manœuvres; he could play the violin, and he desired to form a library, though, mindful of his boyish sufferings, he forbade the purchase of any book written in Latin. He cared more for his little duchy of Holstein than for the Empire of All the Russias, and he sacrificed every Russian interest to his hero, Frederick II. Six months of his rule were enough. He "disappeared."

In the prevalence of caste, in the dearth of genius among us, the power of a story-teller to draw one class correctly—or even half or the fourth of one class—must be reckoned a wonderful gift. The commercial world is well railed in from the nobility; the soldier has no concern with scholar or with artist; servants hold aloof from "the poor." Even those professional go-betweens, the clergy, the doctors, the gentlemen of the robe, rarely possess intimate knowledge of character outside the circle to which they belong. Experts in any line of science or of sport may draw together, but the classes themselves stand apart; and the fact that an author knows something of one class will not certify his acquaintance with the rest. A man who can describe gentlemen well, or paint the Portrait of a Lady as Henry James painted it once, earns and deserves to earn great applause, even if he neglects or merely sketches the other actors on the stage. Hardy's ladies and gentlemen make ladies and gentlemen smile; but what does that matter? There lives in the midst of us at the present moment a writer of remarkable ability—sage, mature, unemotional. The village folk whom he depicts in **Kitty Fairhall** (By John Halsham. Hodder and Stoughton. 6*s*.) are as true, if not so humorous, as Hardy's; the two scholarly and friendly clergymen who minister to them live as those reverend persons live in "Scenes of Clerical Life"; the landscape has the perfection of a landscape by Thoreau. John Halsham is no specialist, and,

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guided by a wise moderation that never attempts the impossible, he writes of nothing unfamiliar, and does not theorise. Hope and despair are alike remote. The sense of beauty consoles and soothes. Over all hangs the veil of that gentle melancholy—the melancholy of tender-hearted people between thirty and forty-five—which is different alike from the storm and tempest of youth and from the occasional sternness of later middle age. No effort mars the even charm of style. No rude, bright colours glare against the grey. It is as if we listened to a soft strain of music in twilight, with here and there a star.

Lazarre. By M. Hartwell Catherwood. (Grant Richards. 6*s.*)—The lover of historical romance will enjoy this novel. It is more romantic than historical, and sufficiently historical to lend reality to the romance. It purports to be the autobiography of Louis XVII., and is founded on the story that the poor little Dauphin did not really die in the Temple, but was smuggled over to America. From the fascinating prologue in old St. Bat's, or St. Bartholomew-the-Great, to the final living happily ever afterwards, the book is full of atmosphere, and has the rather rare power—so essential in historical fiction—of concentrating our vision upon one figure—the Dauphin's. As a child of nine, apparently imbecile from his gaolers' maltreatment, he and his pension are made over to the Indians, who bring him up as one of them. He is called Eleazar, or Lazarre Williams, and passes as a half-breed, till one fine day, when he is eighteen, his torpid faculties awake, and gradually, through a woman, the consciousness of himself and his possibilities is borne in upon him. Then begins the drama of his life, and we are thankful to a writer who enables us to follow him with sympathy, with longing for his success: whether in his first ardour for books, or in his escape home to nature; on the journey to France, or in the prison of Ste. Pélagie; in white satin court clothes, or disowned by his uncle at Mittau; as an uninvited guest at the Tuileries, or in his secret flight thence;

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as a schemer for empire—philanthropic empire—over the Indians, or in the final union with his lady-love, in whose arms we are allowed to leave him. The first half of the book, up to the scene at Mittau, is the best, the most convincing; and some of the episodes are brilliant, with a softened brilliance which appeals to the fancy; especially, perhaps, the boy's first sight of his mother's missal and his first meeting with Louis Philippe out of the mist in an American forest. But throughout the story the struggle in him between princely Bourbon and primitive Indian, the rush of half-memories that objects suddenly evoke in him, the eclipses that follow—are all depicted with real delicacy and insight. And Mrs. Catherwood loves Nature, and, when not too elaborate, succeeds in portraying her. The description of Lazarre's night in the mist is worth the reading. So are the pages that deal with the antipodes of Nature—Paris. But whoever wishes to stroll there had best do so at once, under the author's guidance.

The British public, we are almost sure, loves poetry, but it loves it in small quantities, in small pieces, and above all at a small price. Mrs. Meynell's volume of **Later Poems** (Lane. 2*s.* 6*d.* net) fulfils these conditions, and, if the rarity and delicacy of its contents be not too much against it, may find its own welcome even in this hour of the powers of war and politics. To those who have long followed and admired the development of this strange talent, we need only pass the word that here is a new collection in some items of which the artist has at least equalled her own best work. To those who are not well acquainted with Mrs. Meynell—neither she nor her friends have kept pace with the modern methods of advertisement—it may be well to say that this is an art demanding such a union of refinement and passion that perfect success can only be expected now and then, and its effect is seldom instantaneous upon those who are not skilled to see the mark at which these slender high shafts are winged. It is illuminator's work, a kind of miniature painting in *grisaille*, and in the absence of

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warm colouring the indispensable fire must be conveyed by a fervour as it were of line or movement, or at the least a radiant freshness. We find such a vivifying passion in nearly all Mrs. Meynell's religious poems, and there are several here; one an exquisite Christmas hymn:

New every year,
New born and newly dear,
He comes with tidings and a song,
The ages long, the ages long.

Among the other pieces we must confess to one or two decided disappointments; they are paradoxical, and no one can impart fervour to a paradox. Moreover, they have a troublesome likeness to the work of the truly minor poet; for they are rather gleams on a backwater than shining ripples, however tiny, on the great river of life. But any number of failures are as nothing when weighed in the balance with a real success. Such are to our thinking—and we are confirmed by very high authority—the four stanzas called "The Modern Mother," contributed to this REVIEW in December 1900, and at least three other pieces. For quaint originality and captivating movement it would be hard to find the like of "Chimes."

Brief, on a flying night,
From the shaken tower,
A flock of bells take flight,
And go with the hour.

Like birds from the cote to the gales,
Abrupt—O hark!
A fleet of bells set sails,
And go to the dark.

Sudden the cold airs swing.
Alone, aloud,
A verse of bells takes wing
And flies with the cloud.

Mr. Theodore A. Cook's **Anthology of Humorous Verse** (Virtue. 3*s.* 6*d.* net), and Mr. Anthony C. Deane's **Little Book of Light Verse** (Methuen. 2*s.* 6*d.* net), both achieve

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to a remarkable degree the same object while remaining substantially different from each other. One hundred and five authors (thirteen anonymous) are represented in the two collections, but of these only thirty are to be found in both: and even among the works of the thirty the choice of the two editors is by no means the same. This may be largely the result of the necessity under which anthologists lie, of accepting what they can get from the authors or publishers of works still the subject of copyright: and we can understand that the author may prefer not to give the same poem to all who ask. At any rate, whether by taste or fortune, we think Mr. Deane has been a little more happy than Mr. Cook in his pieces by modern writers: he has for instance Mr. R. C. Lehmann's "Retriever's Epitaph":

> Such was my dog, who now without my aid
> Hunts through the shadow land, himself a shade;
> Or, couched intent before some ghostly gate,
> Waits for my step, as here he used to wait.

Mr. Quiller-Couch's "Titania":

> So bluff Sir Leolin gave the bride away:
> And when they married her, the little church
> Had seldom seen a costlier ritual.

and R. L. Stevenson's "Song of the Road":

> For one and all, or high or low,
> Will lead you where you wish to go;
> And one and all go night and day
> *Over the hills and far away.*

—three pieces which we cannot well be without, and for whose absence we are not to be compensated even by Mr. Seaman's or Mr. Stephen's masterpieces. But since these too are indispensable the result must be the acquisition of both volumes. This is the better worth while because in addition to the difference of their contents the two books afford a pleasant contrast of temperaments. Mr. Deane confesses in his introduction that he collects from the point of view of the professional: his interest is mainly in the excellence of the verse; it need not

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be very humorous, if only it be neat. The art with which he deals is "of a comparatively recent date," and he scorns the time when "the popular theory was, that light verse should be a rollicking jingle, written pretty well as you pleased, the more puns in it the better." Mr. Cook is more genial and far more catholic; necessarily so, for he is of the historical and scientific school, begins with Chaucer, and arranges his collection in five divisions. These are worth enumerating, for they are not entirely arbitrary or entirely scientific, but rather represent the prevalent modes in which English humorous verse has hitherto been written.

"The first division is devoted to what may be described as old-fashioned humour, out of which, for good or evil, we have grown"; but we doubt whether we have quite outgrown, for instance, Herrick's "Ternary of Littles." The second division consists of verse "written round about the Eternal Feminine"; this begins with "The Wife of Bath's Prologue," and ends with Mr. Henley's famous "As like the Woman as you can"; the third deals chiefly with parody, and the fourth with politics—a small section this, but it includes Canning, Praed, Godley, and Seaman. The fifth division is miscellaneous, and covers much the same ground as Mr. Deane's whole book, containing no less than a hundred and forty odd pages, filled, for the most part, with modern verse. This fact lends some justification to Mr. Cook's view that the writing of humorous verse is yet in its infancy. It is certain that the amount written is rapidly increasing, and that the character of our humour is changing; but for all that, the time is, we imagine, far off still when the rollicking laughter that resounds on so many of these pages will have entirely lost its savour. We believe that a revival of broad genial humour, freed from its ancient cruelty, would be a healthy reaction, and is not altogether impossible. Mr. Cook, we feel sure, would welcome it.

The Life of Napoleon I. By John Holland Rose. (Bell. 2 vols. 18*s.* net.)—The latest book on a great subject is often

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taken to be the final book—so far as finality is predicable of books. It will be a long time before the final book about Napoleon is written. Mr. Rose has added to our knowledge of certain parts of Napoleon's career, chiefly from researches in the Record Office, and has written the whole story in a clear and interesting manner. Mr. Rose's history is not like Green's "Short History" or Fyffe's "Modern History," books to which we return again and again for the mere pleasure of reading them. Such books have a kind of finality. Nor is it to be compared with Carlyle's "Cromwell," in which the touch of genius draws a living portrait in spite of imperfect knowledge and deductions as vast as unsound. But Mr. Rose may justly claim (as he does) with Bishop Creighton to have "tried to write true history." His "Life of Napoleon I." is a faithful record of events, enhanced by his own researches, and a work of sound judgment; and no book of equal bulk contains a better account of the superhuman man who is its subject. We shall, however, continue to go to Bourrienne, Las Cases, and Marbot, and the great captain's own despatches, and Victor Hugo and Erckmann-Chatrian, and Heine, to get the true Napoleon-myth; for the actions of such a man and the impression he made upon the world have something mythical in them, and belong to poetry as well as prose. Napoleon's personal influence upon the men among whom he lived is as real a fact as his remodelling the map of Europe, re-creating France, and slaying his hundreds of thousands. His armed ghost may rise at any moment and lead France to new conquests. His ideas rule the modern world and are shaping the future. He bestrode the world in which he lived like a colossus: and the historian who takes in hand to describe the events of that time must be a portrait painter, the subject of whose picture is Napoleon, and the figures and landscape accessories. This may be an exaggeration: Sir John Seeley treats Napoleon as a product, not a creator; but the superstitious view of Napoleon is after all truer than the matter-of-fact view; and Mr. Rose, though he is well aware of the supreme capacity of the great man,

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approaches him perhaps too much from the side of prose and facts, not belittling him like Lanfrey, or explaining him away like Seeley, nor blinded by hatred of his crimes and vices, but seldom rising into the epic strain which befits so great a subject.

Canto l'armi . . . e'l Capitano—

we wish Mr. Rose had poured a little more *song* into his history.

Napoleon himself, with all his "dæmonic" superiority to mankind, his "seven-league-booted thoughts," his immense designs and gigantic actions, his belief in his star, his dreams of Oriental empire, his mythical treatment of himself as the incarnate Revolution, a force not a man, was in action the man of prosaic details and master of commonplace methods. His grasp of facts and knowledge of common motives, combined with clearness of vision, strength of will, and promptitude in action, made him "the first man of business" of his time. "I am always thinking," he said; and his thought had always a practical issue. He "never asked a question twice." In his brain was laid up the business capacity of a whole nation. Perhaps no man except Cæsar, and on a smaller scale Frederick, has ever held all public business so completely in his hand. It was his superior knowledge of facts as well as his inflexible will and personal ascendency which made him irresistible. From his Corsican days, and from the moment when he freed himself from Thermidorian ties, he looked upon himself as different from other men in virtue of his knowledge of affairs and what he meant to do with it. Already in the Italian and Egyptian campaigns he treated his official superiors as if they were his clerks, making treaties and unmaking states as if he had been born in the purple of Charlemagne. This confidence in himself ruined him at last, when he had united the world in arms against him. But till the fatal Russian enterprise, itself a step towards his final object, the establishment of a French empire in East and West on the ruins of the British Empire, there was no reason why he should not have been able to maintain and perpetuate in a Bonaparte dynasty

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the greater part of his conquests. The peace of Lunéville gave to France the Rhine, Nice, and Savoy. After Campo Formio the French frontier included Holland, Switzerland, and North Italy, with Naples and the Adriatic islands as a base in the Eastern Mediterranean. At Amiens peace with England was settled on the basis of the annexation or protectorate of Belgium, Holland, and North Italy. Even the later conquests, by which the whole of Italy and Germany as far as the Jura became part of the Napoleonic Empire, might have been held, so weak was the bond of German and Italian nationality and so great the relief felt in both countries from the abolition of feudal disunion and the comparative freedom enjoyed under French institutions. "The true turning point in his fortunes," says Fyffe, "was the moment when he passed beyond the policy which had planned the Federation of the Rhine, and roused by his oppression the one State which was still capable of giving a national life to Germany." Prussia, insulted, robbed, humbled, and weakened by the loss of half her territories, put herself at the head of the liberators. Russia was alienated by the rigour of the Continental system. Austria regained courage to try once more at Leipzig the fortune which had so often failed her, and the work begun by Nelson was completed by Wellington. The Napoleonic ideas, which in their most moderate form might have fixed the French frontier permanently at the Rhine and the Alps, resulted in the loss of the Netherlands and the Rhine provinces in 1814, and of Alsace and Lorraine in 1871.

Napoleon's conquests have disappeared from the map of Europe. The institutions which he created survive. Though it may be true that much of what he accomplished would have been brought about in time by other agents, the work was done by him. He made the unity of Germany and Italy possible. He gave to the same countries personal liberty, administration of equal justice, and the career open to talent, and extended the same benefits to Spain and the Low Countries.

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He cut off the heads of the poppies, but let the corn grow. All the institutions of modern France were created and remodelled by him. For good or evil he set up Ultramontanism on the ruin of national Churches. By violent methods and in disregard of common morality he laid for ever the ghost of the Holy Roman Empire ("neither holy, nor Roman, nor an empire"), destroyed feudalism from the Rhine to the Austrian border, threw down the effete aristocracies of Venice and Genoa, abolished ecclesiastical states and petty princedoms; and no one has wished to restore any of the rubbish which he burnt up.

All this is clearly brought out by Mr. Rose, and one of the best parts of his history is that in which he describes Napoleon's work in France as the founder of institutions, the only region in which Lanfrey does him justice. It is easy to say that the work was done by somebody else. Everybody's work is done by somebody else; a man of genius turns the guesses of others into certainties and their failures into success.

Mr. Rose, like other writers, is under the spell of Napoleon's early days, when the young conqueror witched the world with the greatness of his designs and the splendour of their execution. As his story goes on he finds more and more to condemn. But in truth Napoleon's heart was never soft, nor his conduct ever guided by justice or mercy. As he was in 1795, such he remained to the end, only with increasing power for good and evil. "Men like me do not commit crimes"; "What is the death of a million of men to me?"; "I will crush Russia"; "I will break Austria to pieces"—such sayings suggest the question, whether the highest practical genius can be found in company with morality, whether a different standard from that of other men is not to be applied to Cæsar, Napoleon, Frederick, and Richelieu. Napoleon may have been Scapin; but the Jupiter in him counted for more than the Scapin.

Mr. Rose's researches in the Record Office have enabled him to throw light on several points in which our nation has hitherto suffered in public estimation. We regret the necessity

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for seizing the Danish fleet in 1807. But whether or not it was justified by results, it was not merely opposing fraud to fraud, and fighting Napoleon with his own weapons. With an honourable antagonist we might have been more scrupulous. But neutrality was impossible for Denmark; the doubtful attitude of the Czar made action necessary, and our ministers knew enough of Napoleon to be sure that if we did not act, he would.

The seizure of the Spanish plate fleet was also an act anticipating an outbreak of war—irregular, but not unfair.

One feature in this book is the rapid and accurate sketches of individual character with which it abounds. Besides Napoleon himself, whose character will never be adequately portrayed till some Michael Angelo of literature takes it in hand, the portraits of Lucien, Jerome, the emperors and kings, the marshals and ministers, are graphically and justly drawn, and the sidelights on Pitt, Canning, and Wellington are clear and impartial. It is no small merit to have produced so large a historical gallery with so little caricature and want of proportion.

Mr. Rose's style improves as he advances. Now and then he rises to the height of his great argument. We quote as a good example the description of Napoleon's funeral, though it is not without faults:

> Clad in his favourite green uniform, he fared forth to his resting-place under two large weeping willow-trees in a secluded valley; the coffin, surmounted by his sword and the cloak he had worn at Marengo, was borne with full military honours by the grenadiers of the 20th and 66th Regiments before a long line of red-coats; and their banners, emblazoned with the names of "Talavera," "Albuera," "Pyrenees," and "Orthez," were lowered in a last salute to our mighty foe. Salvos of artillery and musketry were fired over the grave; the echoes rattled upwards from ridge to ridge and leaped from the splintery peaks far into the wastes of ocean to warn the world beyond that the greatest warrior and administrator of all the ages had sunk to rest.

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AN ENGLISH CORONATION

The following letter is one of a series written during the years 1725–1729 by M. César de Saussure, who was then on a visit to this country, and was an eye-witness of the festivities at the coronation of George II., one of the most splendid in the history of England. This account, which has hitherto remained unpublished, is contributed to the Monthly Review by Madame van Muyden, a descendant and representative of M. de Saussure.

I HAVE often longed to have you with me, but never more so than on May 11 last, for I then saw the most solemn, magnificent, and sumptuous ceremony it is any one's lot in life to witness; I mean the coronation of King George II. and of Queen Caroline, his spouse. I know only too well that it will be quite impossible for me to give you a correct impression of the extraordinary and magnificent riches I saw on this occasion, but as I know that you wish me to write and describe all the eventful and curious sights I see during my travels, I will relate it to you to the best of my ability.

For two or three days before the coronation numbers of carpenters had been working at erecting a footway or wooden bridge about three feet in height and edged with wooden railings; this bridge commenced at the chief entrance of Westminster Hall, passed all along New Palace Yard, King's Street, St. Margaret's Churchyard, and ended at the western porch of Westminster Abbey. On every side of this bridge, wherever the space allowed it, stands and platforms had been erected for the use of spectators.

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On May 11, at four in the morning, I, with two of my friends, went together to take our places on one of these stands which we had been to select the day before; we had chosen some well-situated ones in New Palace Yard. Though we started from home at such an early hour, we experienced considerable difficulty in getting to the stand because of the enormous crowds of people that already filled the streets, passages, and even the stands. At seven o'clock several companies of Foot Guards appeared and took up their position on either side of the bridge. Two regiments of Horse Guards guarded the square, the churchyard, and bridge, the latter being shortly afterwards concealed by blue cloth. The bridge was so wide, it required three widths of cloth to conceal it.

At about nine o'clock the procession or solemn march began in the following manner:

1. The King's herb-strewer, followed by eight maidens carrying four baskets filled with flowers and sweet-smelling herbs, with which they bestrewed the bridge or footway.

2. The beadle of the Dean of Westminster, with a blue cloak hanging from his shoulders and carrying a thick black staff in his hand.

3. The drum-major, followed by twelve drummers of the Foot Guards.

4. A kettle-drummer and several trumpeters of the Horse Guards wearing their uniforms of crimson velvet, braided on the seams and on the coat tails with wide gold braidings.

5. The six Clerks of Chancery in robes of black satin brocaded with flowers, trimmed with tuftings of black silk on the sleeves. They walked by three and three together.

6. The vestry-keeper of the Royal Chapel, followed by the King's twelve chaplains, all clad in long scarlet robes bordered with ermine, and wearing stoles of black silk and carrying square caps in their hands.

7. The Sheriffs of London and Middlesex, followed by the Aldermen and Recorder of London dressed in their scarlet robes of ceremony. Those aldermen who had been Lord

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Mayor wore the gold chain of office hanging down to their belts.

8. The Masters of the Court of Chancery, the Solicitor-General, the King's Proctor, the Attorney-General, all wearing scarlet robes, but differing according to their offices.

9. The King's Gentlemen-in-waiting.

10. The Barons and Judges of the Exchequer and the Judges of the King's Bench in robes of scarlet bordered with ermine, and carrying scarlet caps in their hands.

[N.B.—All the persons I have mentioned and all those that followed walked four and four whenever they were numerous enough. All peers and peeresses and the councillors of the King's Council walked two and two.]

11. The Lord Chief Baron of the Exchequer and the Lord Chief Justice of the Common Pleas, in robes of scarlet bordered with ermine and interlaced silver-gilt collars forming a double S.

12. The Master of the Rolls and the Lord Chief Justice of the King's Bench, clad like the preceding, with the same collars of gilded silver.

13. The choir boys of the Abbey of Westminster in surplices of white linen, and with square caps in their hands.

14. The dean and subdean of the Chapel Royal in scarlet robes, but of a different fashion to those of the lawyers, and carrying square caps in their hands.

15. The choir boys of the Chapel Royal in surplices of fine white linen, and wearing over these cloaks of scarlet cloth; they carried square caps in their hands.

16. The organist of the Chapel of Westminster, followed by a band of musicians with hautboys, fifes, bassoons, bugles, and other instruments.

17. The twelve prebendaries or canons of Westminster in surplices and copes of white silk brocaded with large flowers of various colours, and holding square caps in their hands.

18. The Herald-at-arms of the Knights of the Bath.

19. The Knights of the Bath who are not peers, wearing

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the dress and collar of their order, and carrying their caps surmounted by white ostrich plumes in their hands.

20. The first Scottish Herald-at-arms, or Lord Lyon.

21. A Knight of the Thistle, which is a Scottish order, clad after the manner of the Knights of the Bath, but his cloak was of green velvet, lined with flame-coloured satin, his cap was surmounted with handsome green ostrich plumes, and he wore the collar of his order.

22. The first Herald at-arms of England, or Lord Garter, dressed in his dalmatic or coat armour of blue silk, on which the arms of England are stamped in colours.

23. Sir Robert Walpole, the only Knight of the Garter who is not a noble; he was clothed in the robes of this order. His mantle and cap were of blue velvet, the latter laden with tall flame-coloured ostrich plumes; the lining of his mantle, his jacket, and his breeches were all of flame-coloured satin. His hose and shoes were white. He wore a belt of blue velvet, to which a large gold sword of ancient workmanship was suspended over his jacket. The collar of the order was round his neck, and the blue garter embroidered with pearls was tied round his left leg.

24. The Vice-Chamberlain, followed by the Controller of Accounts and by the Treasurer of the King's Household, all three wearing their habitual clothes, but of great magnificence.

25. Those of the King's Councillors of Great Britain who are not peers, walking two and two.

26. Two Kings-at-arms in their dalmatics of blue silk.

27. The baronesses walking two and two as did all the peers and peeresses. They wore their robes of state, and I must describe them to you. On their heads were neither caps nor coverings of any sort. Their hair was dressed in long, thick curls falling on their shoulders, and they wore quaintly fashioned garments, called kirtles, of crimson velvet, lined with white satin and trimmed with green silk cut out in the shape of flames, edged with a silver fringe. These kirtles were fastened to the waist by jewelled clasps, and were widely cut

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out round the neck and chest so as not to conceal the front part of the bodice, which was embroidered with gems and precious stones. The lower part of the gown likewise was exposed to view, being composed of beautiful silver cloth brocaded with flowers of various colours. Over these kirtles were worn cloaks of crimson velvet hanging from the shoulders, lined with white satin, and trimmed with flames of green silk, and with capes bordered with two bands of ermine and lined with green silk. The trains of these cloaks hung three feet on the ground, and they were fastened over the shoulders by thick cords of silver, which ended below the waist with heavy silver tassels. The baronesses carried their coronets in their hands; these were very small, being made to fit at the back of the head, and were of crimson velvet surmounted with a silver tuft and edged with a circlet of the same precious metal and with six large pearls, after the manner of barons' crowns.

28. The barons in their robes of state, their kirtles being of crimson velvet lined with white satin, and bordered with cut green silk in the shape of flames. These kirtles fell below the knee, and were faced and bordered with green silk and silver fringe. Over these they wore wide belts of white velvet, to which swords of ancient workmanship were suspended, the scabbards being of crimson velvet. From their shoulders hung cloaks of crimson velvet lined with white satin and bordered with the green flames, the capes being lined with green silk and bordered with two bands of ermine, and fastened on the shoulders with thick silver cords tasselled at either end; these cloaks fell down to their heels. The barons all wore white hose, and likewise did all the other peers, and they carried coronets in their hands just like those of the baronesses, except that they were much larger and fitted on the head.

29. The bishops, all excepting those who carried the regalia or royal ornaments. They wore their rochets and big cloaks and capes. All their garments were of silver cloth, brocaded with flowers of divers colours, and in their hands they carried mitres of the same cloth of silver.

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30. Two Kings-at-arms as before.

31. The viscountesses dressed like the baronesses. Their trains were three and a half feet in length, their capes bordered with three bands of ermine, and their coronets were those of viscountesses.

32. The viscounts clad like the barons, but their cloaks hung half a foot on the ground, and their capes were trimmed with three bands of ermine, their coronets being those of viscounts.

33. Two Heralds-at-arms in their dalmatics of blue silk and wearing silver-gilt collars.

34. The countesses dressed in their robes of state after the fashion of the baronesses, except that their cloaks trained four feet on the ground, and that their capes were bordered with four rows of ermine. The fringes, cords, and tassels of their cloaks, and the big tuft on their coronets, were all of gold. Their skirts were of cloth of gold, brocaded with flowers and leaves in various colours.

35. The earls, all excepting those who carried the regalia, in their robes of state fashioned like those of the barons, except that their cloaks hung one foot on the ground, and that the coronets they carried were earl's coronets. The peers, Knights of the Garter, of the Thistle, of the Bath, wore their gold chains round their shoulders and the star of their order embroidered on their cloaks.

36. Two Heralds-at-arms as before.

37. The marchionesses in their robes of state. Their trains were four and a half feet in length, and their hoods were bordered with five bands of ermine. Their coronets were the coronets of marchionesses.

38. The marquesses in their robes of state like those of the earls; their cloaks trained one foot and a half on the ground. Their hoods were bordered with five bands of ermine, and their coronets were the coronets of marquesses.

39. Two Heralds-at-arms as before.

40. The duchesses in their robes of state like those of the

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countesses, save that the trains of their cloaks were five feet in length, and that their capes were bordered with six bands of ermine.

When the duchesses were in front of our seats the procession was for a time brought to a stop. The Dowager Duchess of Marlborough took a drum from a drummer and seated herself on it. The crowd laughed and shouted at seeing the wife of the great and celebrated General Duke of Marlborough, more than seventy years of age, seated on a drum in her robes of state, and in such a solemn procession.

41. The dukes, all except those who carried the regalia, or who filled some other important office. They wore robes of state like those of the earls, save that their cloaks trailed two feet on the ground, and that their capes were bordered with six bands of ermine and that they carried ducal coronets.

42. The Duke of Grafton, Lord Chamberlain of the King's Household, walked alone at the head of the other dukes. He wore his robes of state, and carried his ducal coronet in one hand, and his long white wand of office in the other.

43. The first King-at-arms of England. On his right hand walked the Scottish King-at-arms, and on his left the Irish King-at-arms; they all wore dalmatics, and characteristic marks of office, and carried their coronets in their hands.

44. The Duke of Devonshire, President of the Council, and Lord Trevor, Keeper of the Privy Seal, in their robes of state.

45. Lord King, the Lord Chancellor, in his robes of state, carrying his coronet in one hand and the big purse or pocket containing the Grand Seal in the other. The Lord Archbishop of York in his rochet and cloak of gold cloth, carrying his Archbishop's mitre of the same cloth in his hand.

46. The Lord Archbishop of Canterbury walking alone in his robes fashioned like those of the Archbishop of York.

47. Colonel Lambert, representing the Duke of Normandy, and Sir George Walter, representing the Duke of Aquitaine. They were dressed in the same fashion as the other dukes, except that their cloaks were bordered with ermine, and that

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they carried a sort of old-fashioned hat made of cloth of gold, with drooping brim and lined with ermine.

48. The Queen's Vice-Chamberlain in rich clothing, the key of his office embroidered in gold on the left side of his coat.

49. Two gentlemen ushers.

50. The Queen's Lord Chamberlain, the Earl of Grantham, in his robes of state, fashioned like those of the other earls.

51. The Duke of St. Albans carrying the Queen's state crown of purple velvet enriched with magnificent jewels; this crown reposed on a crimson velvet cushion braided and fringed with gold. On his right walked the Duke of Rutland carrying the gold sceptre with the cross, and on his left walked the Duke of Norfolk carrying the ivory sceptre with the dove. These three nobles were in robes of state.

52. The Queen in her royal robes, fashioned like those of the peeresses; they were of purple velvet bordered and lined with ermine, and with wide gold braidings. The skirt of her robe was of gold and silver tissue, brocaded with large bunches of different coloured flowers, enriched with a quantity of beautiful jewels. On her head was a small state cap of crimson velvet with a circlet of gold and border of ermine. She was supported on either side by the Bishop of London and the Bishop of Westminster, wearing rochets and cloaks of silver cloth.

53. A canopy of cloth of gold ornamented with balls and little bells of gold or silver gilt. This magnificent canopy, supported by four staves of gold, was carried by the Barons of the Cinque Ports and by the Gentlemen Pensioners over the Queen's head. The Gentlemen Pensioners wore new scarlet uniforms with braidings of gold.

54. The train of the Queen's royal mantle carried by the three elder princesses, Anne, Amelia, and Caroline, who were aided in their office by the eldest daughters of three dukes. The princesses were dressed after the manner of the duchesses, and the young ladies wore rich costumes.

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55. The three eldest sons of dukes, magnificently attired, carrying the three young princesses' crowns.

56. The Duchess of Dorset, first lady of the Bedchamber to the Queen, in robes of state.

57. The Ladies Herbert and Howard, Ladies-in-waiting to the Queen.

58. The Earl of Crawford bearing St. Edward's staff, which is of massive and beaten gold and the emblem of authority. On his right walked the Earl of Lincoln, bearing the sceptre with the dove, which is the emblem of peace, and on his left the Earl of Pembroke, bearing the golden spurs which are buckled to the King's feet in the ceremony of the coronation. These three lords wore their robes of state.

59. The Duke of Montague, bearing the curtana, or sword of St. Edward, which, having no point, is the emblem of mercy. On his right walked the Duke of Kent, bearing the second sword; and on his left the Duke of Manchester, bearing the third. These two latter swords are the emblems of spiritual and temporal power.

60. The Lord Mayor of London, in robes of crimson velvet, lined with ermine, but differently fashioned to those of the peers. His thick chain of gold fell below his waist.

61. The Duke of Ancaster, Lord High Chamberlain of England, in his robes of state, carrying his coronet in one hand and a long white wand in the other, this being his mark of office.

62. The Duke of Richmond, named for that day Grand Constable of England. He carried his coronet in one hand and his wand of office in the other. On his right walked the Duke of Roxburghe, deputy for the Grand Constable of Scotland. He also carried his coronet in one hand and his staff of office in the other. On the left walked the Earl of Sussex, representative of the Duke of Norfolk, hereditary Earl Marshal of England, who, being a Roman Catholic, cannot officiate. He carried a coronet in one hand and a marshal's staff in the other.

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63. The Earl of Huntingdon, bearing the sword of state in its scabbard of crimson velvet, enriched with slabs of wrought gold, hilt and guard being of massive gold, enriched with precious jewels.

64. The Duke of Dorset, bearing St. Edward's crown of purple velvet, enriched with the finest jewels of the realm, on a crimson and gold-fringed cushion. On his right walked the Duke of Somerset, bearing the gold sceptre with the cross surmounted by a jewel of great value; and on his left the Duke of Argyle, bearing the orb, or globe, which I described some time ago, after visiting the Tower. These peers also wore robes of state and carried coronets in their hands.

65. The Bishop of Coventry, bearing a Bible on a gold-fringed crimson cushion. On his right walked the Bishop of Rochester with the paten, and on his left the Bishop of Peterborough with the chalice, which, like the paten, is of pure gold. These three bishops wore cloaks, rochets, and capes of silver cloth.

66. The King, in his royal robes of purple velvet, lined and bordered with ermine. On his head was a cap of crimson velvet, with a gold circlet and border of ermine. This cap was too large, and kept falling over his eyes. His Majesty was supported by the Bishops of Durham and St. Asaph in cloaks, rochets, and capes of silver cloth.

67. A canopy of cloth-of-gold, like that borne over the Queen's head.

68. The train of the Royal mantle, carried by four dukes' eldest sons, most richly and magnificently dressed.

69. The Captain of the Guard on service that day, having on his right the Captain of the Guard of the Gentlemen Pensioners; and on his left the Captain of the Yeomen of the Guard. These three gentlemen being noble wore robes of state, and carried their coronets in one hand and their staves in the other. The Lieutenant and Standard-bearer of the Gentlemen Pensioners walked on their right and left.

70. The Earl of Essex, first Gentleman of the King's Bedchamber, in his robes of state.

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71. Three of the King's footmen in their ordinary clothes.

72. The procession was finally closed by a detachment of yeomen or battle-axe guards, carrying battle-axes on their shoulders, and having their lieutenant and ensign at their head.

It is impossible for me to make you understand and imagine the pomp and magnificence of this solemn procession, which took more than two hours to pass before us. Everything in it was grand and sumptuous. Persons of an advanced age, who have seen the coronation of King James II., of William III. and Mary, of Queen Anne, and of King George I., are all agreed that the magnificence of the present coronation has far surpassed that of the preceding.

What embellished this ceremony greatly was the magnificence of the jewels. The peeresses were covered with them, and wore them in great quantities on the fronts of their bodices, in their hair, as clasps for fastening their robes and cloaks, without counting their necklaces, earrings, and rings. Most of these ladies had the worth of a large sum on their persons, and many had hired jewels for the day. It is said that London jewellers, not having gems in sufficient quantity, had sent for some from Paris and Holland. The skirt of the Queen's robe was so much embroidered with jewels that it threw out a surprising radiance, and she next day declared that what had fatigued her most was the weight of this skirt. You must not expect me to describe to you the ceremony in the church of the Abbey of Westminster, for I did not witness it. I can only tell you that the ceremony commenced by a divine service; that the Bishop of London preached a fine and suitable sermon, that was followed by a communion service; that the King took the oath that he would protect the rights and privileges of the nation; that the Archbishop of Canterbury anointed the King and Queen on their heads, foreheads, chests, and on the palms of their hands with a prepared essence or oil, and that at the precise minute he placed their crowns on their heads volleys of cannon and musketry were fired, and that as soon as the King

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was crowned and seated on his magnificent throne, all the lords, both spiritual and temporal, the members of the Lower and of the Upper Houses of Parliament, the Lord Mayor, the Aldermen of London, &c., took the oath of fidelity. During the whole ceremony a band of the most skilful musicians, together with the finest voices in England, sang admirable symphonies, having the celebrated Mr. Handel, who had composed the Litany, at their head. Henry VII.'s Chapel, in which the King and Queen were crowned, was entirely hung with crimson velvet. The throne was of purple velvet, fringed and ornamented with wide braidings of gold. Sir Robert Walpole, as First Lord of the Exchequer, presented all the peers and peeresses with a gold medal, of the value of four guineas, on one side being engraved the heads of the King and Queen, on the other the ceremony of the coronation.

It was near three o'clock in the afternoon when the ceremonies were ended and the procession was ready to return to the great Hall of Westminster. The Knights of the Bath, of the Thistle, and of the Garter wore their caps laden with waving ostrich plumes, for every one donned their head coverings for the return procession, and the effect was charming. Sir Robert Walpole had on either side of him a person carrying a red morocco bag, filled with silver coins, stamped with the sovereign's effigies; these the knight threw right and left among the numerous spectators on the stands or at the windows. The peers and peeresses wore their coronets, the King and Queen those with which they had been crowned; the King carried the gold sceptre with the cross in his right hand and the orb in his left; the Queen carried another sceptre with a cross in her right hand, and the ivory rod with the dove in her left. The Yeomen of the Guard had scarcely closed the procession before the crowd and the soldiers of the Foot Guards posted along the railings of the bridge tore off the blue cloth with which it was covered, and fought for it and the boards as to who should get the most; and all this made a terrible tumult and disorder most amusing for the spectators to watch,

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at least for those who were on the stands and at the windows. But I did not have the pleasure of witnessing this scene. Lord Lindsay (the Duke of Ancaster's son, who is Grand Chamberlain of England) had had the kindness to provide me with a ticket allowing me to enter the great Hall of Westminster, and I got there some time before the procession arrived. This hall was prepared for the coronation banquet. At one end a sort of stand, three or four feet in height, had been raised, on which the thrones and table of the King and Queen were placed. All along the hall were two long tables for the peers and peeresses. On either side of the hall raised galleries had been erected, which were filled with spectators. I took a seat in one of the galleries, and from there had an excellent view of the hall. More than three hundred persons could be seated at the long tables. The damask linen was entirely new, as were also the plates and dishes of Cornwall pewter and china. These tables were covered with a sumptuous and magnificent meal, and as they were narrow, sorts of storeys had been raised on them. The first storey or table itself was covered with hot meats, the second storey with cold roast meats, and on the third and narrowest the dessert was arranged with much taste and symmetry. It consisted of magnificent pyramids of sweetmeats and preserved fruits of every variety and kind, arranged in different patterns and ornamented with a quantity of tinsel flowers, and the effect was enchanting when the peers and peeresses took their seats, all dressed as they were in robes of state with coronets on their heads. The other persons in the procession, after crossing the hall, went into other apartments, where tables had also been prepared for them. When the King and Queen entered the hall the light was beginning to fade. About forty chandeliers, in shape like a crown, hung from the ceiling, each carrying about thirty-six wax candles. Suddenly at the King's appearance all these candles ignited, and every one in the room was filled with astonishment at the wonderful and unexpected illumination. Little cords of cotton-wool, almost imperceptible to the eye, saturated with sulphur of

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saltpetre, with spirits of wine, and other ingredients, had been prepared and arranged so as to carry the flame rapidly from one candle to another. This arrangement had been so skilfully prepared that hardly a single candle failed to take fire. The King seated himself on his throne, the Queen on hers, and they were at once waited on by the great officers of the Crown. The three young princesses sat with their parents, but at a certain distance.

It was now close on six o'clock. I had eaten nothing all day, and I was famished, and I felt it all the more when I contemplated all the tempting viands on the tables. But my turn was coming to taste these delicacies. I was seated behind several ladies and gentlemen who were acquainted with some of the peers and peeresses seated at the table beneath us. When we saw that they had finished eating we let down a small rope, which, to tell the truth, we had made up by knotting our garters together. The peers beneath were kind enough to attach a napkin filled with good food to our rope, which we then hauled up, and in this way got plenty of good things to eat and drink. This napkin took several journeys up and down, and we were not the only people who had had this idea, for from all the galleries round the same sight could be seen.

At the end of the sumptuous feast the King's Champion, completely covered in ancient armour, with helmet on his head and lance in hand, mounted on a superb steed, also covered with armour and richly caparisoned, rode into the hall. On his right rode the Duke of Richmond as Grand Constable, and on his left the Earl of Sussex, representative of the Earl Marshal of England. Both these peers were mounted on very fine, richly caparisoned horses. When they had ridden up to the centre of the hall a herald-at-arms on horseback, who had preceded them, called out in a loud and threatening voice, "If any one has the audacity to deny that King George II., King of Great Britain, France, and Ireland, is son and nearest heir to George I., and legitimate successor to the imperial crown of these kingdoms, this champion here present gives him the lie,

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and maintains that he is false and a traitor, and that he is ready to fight him in single combat in the lists." The Champion thereupon flung one of his gauntlets on the floor, but as none, as you may well imagine, answered the challenge, the herald-at-arms picked it up and restored it to the Champion. The King then drank the Champion's health in a goblet of gold, and he in his turn drank to his Majesty's health, and kept the goblet as his fee.

Shortly after the Champion had challenged and retired the King, Queen, and Princesses rose from table, and passing into another apartment, retired to St. James's Palace very fatigued and weary. Their example was followed by the peers and peeresses, after which the big doors were thrown open and the crowd allowed to enter and take possession of the remains of the feast, of the table linen, of the plates and dishes, and of everything that was on the table. The pillage was most diverting; the people threw themselves with extraordinary avidity on everything the hall contained; blows were given and returned, and I cannot give you any idea of the noise and confusion that reigned. In less than half an hour everything had disappeared, even the boards of which the tables and seats had been made.

I know I cannot possibly give you any correct idea of the magnificence and beauty of all these sights; the spectators on the stands and at the windows were likewise charming to contemplate. I am certain that at least two thousand people had left off wearing the late King's mourning for that day, and were dressed with taste in bright colours. I saw many ladies remarkable for their beauty and charming attire. As to the populace, it was innumerable. The greater part of those persons who took part in the royal procession have a right to certain offices either by birth or because they possess certain properties and lands. I have been given a list of those who have particular privileges, and some of them seem to me to be so very curious that I must tell you of them.

1. The Lord Great Chamberlain of England has the right

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to present to the King his shirt on the day of his coronation and to dress him, and to receive as fee a sufficient quantity of crimson velvet to make his robe of state, also the King's bed and the furniture of the room in which he slept on the night preceding the coronation, together with the clothes and dressing-gown he wore the day before, and besides all this, being the first officer and his office being to wash the crockery, he may present the King with a basin of water before and after the feast, and receive the big basin and ewer of chased silver-gilt workmanship that has served for this usage as fee. These utensils must weigh three hundred and five ounces.

2. The Lord Archbishop of Canterbury has the right to crown the King, and to receive the throne, the cushion, and stool of purple velvet on which the King has been seated as fee, and also the pall of cloth of gold that is held over the King's head whilst he is anointed.

3. The Lord Mayor of London has the right to be first to offer the King a draught of wine in a goblet of pure gold; this goblet and lid may be kept by him as fee, and must weigh twenty ounces.

4. The Duke of Norfolk, as Earl of Arundel, has the right to be chief butler on that day, and to send a representative in his stead, and to receive a goblet with lid of pure gold, weighing thirty-two ounces, as salary.

5. The Earl of Essex has the right to be Grand Chaplain on that day, and to receive two large vessels of chased silver-gilt workmanship as salary; these vessels must weigh three hundred and five ounces, and have served for receiving the offerings.

6. The King's Squire (Ecuyer), Master of the Horse, has a right to taste the viands and to receive two silver-gilt basins, weighing thirty ounces, as salary.

7. The feudatory Lord of Great-Wymondley, in the county of Hertford, has the right to officiate as Grand Cup-bearer, and to receive a basin and cup in silver-gilt, weighing two hundred and twenty ounces.

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8. The Mayor and twelve citizens of Oxford have the right to aid and assist the Grand Butler, and to receive a bowl with lid of chased silver-gilt workmanship, weighing one hundred and ten ounces, as salary.

9. The feudatory Lord of Scrivelsby, in the county of Lincoln, has the right to be the King's Champion, and to receive a goblet with lid of pure gold, weighing thirty-six ounces, as fee, and also the horse his Majesty habitually rides, with saddle and trappings.

N.B.—The King's cipher is engraven on all these different pieces of gold and silver-gilt plate.

10. The Dean and Chapter of the collegiate church of the Abbey of Westminster have the right to inform the King of all the rites and ceremonies in use at the Coronation, to assist the Archbishop of Canterbury, and to receive as salary the robes for the dean and the twelve canons, also the offerings that have been received at the ceremony, as well as the hangings with which the chapel has been hung.

11. The feudatory Lord of Addington, in the county of Surrey, has the right to make gruel for the King and Queen, and to serve it himself at their table; he receives all the utensils which have served to make it as fee, and the King must create him knight bachelor if he is not one already.

13. The feudatory Lord of Ascleven, in the province of Norfolk, has the right to lay the cloth for the King and to receive all the table linen as fee.

14. The feudatory Lord of Heydon, in the county of Essex, has the right to present the King with a napkin for cleaning his hands before and after the meal, and to receive the napkin as fee.

15. The feudatory Lord of Worksop, in the county of Nottingham, has the right to provide the King with a glove for the right hand, to have the honour of putting it on him, and of helping him to uplift his right arm with the sceptre when seated on his throne.

16. The barons of the Cinque Ports have the right to carry

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the canopy over the King's and Queen's heads on Coronation Day; this privilege is shared with the Gentlemen Pensioners, and as salary they may keep the canopies, with the balls and bells of gilded silver.

Many other noblemen have particular rights and privileges on Coronation Day, but I cannot describe any more for I have been too lengthy already. I must therefore end my letter, assuring you of my love for you.

CÉSAR DE SAUSSURE.

I must add that the Lord Mayor's banquet has been particularly sumptuous and brilliant this year. The King, Queen, and the three elder princessses honoured it with their presence. A great number of lords and ladies of the Court, and the foreign ministers assisted. It is true that no king has attended this banquet for many years, and this was the cause of its extraordinary magnificence.

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EDUCATION IN THE NAVY

II

IN a former article I have endeavoured to point out how ill-designed is the present sytem of education in the navy for the production of a good officer, and how hardly it presses on those who are expected to make it work. An examination of the causes which have reduced it to its present fragmentary and disordered condition was also attempted, and I would now venture to suggest on lines, arising out of those causes, a system which might have some chance of bringing the means in harmony with the end. To attempt to draw up a complete scheme is beyond a civilian's power. All that he can do, in ignorance of the details of naval life and sentiment, is to propound a crude form which if found workable by experts might at least serve as a general design upon which the details might be worked in by more skilled hands. To an outsider it appears that what is lacking more than anything else is a clear general principle, and it is hoped that the proposals which follow will be regarded as a matter of general principle and nothing more ambitious.

To get a clear direction it will be well at the start to restate with as much precision as possible what is the end in view; or, in other words, what are the character and attributes with which we desire to endow a naval officer. First then, and above all else, we must make him a seaman. Whatever the changes which the advance of science may make in the art of

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naval warfare, seamanship in the broad sense must always remain the foundation of success. First, then, we have to make of him a sailor—ready, alert, and bold, familiar with the sudden chances of the sea, quick to anticipate them, versatile to modify his action to meet conditions that are never twice the same, second-sighted to know his way, as it were, in the dark. This should be his second nature upon which all the rest must be grafted, and by which all the rest must be infused with effective life. Secondly, we must make a man of him. We must teach him to obey and to command, to bear responsibility without flinching, to take risks with nerve, to be zealous for duty, and light-hearted at his work. Thirdly—and for all the vast strides which naval science has made in the past generation I will still place it third—there is his technical instruction, whereby he must be made a man of science and a skilled craftsman to get mastery over the complex organism that is to be his weapon. These, then, are the three main factors of his education—instinct, character, knowledge, and for a sea-born people like ourselves it must ever be in this order that they are valued for achieving the highest result.

To state the problem is to proclaim its unequalled difficulty. At first sight it will appear insoluble. The need of instinct and character has not lessened, and the need of knowledge has enormously increased and is increasing every day. Hence the paradox that seems to block the way. You cannot train except at sea, and at sea you cannot teach. How then can the problem be solved? In the old days of masts and sails it solved itself. By sending a boy to sea in a masted ship his instinct grew, his character formed, and his knowledge was picked up in the act of living his life. Training and teaching can no longer go so easily together. Their tendency is to clash at every turn; and we have to find a substitute for the splendid old system by which each factor can be perfected without harming the other, by which each shall, as far as possible, assist the other.

No sooner do we turn to tackle the problem than one con-

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sideration forces itself clearly to the front. "Ars longa, vita brevis," says the old saw, and of nothing is it truer than of the "Ars Navalis." When we think how essential it is that naval officers should reach the highest grades while still in the vigour of their prime it is clear no time must be lost anywhere upon the road. The utmost period consistent with a boy's health will be necessary for his timely development. He must be caught at the earliest possible moment, at his most plastic age, and the process must begin at once. It was the way of our fathers and we must go back to it. The first move, then, must be to retrace the fatal step to which the public schools persuaded the Admiralty some eighteen years ago. The age for entry must be put back again to between twelve and thirteen. It was with this change that the seed of the present trouble was sown, and nothing effectual can be done till it is rooted out.

From such a return to the old system several valuable results would immediately flow. In the first place, a boy would be able to get four years continuous "school" on one co-ordinated and progressive system, instead of the single year as at present, and he would still be able to go to sea at an age not materially higher than that at which he now joins a ship. In four years a boy may be taught almost anything that is elementary, and may receive a real mental training. It is the average period which a boy spends at a public school, and which is considered sufficient to set the public school stamp upon him indelibly, and to teach him all they claim to impart. We may safely assert, therefore, that it is also the ideal period for a naval school to set its mark upon him, and to give him all the culture and elementary knowledge that is necessary as a foundation for his training as an officer. It would be time enough to teach him all necessary mathematics and elementary science, history, and geography, and the groundwork of, at least, one foreign language. In these subjects, moreover, there is ample scope for the broad mental education, apart from mere practical attainments, on which our public schools rightly set so high a store.

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Besides this there would also be time for a grounding in the special service subjects, navigation, seamanship, gunnery, torpedo, construction, and steam, always provided they were taught in a practical way. In short, the cadet, still but little beyond the age at which he now goes to sea, might fairly cease to be a school-boy; and instead of being, as he now is, obliged to continue a hybrid existence, half school-boy, half officer, during his first critical three years at sea, he would be ripe to become a probationary officer at once. But to this point we must recur later.

The second advantage would be that, by catching the boy at his most plastic age before he has had time to be infected by what can only be called the public school disease, we should have a fair chance, by judicious handling, of making his profession his chief interest in life. This is a consideration of ever growing importance. There is no denying that since the advance of the age of entry let in the public school influence the navy has begun to feel the taint of games. Their importance has increased alarmingly in the minds of cadets, and they carry their feeling into the service. The result is an ever increasing difficulty in getting the young officer to take his profession seriously, and anxious observers agree that it is vital to stop the poison going any further.

On this highly explosive question it is desirable to be perfectly clear. It is not a question whether organised athletics are a source of good or evil in a public school. Few who have gone through the mill can doubt that the good outweighs the evil. An excess of athletics is, of course, bad, but not so bad as too little. If, on the one hand, an exaggerated interest in games is a disease, loafing is a plague. Games, as a serious occupation, are physically and morally essential to the present public school method. They are even its key-note. Much valuable time and energy are sacrificed to them—more than can well be spared—but the moral and physical gain we still hold is worth it, and until some substitute is found for their influence public schools will rightly cling to them.

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But if organised athletics are essential to the public school it by no means follows that they are essential or even desirable in the navy. Here substitutes of equal value occur at every stage. Boat sailing, practical seamanship, drill, and the like—nay, the very breath of the salt water will do almost everything to engender in a boy naturally those qualities which public schools have to seek artificially in organised games. At a naval school a boy's recreation and much of his work should be barely distinguishable even to himself. It is for this reason that the possibilities of what he may learn in his four years have been placed apparently too high. But we must not judge of what a boy can be taught in four years by what he learns in that time at a public school. For at a naval school, by a judicious and sympathetic handling of his practical work, it may be made largely to take the place of games with an immense gain in time and facility. Without a boy feeling he is at work it might be made to foster the desired spirit and temper, and that without forcing interests in him that are antagonistic to his work, and which tend almost inevitably to become the chief interests of his life. For the rest there is afterwards the comradeship of the sea and the forming strain of duty. If his school life fail to give him entirely the qualities to which our public schools are consecrated, the first years of his life afloat will infallibly complete all that it has left undone. It is not indeed too much to say that all these moral effects which a public school so carefully cultivates at the cost of half its boys' wits, flow naturally and inevitably from a sound and sane naval education.

A picture of school life without games will appear dreary enough to modern eyes, but, in truth, there is no need to exclude games. On the contrary, they should be encouraged as a reinvigorating alterative—as a wholesome relaxation, but they must be kept a relaxation. They must never be allowed to assume a place higher than "skylarking" aboard ship. This could easily be done by forbidding competition. It is competition in games between houses and rival schools, that is the

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forced draught of the public school system of organised athletics. The boys' inbred *esprit de corps* and desire to excel are by this means squandered on cricket and football instead of being used to give energy to their work. In a public school it may be that this is not to be avoided. In a naval school it can and should be. In a naval school a large part of the work should be done with eye and hand, by teams in which leading boys may captain the others, the principle being that what has been learned in the class-room should at once be executed out of doors. Thus, for instance, if a class be instructed with a model how to rear sheer-legs, this should be done with the thing itself by the class with their own hands, and under the command of the head boys of the class in turn. Seamanship and mechanics afford abundant opportunities for this sort of work, and consequently abundant opportunity for competition between teams. Many more may be found in gymnastics, fencing, boat-sailing, rowing, and all those exercises which directly tend to foster in the cadet the spirit and abilities and knowledge which his profession will demand of him. At a public school we know it is difficult to get a boy to take the same interest in such things as he does in games, or consequently to imbibe the same spirit for them. But by putting back the age to the old limit for entry we should be dealing with practically virgin soil, and should be able to plant there the enthusiasms we want before anything else has had time to take root.

It would further largely increase the opportunities for using the stimulus of competition. The increase in the number of years spent at school will demand a corresponding increase in accommodation. We should require two if not three schools instead of one, and here we have all that is necessary to reproduce the conditions which exist amongst public schools. The rivalry and *esprit de corps* will at once spring up, and so long as they are fed and nourished by competition on the lines above indicated, then the things which belong to the boy's profession will be his first, instead of his secondary, interest. This is no

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dream. In the navy it exists already and works well, as any one may assure himself who has seen a fleet coaling ship against ship.

Necessary as they now are, any system of schools has a serious disadvantage beside the old plan, when a boy scarcely out of childhood was sent straight to sea. Then it was easy enough to breed that instinct for the sea which we have formulated as the first desideratum in a naval officer. Under any school system it is very difficult. Still, on all hands, it is admitted that owing to the highly technical nature of the modern naval art a thorough preliminary training in class-rooms is essential as a foundation, and therefore we have to seek some method by which the instinct may be fostered side by side with the intellectual training. Towards this end boat-sailing, rowing, and the like, will do a great deal, but still more might be done by attaching to such schools a torpedo-boat, which the cadets should be taught to work and handle themselves. One or more small cruisers might also be used, on which from time to time the senior cadets should live as much as possible and perhaps altogether, sleeping on the lower deck, and roughing it like bluejackets. In these vessels short cruises should be made, in which the cadets would do the work of seamen and learn how it should be done. All service subjects could be practically taught in this way, the boys would get a real taste of the sea, and the loss of the old training squadron would scarcely be felt. Further keenness and experience in this stage might be obtained by appointing selected cadets to ships for the annual manœuvres as acting midshipmen.

As to the course of instruction that is a matter of detail which cannot be dealt with here. The desirability of making it as practical and out-of-door as possible, without prejudice to intellectual development, has been already insisted on. Beyond this it will suffice to lay down the broad principle that it should aim at bringing out individuality, and avoid crushing into one pattern. At present everything turns on mathematics. In this subject alone can "promotion" marks be

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obtained on passing out. Now, without in any way depreciating the high educational value of mathematics, it can safely be said that many a boy may well deserve six months' seniority without being a natural mathematician. Some system therefore is desirable to ensure that every aptitude which goes to make a good officer shall obtain due recognition. This could probably be achieved by differentiating between the boys at a certain period in their course and setting them partially to specialise in their natural bent. At the end of his second or third year a cadet might be obliged to take up a "special subject." Either mathematics, physics, languages, or history, and each of these special subjects should rank equally for promotion marks in passing out, provided a "first" were obtained in all the other subjects. Such a system would have a secondary advantage of no small value. Where a number of subjects have to be taken up the disciplinary value on a boy's mind of his being made to learn one of them thoroughly is universally recognised. Thus, besides selecting for advancement the best minds of every type, we should at the same time be raising the general standard of culture.

The question of the administration of these colleges is one of much delicacy. Should they be under a naval governor or a civilian headmaster? Should the civilian staff be recruited from the public schools or from the ranks of the "crammers"? These questions, and many more, are involved, but the subject is too large and vital to be dealt with here. All we can say for certain is, that service subjects should be taught by fully qualified officers, but none of them should remain more than a year at the work. Neither for their own sake, nor for that of the boys or the service, is it desirable they should be longer away from active ships.

So much then for the advantages that would flow directly from a return to an earlier age of entry. Great as they are they do not end the account. More and even greater benefits would follow. The schooling of a cadet is an easy matter compared with the training of an officer, and it is when the

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training begins that the full advantage of the change would be felt. After passing out at the end of his fourth year the cadet will be sent to sea as a midshipman. He will be at most six months older than the average age at which he joins a ship now, so that practically nothing of real sea-life will be lost, On the other hand, how much will have been gained! Instead of joining with two or three years at a public school or a crammers behind him, and one in the *Britannia*, where he will have had time to learn nothing properly and veriest smattering of service subjects, instead of being a hybrid product of land and sea, and of several wholly different methods of education, he will join his ship braced and fed with four years of systematic grounding on one homogeneous plan. He will have acquired all the schooling necessary for the intelligent assimilation of what is to come, and for the completion of his general culture, if he has a mind to it. If he has not, nothing in any case will make him complete it. His real knowledge of the general subjects can scarcely fail under the new system to be as high as it is at present when, after his first three years at sea, he goes to Greenwich for his final schooling; and besides this, he will have a real elementary understanding of the simpler duties afloat. In short, instead of being a marred school-boy destined to spend half his time trying to acquire elementary knowledge under conditions still worse than those he has passed through, he will be fit to take his place at once as a probationary officer.

It is of the utmost importance that this position should be felt by him from the moment he sets foot on deck. The eagerness to learn with which the first taste of manhood will make him approach his duties, must not be damped for an hour. How this can best be achieved it is not for a civilian to say. But speaking generally, without adequate knowledge of the economy and routine of a modern warship, two guiding lines may be indicated. Firstly, the boys should not be herded together in a battleship as they are at present. Boys will be boys in the mass, but thrown with men they will quickly

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become men. The cadets therefore should be distributed through the fleet in all kinds of ships, where their assistance will be welcomed, and where real work can be found for them. Secondly, the appearance of regular instruction should be avoided, so as further to remove the midshipman from the dispiriting sense of being still a school-boy. By attaching him for definite periods to one or other of the lieutenants, as assistant or "understudy," he would pick up the knowledge more quickly and more thoroughly than by a renewal of the instruction he has been receiving already for two years. As for theoretical knowledge he would be brought in contact with enough probably to prevent his science and his mathematics getting rusty. At the same time, by the occasional delegation of duty he would, as under the old system of masts and sails, be acquiring nerve to command and to accept responsibility and alertness to set things right when they are going wrong. This process would be almost an exact equivalent for what we have had to abandon so reluctantly. The boy would be thrust at once into his life's work; he would be handling with realised purpose the implements of his craft, and side by side his nerve would be gaining temper and his technical knowledge a solid expansion. It cannot be claimed that such a form of training would in all respects equal that of the old masts and sails, but it would at least be an attempt to apply its fundamental principle as closely as the present complexity of naval science will permit.

In this condition a midshipman would remain for a period of three years, corresponding to his present first spell at sea. For those who have gained seniority by "promotion marks" the period would of course be so much shorter. He should then be called on to pass an examination for lieutenant, such examination being mainly in the work he has been doing at sea, the internal arrangements of ships, the handling of ships and boats, and a searching test in all branches of modern seamanship. It would be well if possible to add languages and naval history with simple questions in tactics and strategy, in

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which again promotion marks might perhaps be given, though there would doubtless be some difficulty in arranging this fairly. Still if it could be done the advantage would be great. A midshipman would be provided with an inducement to employ his idle hours profitably and the reading required would prevent his mind being cramped by a too close application to technical study. A manner in which he might be assisted in such book work will be presently suggested.

We have now reached the point in his development, at which under the present system the young officer is sent ashore to be finished at Greenwich and Portsmouth, and with the most unsatisfactory results. The reason is not far to seek. As things are at present no matter how well designed the Greenwich course might be, the result would be much the same. At an age when his appetite for enjoyment is at its highest, and his power of restraint at its lowest, a boy is suddenly liberated from the reins that have hitherto controlled him and let loose ashore. It is inevitable that the kind of nature we wish to see in the navy should make the utmost of his comparative liberty. His aim is usually the largest amount of enjoyment and the least possible concern with the work that stands in its way. More "thirds" are probably due to this simple and very excusable cause than to any deficiencies in the candidates or the system. Far better give him a free run ashore for three months. In the majority of cases you would lose little and gain much, for you would avoid a very ingenious means of making the boys regard work as an enemy.

The fact is, our man is not yet ripe for a naval college. He should remain at sea another three years, with such further reduction of time as he may have gained in passing lieutenant. He is now a full-blown officer, and it becomes still more difficult for a civilian to say how he should be treated. But again, one may venture another indication of the general direction in which his training may be carried forward in harmony with the earlier stages.

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At the end of the midshipman period a certain amount of divergence with specialities might be permitted, in the case, for instance, of those who desire to take up navigation or surveying. The rest, however, would probably be better employed as ordinary watch-keepers, being from time to time attached as before to the gunnery, torpedo, and navigation officers, and as often as possible, when sufficiently advanced, to take over the duty entirely. On all occasions the utmost amount of responsibilty should be thrown upon him. This should be particularly aimed at in navigating. At present academic navigation is taught, but navigating is not taught, and worse still it is not practised. Thus the mass of knowledge which a navigating officer acquires by experience is not passed on as it should be, but every young officer has to find out the unteachable secrets for himself, and in the majority of cases no real working knowledge of the mystery is obtained during the training period.

By a sagacious working of this system of "attachment" we should be getting very near to the pith of masts and sails, and the tangible advantage over the present system would be twofold. It would be a gain to the officer himself, and a gain to the fighting efficiency of the fleet. For not only would the individual officer be ripening up to a really useful point in the general knowledge of his art before specialising in one of its branches, but in case of casualty he would, to a very practical extent, be able to take the place of the man he had been understudying.

At the end of the second three years the final divergence into specialities would be carried out by selecting the officers who mean to follow gunnery or torpedo; but no officer should be allowed to specialise in these subjects till he had passed a higher grade examination similar to that he had to clear as a midshipman, with a further stiff test in navigation and pilotage. Unless a sailor is at home here, and well at home, he is no sailor at all, and unfit for any command; and if half that is whispered is true, there is a very serious reproach hereabouts in our

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navy which the system above indicated might go far to reduce.

The young officer would by this time have spent from five to six years at sea, according to the promotion marks obtained, and he would be from twenty-three to twenty-four years of age. He would thus have reached a time of life when the first heat of his youth is sobered, and when most men begin to look at life seriously. It is the time when men in civil life begin to look back on their university days and wish they had spent them more wisely, and when they seek eagerly, and too often in vain, for a way of retrieving lost opportunities. This, then, is a time when six months or even a year ashore would do an officer the least harm, and when he would be likely to make the best use of it, being old enough to think and not too old to be sanguine. Here, then, should come the Greenwich course. Of the special gunnery and torpedo courses it is unnecessary to speak—they are well enough as they are. But the Greenwich course must be radically changed. Here, again, the precise nature of the reorganisation is a matter of detail, requiring the most careful consideration and ripe experience. Generally, however, it may be said that it must be no longer a finishing academy. It must be a true war college. The course should be mainly concerned with the broad principles of the naval art, with tactics, strategy, and naval history, together with international law. There should be lectures aimed at fostering original thought—lectures, that is, on such subjects as the recent development of construction and armament both at home and abroad, on the progress of foreign navies, on the tendency of foreign naval opinion. There should be weekly papers read on such points, followed by discussion, and these papers as often as possible should be by the officers undergoing the course. From some such system two great gains would flow. Firstly, officers who had no inclination for specialising in gunnery or torpedo would have a chance of making their mark in other branches of the art and showing their general fitness for command. In the second place, officers would obtain

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practice and experience that would enable them to continue this form of mutual education at sea; and this would be an invaluable gain, for not only would it keep their minds continually active with the higher naval problems, but it would greatly assist in the education of the youngsters. For without some stimulus and assistance of this kind it would be difficult for midshipmen and junior lieutenants to carry on their suggested reading in history and the like to any great advantage.

Officers would probably welcome the institution of some such system. No lament is more common than that of the bored lieutenant at the dreary ineptitude of his life in sea-going ships. So long as he is condemned to spend his days and nights walking up and down the quarter-deck with nothing but the most trivial duties to perform, it is difficult for him not to lose interest in his profession, and almost impossible for him to increase his knowledge in the higher planes. Having once given education a strong and sustained momentum by some such means as I have ventured to indicate, there is no reason why it should not, with very little encouragement, continue to move of itself.

To sum up the fundamental features of the proposed reform, it would consist mainly in beginning the education of the officer at the earliest possible moment on a clean slate, carrying it through by correlated stages, and continuing it till full manhood is reached. I am aware such a system is, in a sense, reactionary, that it is contrary to the recommendations of recent committees and to the latest practice of our most formidable foreign rivals. But on the other hand, the result of endeavouring to apply the recommendations of the committees has not been a success, and there is no reason why the first of maritime nations should go to school with either America or the Continent of Europe. In detail, let us learn all we can from them, but let our system be our own. Others may rightly seek success in sacrificing all to the highest attainable scientific education. We should certainly keep the same end in view, but not at the sacrifice of our birthright. As a sea-born people,

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we have always pinned our faith on seamanship first, and our faith has been justified. Here has been our advantage over all other nations, and so long as we foster it, it will remain an advantage that no one can overtake. They may beat us in developing scientific skill—it must be our stalwart endeavour that they do not—but in the class-room and laboratory, work as hard as we will, we must never forget our mother sea. For all our effort, it is possible that others, more scientific by nature, may surpass us in technical attainment, but seamanship will always redress the balance if, in our own system of education, we are but true to our traditions and our breed.

Finally, I would express the extreme hesitation I feel in dealing at all with a subject so difficult and technical. It cannot be but that much that is here written will appear to those who know impracticable and even absurd—will reveal a lamentable ignorance of modern naval life. To this I candidly plead guilty. But on the other hand, I may hope that service critics will confess with equal candour that those who know have not yet produced a system of education that satisfies any one—that any one can call a success. That a civilian should be able to do so is not to be expected. Yet my hope is that possibly, being on the outside, one may help those in the midst of it to get a view of the thing as a whole, to help each expert to get that part of it with which he is in close contact in proper proportion with the rest. For my comfort and excuse, there is always at least the recollection of that bewildered traveller, who could not see the wood for the trees.

JULIAN S. CORBETT.

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CLEANING THE SLATE

THE Liberals that have formed themselves into a league for the purpose of promoting the policy outlined by Lord Rosebery at Chesterfield are thereby committed to the cleaning of the Liberal slate as their first business. In other words, they have to reconsider the "fixed principles" and the "traditional policy" to which, according to Sir Henry Campbell-Bannerman, the Liberal party is bound, and to clear the way for a fresh start on new lines. But it is not enough to clean the slate; if the mistakes of the past are to be avoided in the future, it is necessary to find out why the slate wants cleaning; to probe, that is say, to the bottom the causes of Liberal decadence.

There are Liberals, of course, who deny that any such investigation is needed; they are content with the simple explanation that the country has been suffering from temporary aberration of mind; Liberalism has been submerged by a wave of reaction, and they propose to wait patiently until the tide ebbs and leaves them high and dry on their fixed principles. But is it so certain that the present position of the Liberal party is due to a reaction in the country, to a growth of genuine Conservatism? Might not one attribute it more accurately to the fact that the Liberal party has become reactionary? Sir Henry Campbell-Bannerman has unconsciously admitted as much; for a party that is tied once and for all to "fixed principles" and fettered by a "traditional

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policy" cannot be a party of progress. If we are to make any progress at all, policy must be changed with changing conditions and principles must be reconsidered in the light of new facts.

The political history of London, for instance, during the last decade or so gives us, I think, some reason for doubting whether the repudiation by London of the Liberal party can be accounted for by the hypothesis of a wave of reaction. For how, on that hypothesis, are we to account for the strong support given by London to the Progressive party on the County Council? London has, during the last sixteen years, returned a Unionist majority at five successive general elections, and has, during the last twelve years, returned a Progressive majority at five successive County Council elections (except in 1885, when the numbers of Progressives and Moderates were equal). Sir Henry Campbell-Bannerman, in his recent speech at St. James's Hall, referred to the contrast, as he conceived it, between the overwhelming Progressive victory in March of last year and the rout of the Liberals only four months earlier, and he professed himself quite unable to understand it. Yet there must be some explanation; and one might reasonably expect a political leader to have succeeded in twelve years in arriving at some sort of hypothesis as to the cause of such important political phenomena. For my part, I believe that the London electors, in electing the Progressives and rejecting the Liberals, were influenced by very similar considerations and motives; and London, in this respect, is typical of the rest of the country.

The decline of the Liberal party, we are apt to forget, has been a gradual one; it began in London and the great manufacturing towns of the North in 1885, and has since spread first to England generally and finally to Scotland, which now returns a Conservative majority for the first time in sixty years. No acute observer can attribute the crushing Liberal defeat of 1900 solely or even mainly to the influence of "khaki"; that influence doubtless made the Conservative

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majority more sweeping than it would otherwise have been, but it does not account for it. The causes of the Liberal collapse lie far deeper than a temporary gust of feeling, and its beginning must be sought much further back than the outbreak of the South African War. It is the culmination of a process that has been going on for two decades, and a process, be it remembered, that is not peculiar to this country, but may be observed also in Germany and in Belgium, where Liberalism is no longer a vital force, and to some extent in Italy.

If we go back to the General Election of 1885, when the symptoms of a reaction against Liberalism first manifested themselves, we find ourselves face to face with the fact that that reaction began among the most intelligent section of the electorate, and in the very places that had been for years the strongholds of Liberalism. The Liberal party had always depended, in England at any rate, for its chief support on London and the boroughs, particularly the great manufacturing centres. Birmingham, Manchester, Liverpool, and the other great towns had been almost consistently Liberal since the Reform Act of 1832. But in 1885 the Conservatives returned thirty-seven of the fifty-nine members for London, nine of the ten members for Liverpool and Birkenhead, and six of the nine members for Manchester and Salford. Of the great towns of Lancashire only Burnley remained true to Liberalism, and their total representation consisted of twenty-one Conservatives and six Liberals. In other parts of the country the reaction was less marked, but there were considerable signs of it. At Birmingham, for instance, although the Liberals won all the seven seats, the Conservative poll was both actually and proportionately much heavier than it had been for two generations, and up to the eve of the poll the defeat of Mr. Bright by Lord Randolph Churchill in Central Birmingham was looked upon as quite possible. This may seem ancient history, but its value lies in the fact that it shows the decline of the Liberal party to have begun not only before khaki had been heard of, but also before Home Rule had become part of the

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Liberal programme. The Liberal party would have been in a minority in England in 1885, but for the new county electors who, in the first flush of gratitude, gave a majority to those who had enfranchised them. But the adhesion of the new county electors did not last twelve months; they have followed the lead of London and the boroughs; the Liberal party has been in a minority in the English counties since 1886, and is now in a minority even in the Scottish counties. At the present moment Wales is the only part of the United Kingdom that returns a Liberal majority; it would be fulsome flattery to say that the electors of Merioneth or Cardiganshire are more intelligent and progressive than those of London or Edinburgh, Lancashire or Lanarkshire. And in Wales the conditions are so different from those of the rest of the country that it is but little affected by change in political thought; the real dividing line there (except in such a place as Cardiff which is more English than Welsh) is not political, but religious, and every election from that of a local board to a parliamentary one is fought on the issue of Churchman *v.* Nonconformist. At bottom the Welsh are, like the Irish, thoroughly reactionary and sentimental; their extreme Particularism is therefore natural.

It may be useful to recall the results of the last five General Elections in Great Britain (excluding the University constituencies):

Boroughs.

	London.		England (Provinces).		Wales.		Scotland.	
	L.	C.	L.	C.	L.	C.	L.	C.
1885 . .	23	36	88	79	9	2	30	1
1886 . .	11	48	50	117	7	4	22	9
1892 . .	23	36	71	96	8	3	24	7
1895 . .	8	51	44	124	5	6	17	14
1900 . .	8	51	40	127	6	3	15	16

Counties.

	England.		Wales.		Scotland.	
	L.	C.	L.	C.	L.	C.
1885 . .	134	100	18	1	32	7
1886 . .	65	169	17	2	21	18

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	England.		Wales.		Scotland.	
	L.	C.	L.	C.	L.	C.
1892 . .	103	131	19	0	27	12
1895 . .	65	169	17	2	22	17
1900 . .	78	156	18	1	19	20

What these figures show is a steady Conservative reaction from 1885 onwards, in which London and the English boroughs led the way, with a slight temporary check in 1892. They support the pendulum theory to only a slight extent; the pendulum has never since 1886 swung back far enough to give the Liberal party a majority in Great Britain. At present the Conservative party is in a better position than in 1895 or 1886 everywhere except in the English counties and in Wales; and in the English counties the swing-back of the pendulum has been trivial, and the Conservatives are still two to one.

Such are the facts with regard to the reaction against Liberalism, which reached its highest point in the autumn of 1900. To what causes is it due? Its principal immediate causes (as distinguished from its root-cause) are, I should say, five in number, namely: (1) Neglect of social reform in 1880–85; (2) Gladstonian Home Rule; (3) Welsh Disestablishment; (4) Direct Veto; (5) Little Englandism. As to the first of these I am convinced, and my conviction is based on personal experience, that the attitude of the Liberal party towards social questions was the chief cause of the loss of London and Lancashire in 1885. The London or Lancashire workman voted Tory not because he loved the Tories more, but because he loved the Liberals less. If you scratch a Tory artisan in nine cases out of ten you find a Socialist or something uncommonly like one, although he himself is unconscious of the fact. The British workman dislikes the term Socialism owing to its past associations, but to the thing—to Collectivism in its modern form—he is far more favourably disposed than is sometimes imagined. The repeated Progressive victories in London would seem to support this view. The very men that vote Tory at Parliamentary elections, vote Progressive at

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County Council elections; and what, after all, is the Progressive programme but practical municipal Collectivism?

That Home Rule has injured the Liberal party is a fact that needs no demonstration. And no candid observer, I think, can deny that Welsh Disestablishment and Direct Veto were the main causes of the crushing defeat of the Liberal party in 1895. One would have supposed Welsh Disestablishment to be a popular cry in Wales itself at least, yet it is the significant fact that in 1895, when the General Election in Wales was fought almost exclusively on the issue of Disestablishment, the Conservatives did better than they have done in Wales at any election during the last sixteen years and gained five seats, four of which were won back by the Liberals in 1900 when the issue of Disestablishment did not enter nearly so much into the election. It can hardly be necessary to dwell on the fact that the Liberal party has been and is being injured by the Little Englandism of many Liberals; the General Election of 1900 is too recent for the fact to be forgotten.

But it is not enough to recognise what have been the immediate causes of the anti-Liberal reaction, it is more important that we should discover the root-cause of which these details of policy are manifestations. And it is, I believe, to be found in a tendency on the part of Liberals up to the present to proceed by the unscientific methods of deduction and *a priori* reasoning rather than by the scientific and modern methods of observation and induction. Liberals, that is to say, instead of recognising things as they are and considering what is for the good of the nation and makes for progress under the given conditions, have started with certain assumptions or "fixed principles" and have deduced their policy from them. Everything has been brought to the test of some abstract proposition, and dogmatic theses arrived at on *a priori* grounds have been embodied in legislative proposals without regard to the facts of the case. We have had, for instance, from some Liberals in the past wild schemes for giving self-government to India based not on the ground that they are

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fitted to the actual conditions existing in India, but on the doctrine that "the right of government is derived from the consent of the governed," from which it is deduced that democracy and representative government are the only right forms of government, and therefore to be applied to all peoples under all possible circumstances. It is a healthy sign that we hear very little of such schemes nowadays. People are coming to realise that democracy is neither a fetish nor a panacea and that it has always many drawbacks, but they support democracy on the ground that it has fewer drawbacks than other systems of government in a civilised Western community.

Precisely the same habit of mind and method of reasoning as have led to the advocacy of such schemes as have been mentioned are also, in my opinion, responsible for what I hold to be the five immediate causes of the decline of the Liberal party. If we take, for instance, the neglect of social reforms by the Liberal party, there could not be a better example of the result of the *a priori* method. The cast-iron dogmas of the Manchester school as to the sacred right of freedom of contract, the wickedness of interfering with competition even when it took what the late Mr. Bright called the "legitimate form" of adulteration, and the duty of allowing the individual to do as he pleased so long as he kept his hands out of his neighbours' pockets; these were fetters and shackles on the Liberal party, and prevented it from dealing with social and economic conditions from an unbiased standpoint and in a practical way. These doctrines were responsible for the opposition to any and every proposal for regulation of the hours of labour or the conditions of work in factories from Lord Shaftesbury's Factory Acts to the Miners' Eight Hours Bill, which opposition was for many years the "traditional policy" of Liberalism. Facts and experience have proved the doctrines to be false, and they have few adherents left among the Liberal party; indeed, their chief exponent at present is Lord Salisbury, who is one of the few remaining orthodox Manchester Liberals. But they did their work in 1885.

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The Gladstonian Home Rule policy was another example of *a priori* reasoning. It was deduced from the thesis that whatever the majority of the people residing in a particular geographical area demand must be granted them as a right, whether it is good for them and their neighbours or not. There may be much to be said for the thesis from an abstract point of view; it is its practical application that is objectionable. What is true of the Home Rule policy is still more true of the Disestablishment movement. The one thing of which the supporters of Welsh Disestablishment failed to convince the country in 1895 was that the measure would confer the smallest benefit on any one. And to do them justice they made very little attempt to convince the country on that point. Their case has always been based on the doctrine that the "recognition" of religion by the State is morally wrong and a union between Church and State "adulterous," as the late Mr. Bright put it. The ordinary Englishman does not care a jot whether the existence of an established Church is or is not a breach of a purely abstract and ideal "religious equality," and he refused to accept *a priori* reasoning as a substitute for practical cause shown why the Church in Wales should be disestablished.

Direct Veto is surely to be attributed to the same source. Those who initiated that proposal start with the assumption that it is morally wrong to drink any alcoholic beverage, and they naturally propose to suppress the manufacture and sale of alcoholic liquors so far as they can. Nor does the failure of similar attempts in other countries affect them in the least, since their theories have no relation to facts. Yet no temperance reformer, who proceeded by the method of induction, would ever have proposed a Direct Veto Bill. Other supporters of the measure based their support of it on the "fixed principle": "If the majority of the inhabitants of any district desire to suppress the sale of drink it is undemocratic not to allow them to do so." To such an argument one can only reply that if a proposal appears unwise and inexpedient a practical person is bound to oppose it even at the risk of being

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undemocratic. And that, in effect, was the reply of the English electorate in 1895.

Little Englandism or anti-Imperialism or whatever it may be called is no less than the others a manifestation of the *a priori* method in politics. Since the Empire—the international English commonwealth—exists, a person who recognises facts and draws his inductions from them must needs be an Imperialist. A Little Englander is what he is because he holds certain Nationalist or Particularist dogmas to which he adheres in spite of facts. The anti-Imperialist is the Individualist of international politics, gallantly clinging to his belief in the face of an inevitable tendency towards the absorption of small nations into federalist international commonwealths. He is deserving of the sympathy that the large-hearted man must always feel for the defenders of lost causes.

Quite other than the method which has produced these results is that on which the Progressive Party in London politics has gone to work. That party is to a great extent the creation of the new Collectivists whose best representation is to be found in the Fabian Society. Unlike the earlier Socialists, whose method was almost entirely *a priori* and deductive, and who started with such theses as that private property in land is immoral, the modern Collectivists have arrived at their economic and political hypotheses by observation and induction. Their observation may not have been always accurate nor their inductions always correct, but at least they can say that they build on a foundation of facts and not on abstract propositions. It is this that has given them their influence, a greater influence than is always realised, in modern politics. The Progressive party, which has been so largely moulded by men of that school, has adopted the same method. The municipalisation of certain public supplies is advocated, for instance, not for the reason that private monopoly is theoretically indefensible, but because it can be shown by facts that the public ownership of monopolies is more advantageous to the community. The Progressives have

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succeeded in convincing the London electors that they are practical businesslike men who consider a question on its merits and base their principles on facts instead of trying to adjust the facts to preconceived theories. They do not waste their time on discussion of abstract points such as whether the community ought or ought not theoretically to undertake this or that form of enterprise or how far it should go in competing with private enterprise; what they consider is whether it is expedient for the public welfare that this or that form of enterprise should be taken over or initiated by the community here and now, the circumstances being what they are. And many of the Progressives have taken the trouble to study the administrative and economic problems with which the County Council has to deal; they are professional politicians in the best sense of the term, whereas the average Member of Parliament is an ignorant and incompetent amateur unworthy even to be called a *dilettante*. London electors are intelligent enough to recognise the qualities of business capacity, accurate knowledge, hard work, sound common sense, and reasonable opportunism, and they return Progressives to the County Council as consistently as they return Unionists to Parliament. Those who describe the London electors as "khaki-mad" should ask themselves, is it possible that the fools of November became the wise men of March? Rather is it not likely that men who are so alive to their own interests as a community in municipal affairs are equally alive to their interests as a community in Imperial affairs? The conclusion is that Liberals themselves and not the electors are to blame for the fact that London like Great Britain as a whole steadily rejects them. Not that the present Government is possessed of the qualities which I have claimed for the Progressive party in London; far from it. But the country does not support the present Government; no Government was ever regarded with greater contempt by the majority of the nation. It is Mr. Chamberlain that the country supports because he does possess the qualities that have been mentioned; whatever

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his faults may be, he is a strong man, who knows what he means to do and has the resolution to do it. As for his colleagues, the country would gladly part from them to-morrow but for the belief that the Liberal party, as it has existed up to the present, would be a greater evil.

The lesson to be learnt by Liberals is surely that they have been on a wrong tack, and have been working on an obsolete method. If the members of the new Liberal League mean business, they must change their method and abandon the discredited theses which hang as millstones round their necks. They must be free to look facts in the face and correct their theories by them where the theories will not fit in with the facts. No revival of the old Liberalism is possible. The Liberal party has no longer a *raison d'être*. Its principles and methods, which were progressive and up-to-date thirty years ago, are now out-of-date and reactionary. Many of its objects have been achieved; others have become obsolete. We have to start afresh; we have to build up upon the ruins of the old Liberalism a new party of progress with new methods and new aims suited to new conditions, just as the Progressive party in London politics has been built up. We must, like the Progressives, study the problems with which we have to deal, and equip ourselves with that accurate knowledge of the conditions of things which alone makes businesslike administration possible.

But for all this we want leaders such as the Progressive party has had. That party was the creation of a few men who knew their own minds and understood what they were about; it is what it is because it has been efficiently led by leaders who could command confidence. Lord Rosebery, in one of his speeches last year, minimised the importance of leaders; the driving power, he said, must come from the nation. So, no doubt, it must; but driving power is not enough; indeed, it is worse than useless unless it is used intelligently. If there is no intelligence at the helm, driving power will but land the ship on the rocks, and the greater the power the greater will be the disaster. It may perhaps be concluded from Lord Rosebery's

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recent action that he has come to modify his opinion on this point; it has yet to be seen whether we shall find in the Liberal League the leaders that are wanted. Some, indeed, of those who have rallied to Lord Rosebery's standard are as much the slaves of tradition as is Sir Henry Campbell-Bannerman, but, while he follows the tradition of the late Mr. Gladstone, theirs is the tradition of pre-Gladstonian Whiggery, not more out of date than the other, but quite as impracticable. Even Mr. Asquith seemed chiefly concerned at St. Leonards to establish his orthodoxy as a true believer in the tradition, albeit prepared to compromise when he must. But Lord Rosebery's own speech at Glasgow shows that he, at any rate, realises the necessity of new methods and a new policy. If he means what he says, he will neither respond to the call from certain quarters for a Whig lead, nor consent once more to put the sentimental grievances of Welsh Nonconformists before social and administrative reforms and sacrifice educational efficiency to the unsectarian dogma. In that case Lord Rosebery need not appeal only to those who now call themselves Liberals. The Unionist party is not really a composite whole; there are as fundamental differences among Unionists as there are among Liberals; hitherto they have been kept together by the common bond of opposition to Home Rule, but the abandonment of Home Rule by all but the pro-Boer rump (which is inevitable) may prove the solvent of the Unionist party. In that case there will be a general shuffling of the cards, out of which may come two new parties, each of which will really be an organised expression of some common principle, instead of an organised hypocrisy. One of these parties would, of course, be Conservative, and the other would be Progressive. Whether the Progressive party is led by Lord Rosebery depends chiefly on Lord Rosebery himself.

ROBERT EDWARD DELL.

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A TRANSVAAL BURGHER'S OPINION

AT this juncture in writing on the subject of the Settlement of South Africa, it is advisable to leave entirely alone any mention of the negotiations and events immediately preceding the war. To argue as to whether it was the mal-administration of the Boer Government or the Jameson raid which precipitated the deplorable struggle still proceeding would, besides being sterile, take up too much space. Therefore, I shall endeavour to avoid expressing any opinion touching on so controversial and difficult a point. At the same time, it is impossible to put clearly before my readers the subject of the Settlement without referring to the retrocession of 1881. Beyond the shadow of a doubt to that act must be traced the acute racial jealousy and antagonism which has existed between the English and the Boers in South Africa, and which has been mainly responsible for this disastrous war. The feeling of bitter disappointment and exasperation of the loyalists at the peace of Majuba, and their resentment of the action of their own Government, can best be described by two quotations which I give below. The first is from a letter of the Pretoria correspondent of the *Natal Witness*, and is dated April 24, 1881 :

> The English portion of the inhabitants feel very bitter at the fact that they have been shamefully abandoned by the Imperial Government, by its action in connection with what they call "the disgraceful peace." They, or I suppose I ought to say *we*, have all along looked upon the Government of

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Great Britain as one which we could safely trust and look to for justice and the safe conduct of the National honour; and believing this we have been blindly loyal to that Government, risking and sacrificing not only property but lives in support of what turns out be a chimera. We have had the oft-repeated assertions, given in the most unqualified and emphatic manner by the rulers of England, that under no circumstances could the Queen's sovereignty over the Transvaal ever be relinquished. Naturally we believed these assertions, which had been made by Conservative and Liberal Governments alike; as naturally we believed Sir Garnet Wolseley when he told us that as long as the sun shone the Transvaal would remain British territory. Now that the Volksraad of the South African Republic is an established and acknowledged fact, we look up to the sky and find to our amazement that, notwithstanding Sir Garnet's grandiloquent speeches, the sun is still shining as brightly as ever.

The second quotation is an extract from the letter of a loyal farmer in the Transvaal, dated April 11, 1881:

Country loyals have had a time such as few town loyals can realise. . . . You will perhaps say that the declaration of peace provides for public opinion and free speech on both sides, but can you reasonably suppose that any country loyal would dare to rely on such a statement from the English under existing circumstances? They first broke their promises to the Boers and have now broken faith with us. . . . For us now publicly to assert our rights and liberties as English subjects, simply means, not only total ruination, but exposes us to dangers of a more serious nature, without any chance of obtaining redress and justice from the English, to whom we have been blindly loyal.

This abandonment burnt deeply into the very souls of the loyalists, who have ever since nursed a feeling of bitter resentment against Gladstone and antagonism to Boer rule. From that date also can be traced the determination of many of the leading Dutch, at whose head stood ex-President Kruger, of establishing a great Dutch-speaking nation in South Africa. It was not a new idea, for in 1874 President Burgers had already spoken enthusiastically of his intention of introducing ten million Hollanders into the Transvaal. It was at the time deemed an empty, post-prandial boast, and in all probability when uttered it was so. Still, there were many in whose bosoms had been roused the burning desire of fulfilling this dream. The Dutch Afrikander sentiments and aspirations had been excited and the retrocession gave them renewed hope of

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ultimate success. Froude, in his "Leaves from a South African Journal," gave expression to the prevailing idea when he wrote:

My own private opinion is more and more that the Imperial Government should confine itself to the Table Mountain peninsula, fortify the two harbours, and hold it as a military station, leaving the rest of the country to itself. President Burgers spoke at a public dinner last night, talking with vague enthusiasm about a united South Africa. I asked him what the flag was to be. He hesitated, but I saw what he meant. I told him that a South African flag would float over Cape Town castle and Simons Bay when South Africa was strong enough to drive us out, but neither he nor I would live to see it.

Again in the same Journal:

This morning (December 7) I called on President Brand. He is a resolute stubborn-looking man, with a frank but not over-conciliatory expression of face. . . . His manner to me was short and abrupt. He said that the English Government has ill-treated him. He had done what he could to bring about an arrangement, but he had failed, and we must now take our own course. Experience showed that all colonies became sooner or later independent. At no very distant time the British would leave South Africa altogether, and he could afford to wait. I said the Cape was not a colony only, but a naval and military station, and of vital importance to us. I did not think it likely that we should abandon it. He was cold and incredulous, and we have parted without any wish expressed on his part to see me again. I am sorry, for though his face is as hard as a flint, integrity is written on every line of it.

And, lastly, as a further proof that this conception of an independent Afrikander nation was not confined solely to the extreme or anti-British Boer or foreigner, I give the opinion of ex-Chief Justice Kotze regarding the question of "paramount power" in South Africa, as expressed to a *Volksstem* interviewer after the Jameson raid. He had been accused by the *Volksstem* of being what was sneeringly called a "paramount power" man in a conversation he had had at Cape Town with Mr. Mathers, editor of *South Africa*, and this was his reply. The italics are mine:

Undoubtedly are the Afrikanders (in the true sense of the word) the paramount power in South Africa. But when England is spoken of as the paramount power we have in mind the European Power, which has not only the greatest and most important possessions in South Africa, but which above

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all protects and defends South Africa from an attack by other Foreign Powers. *This position is, until South Africa is united, and capable of protecting itself against attacks from without, inevitable.* That another European Power should occupy this position is not desired, and we should never tolerate it in South Africa.

From the above quotations I think it is plain even to the "man in the street," that while this Afrikander aspiration and sentiment existed there could be no voluntary acknowledgment of England as the "paramount power," and no confederation of the Colonies and States under the British flag.

Now, it is admitted by all parties as essential in the interests of South Africa as a whole that there should be some form of Federation. It is a question of such moment that all who take an interest in its solution should not cease to give all the attention possible to it; on all sides there is evidence of a desire to build up a great South African Dominion on the Canadian and Australian lines. Hitherto the form of Government and the flag have been the stumbling-blocks. Now that these two obstacles have been removed, the way should be clear for that unity and peace so much needed for the progress and welfare of both whites and blacks. There is really no excuse whatsoever for the present disunion of the peoples of South Africa. As their interests are identical, they should all be incited by the same motives, and working towards the same end—to use a homely phrase, rowing in the same boat.

How is this happy and desirable consummation to be brought about? My reply is, By the surrender of the Boers and their acceptance of the result of the war. To talk now of "independence"—and it is a moot point whether the independence of the Transvaal was not really sacrificed by the majority of the Boers in upholding one man and his incapable administration—and the ultimate establishing of a Dominion under a Republican form of Government would be simply ridiculous. If the Dominion is to start fair on its career, if it is to be enabled to establish its name and credit in the markets of the world, to make its importance felt amongst the nations of the earth, and to march steadily on the road of prosperity,

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under a safe and competent guide, it can do so only through British influence. This cannot be obtained by any patched-up peace or compromise, nor by negotiations with Mr. Kruger or delegates in Europe, nor with that evil genius of the Transvaal, Dr. Leyds, who still pursues like a Nemesis the agonised and dying victims of his machinations. With the leaders of the fighting Boers alone should negotiations be carried on or terms offered. Those on the Continent have degenerated into vilifiers of England, slanderers of her army, and inspirers of caricaturists of her rulers. Surely not with these would Lord Rosebery parley.

Language like this may sound strange from one who was until recently a Republican citizen, but the conditions of South Africa to-day are such that the question must be viewed from a different standpoint, and I state frankly my conviction that at the present time it is only under British rule that the country can be properly governed and confederation be successfully established and prosperously conducted.

Union under the flag of Great Britain means, for the whole of South Africa, restoration of peace and order, security of property, the smooth flow of the current of business, mutually beneficial political and commercial intercourse, the securing to the inhabitants of the late Republics, in common with the other civilised peoples of South Africa, of a commanding and dominant position over the surrounding hordes of barbarism and savagedom, and the placing of the whole continent upon a footing of permanent peace and prosperity. This is what the union of the whole of South Africa means under a stable and firm Government with equality and just laws for all; this is the boon to which the acceptance and maintenance of British rule should eventually lead.

I am aware, as a writer has recently stated, that true federation should be free and voluntary, and not premature, and can only become a living system when the different parts of South Africa can enter it on terms of equality. That time, however, need not be long postponed if all those interested in

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the solution of the difficult problem sink their political and racial differences and prejudices, and work with a will to build a golden bridge over which English and Dutch may reach the common goal. There must be no holding out of hope for an undoing by one Government of the act of the other. As Lord Rosebery has said regarding foreign affairs, there should be a united front. And with that object in view, let both Unionists and Liberals sink their differences on this question and devote their energies. It is the more humane course, besides being the more statesmanlike and patriotic.

In conclusion, let me say that when this is realised, not only will the English colonists gain by having a settled and uniform government of the different states and colonies, but the Dutch will also. They will discover that by becoming British subjects they do not lose their freedom. To enable them the better to realise this it is essential that as soon as possible after peace has been declared the freest institutions and autonomy should be conceded, and sentence of banishment withdrawn, or, to be precise, not confirmed against those leaders who are not absolutely irreconcilable and are willing to take the oath of allegiance and settle down under the new order of things. It seems to me that it would be bad policy to show any vindictiveness or to make martyrs of men the majority of whom after all are fighting for what they believe to be a just cause and are, besides, the best of the Boers. The quality of mercy would not be wasted by being applied in such cases. Given good laws, just administration, equality, no favouritism in official appointments, and generous treatment in rebuilding and restocking the devastated farms, and I believe that in a shorter time than many imagine, the bitter enmity aroused by the war would subside, and English and Dutch work together for the common good. Surely such a desirable consummation to all this terrible waste of life and wealth is worth a supreme effort.

FRANK WATKINS

(Late Member of the Transvaal Volksraad).

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DUELLING AND COURTS OF HONOUR

THREE fatal duels in Germany, between November 1901 and January of this year (1902), have called attention forcibly to duelling in that country, and to the influence with respect to it of what are termed "Courts of Honour," more particularly in army and college life, but also with the nation at large.

It must be understood that I do not allude to ordinary students' duels, which are going on constantly at the German universities, and entail hardly any risk of life. These, inasmuch as they cause scars and disfigurement, may be foolish, but they have advantages and encourage skill at arms. The chief objection to them is that they foster the duelling spirit in a country where duelling is permitted in the army. The duels which are referred to in these pages are duels with pistols, fought under conditions which make the issue of the combat almost certainly death, or a serious wound, to one of those engaged.

The duels which have recently occurred are:

(1) That at Insterburg, on November 4, 1901, between Lieutenant Blaskowitz, of the 147th Regiment, and Lieutenant Hildebrandt, in which the former was killed.

(2) That at Jena, early in January 1902, between Lieutenant Thieme, of the 94th Regiment, and a university student named Held, in which the latter was killed.

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(3) That near Springe, in Hanover, on January 16, 1902, between Herr v. Bennigsen, District President of Police, and Herr Falkenhagen, in which the former was killed.

All the above were fought with pistols. The conditions of the first I am not aware of, but Lieutenant Blaskowitz fell at the first shot. The conditions of both the last are stated to have been five shots at ten paces, or yards.

I will allude more particularly to the above duels further on, and will merely say here that the two first were fought by the direct decision of Courts of Honour, and for what had happened in drunken brawls.

The third comes under a different category.

It is not justifiable, no matter how much one may disapprove of duelling, to speak of those as uncivilised or criminals who, under a pressure almost impossible to resist, feel compelled to fight duels in order to avoid social disgrace, and so become the unhappy victims, or the perhaps equally unhappy survivors, of such combats.

I may say, too, that the days of duelling in the United Kingdom are too near to our own times to justify our throwing stones at others who have not so completely abandoned its practice as ourselves, and doing so will have no effect in repressing the practice.

What I propose to do is to touch upon duelling in general as it prevailed down to the time of its suppression in England, Scotland, Ireland (*i.e.*, the United Kingdom), and Scandinavia (Sweden), to draw attention to its worst features, and to the manner in which it was stamped out, to recent duelling in Germany, and the courts of honour established there, to the efforts made in 1843 to introduce them into the English army, and then to consider what all this suggests.

I will not refer specially to duelling among the Slavonic, or Latin races—Russia, Italy, France—because it might be argued that, owing to certain differences in climate, temperament, and other respects, comparison cannot fairly be made between the inhabitants of these countries and of those I have mentioned.

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It must be admitted, though, that there is much in common between the Teutonic and Celtic races of the United Kingdom, Scandinavia and Germany, and all have some of the fierce Viking blood in them.

I will not discuss duelling from a religious standpoint. At the present day few will be found to defend it from that point of view, though, in the past, good men and God-fearing men have fought duels, and clergymen have fought duels, but there are clergymen and clergymen, and, in the days of the Fleet parsons especially, some were in Holy Orders chiefly in name.

"Trial by Battle," introduced in Norman times, was the father of duelling in the United Kingdom, and the Courts which ordered it, the ancestors of the modern courts of honour. This is a point which should be understood. The first formal duel fought in England was in 1096 between William Count of Eu and Godfrey Baynard. The legal and judicial sanction given to this description of combat contributed largely to make it popular and perpetuate it in England, where the people, as a body, have a regard for established law.

It may astonish many to hear that the law of "Trial by Battle," although it had, years previously, become practically obsolete, remained on the Statute Book, and could therefore be appealed to in England, so late as 1817.

Under it any one accused of murder might claim to fight his accuser, in order to establish his innocence, and in that year a man named Thornton, charged by the brother of Mary Ashford with having murdered his sister, challenged his accuser to "Wager of Battle." Lord Ellenborough ruled that he was within his right, and the challenge not being accepted by the accuser, who was a youth, Thornton escaped trial altogether. Then the law was repealed.

But long before this the ancient belief that the right cause in such contests must triumph had died out under the force of established proof to the contrary, and nothing is more striking in the modern duel than the uneven justice it administers.

But after official trial by battle had ceased, the fighting

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instincts of human nature, together with the fact that quarrels had for centuries been legally settled by personal combat, combined to make men resort to duelling to decide their private differences, even though it was fully recognised that the right cause did not necessarily triumph. The practice of duelling continued in the United Kingdom, and it may be here said [1] that in France, between the years 1601 and 1609, 2000 men of noble birth fell in duels, which resulted in very stern measures on the part of Cardinal Richelieu being adopted, and with partial success, to repress the custom.

To come to recent times, one has only to take up Lever's novels, or Sir Jonah Barrington's Sketches, to see how general duelling was in Ireland, especially in the army, in the decade between 1800 and 1810, and in England and Scotland it constantly went on, though to a less degree.

It may surprise some to be told that the Rev. Henry Bate —afterwards the Rev. Sir Henry Bate Dudley, Bart.—who died while Prebendary of Ely and Chancellor of the Diocese of Ferns, in 1824, had fought three duels in England while in Holy Orders.

Sir Jonah Barrington, in his reminiscences of Irish life written in 1827, says that, within the twelve months of his sixty-third year, "227 *memorable and official* duels took place, not counting less notable affairs."

> Every family [he writes] had a case of hereditary pistols which descended as an heirloom, together with a long, silver-hilted sword, for the use of their posterity. Our family pistols, denominated "Pelters," were brass, the barrels very long and "point-blankers." They were included in the armoury of our ancient castle of Ballynakill in the reign of Elizabeth. The stocks, locks, and hair-triggers were, however, modern, and had descended from father to son from that period, and one was called "Sweet-lips," the other "The Darling." The family rapier was called "Skiver the pullet."

But in 1808 duelling is said to have received a great check in England from the consequences of a duel between Major Campbell and Captain Boyd, in which the latter was killed.

[1] See *Mémoires de Fontenoy Mareuil.*

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This duel arose out of a trivial dispute after mess as to what was, or was not, a correct word of command at drill. It was fought with pistols and without seconds, which was irregular.

There was no proof of any unfairness in the combat, and Captain Boyd when dying forgave Major Campbell, but also implied that the latter had hurried him in firing.

Major Campbell, put upon his trial for the death of Captain Boyd, was found guilty; the Crown would not interfere with the due course of law, and Major Campbell was hanged.

It can be readily understood that the effect upon the army and society of the disgraceful punishment of execution by the common hangman having been inflicted upon one in Major Campbell's position was great. His execution struck the first heavy blow at duelling in England.

The effect, however, would have been still greater had this duel not been an irregular one, with some suspicion, however slight, that there might have been unfair play; also that in the army there was at this time no special enactment against all concerned in duelling, while in cases where there had been no fatal or serious results, it was difficult to get juries to convict.

Duels still went on, especially abroad and in Ireland, and in 1815–16, during the occupation of Paris by the Allied Armies, English officers fought many duels with the French. But the circumstances here were exceptional, and when insulted and challenged they could scarcely refuse to fight.

Between 1820 and 1840 there is a noticeable decrease in the number of duels, but they did not cease.

In 1827 the Rev. Mr. Hodson wounded Mr. Grady in a duel in Hyde Park.

In 1829 the Duke of Wellington fought a duel with Lord Winchelsea in Battersea Fields. The Duke, as Minister, had taken part in bringing in the Roman Catholic Relief Bill, and Lord Winchelsea, in a letter which was published, accused him of an insidious design to introduce Popery into every depart-

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ment of the State. The Duke, who was no duellist, who had never before been concerned in a duel, and who of all men in Europe could have best afforded to disregard any imputation upon his actions, considered it necessary upon public grounds to challenge Lord Winchelsea for this. Nothing could better show the view which still lingered in England as to duelling.

In 1841 Lord Cardigan wounded Captain Tuckett in a duel on Wimbledon Common, but claimed his right to be tried by his peers, and was acquitted.

In 1843 there was a fatal duel between Lieutenant Munro and his brother-in-law, Colonel Fawcett, in which the latter was killed; and in 1845 one more fatal one—I believe the last fought.

It was the duel between Lieutenant Munro and Colonel Fawcett which, to all intents and purposes, caused the practice to cease, because it led to an enactment in the Articles of War against all concerned in duelling in the army.

This country is indebted for many of the improvements and advances which have taken place in its social life during the last sixty years to the late Queen Victoria. It is also largely indebted for many of them to the late Prince Consort, and among these for the suppression of duelling, and for its becoming entirely discredited in society.

Public feeling was much outraged by the duel last mentioned, partly on account of the near relationship of those who fought it; and the Prince Consort, to whose mind, as no doubt to the mind of the Queen, duelling was a discreditable practice, succeeded, by his earnest efforts, in getting the Article of War referred to promulgated.

It was to the effect that any officer who fought, or promoted, or was concerned in, or in any way connived at a duel, was liable to be cashiered or otherwise punished.

There was no doubt, in view of the feeling of the time, that this Article would not be a dead letter, and that the consequences professionally, not only to the principals, but also to the seconds and others concerned in duels, might be heavy.

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As, after this duel, only one other "memorable" one is recorded in some articles upon the practice in the United Kingdom, it is clear that this measure had much effect in stamping out duelling throughout the country.

It would be an exaggeration to say that it alone caused duelling to cease. Public feeling had been gradually growing up against the practice for some time. In Scotland, as far back as 1815, there had been a disposition to turn duelling into ridicule, as evidenced by the action of the sheriff in Edinburgh in that year in fining the principals and seconds in a duel twenty-five guineas each, and directing the sum to be applied to the funds of the lunatic asylum, that being from its nature the institution best entitled to a fine derived from such a source. A society also for the discouragement of duelling was established in England in 1845.

On the other hand, it is wrong to say that public opinion alone stopped duelling, except in the sense that, in a free country, public opinion eventually makes the law. It did not put duelling down until all concerned in any way in a duel, whether military men or civilians, saw that very serious discredit and social stigma, professionally and generally, would be entailed by fighting or conniving at a duel.

The fact that duelling had become discredited in the mother country led naturally to its becoming so in the colonies and India; and the feeling which existed against it in England was reflected in the settled Northern States of the American Union.

It is very important though to say that before the Prince Consort succeeded in getting the Article of War, to which we have alluded, introduced, he had been anxious to establish courts of honour in the army to regulate duelling and lead to its gradual suppression. This latter is the system which has been for a long time in force in Germany.

The Duke of Wellington thought that there would be great jealousy against courts of this confidential kind; the Admiralty that they were not adapted to the detached nature

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of naval service, and could not be formed at certain stations; the Master-General of the Ordnance (Sir George Murray) that quarrels could not be satisfactorily made up by them, and that the civil law was sufficiently strong, if properly enforced, to put duelling down.

The Cabinet decided against them.

It has been a common opinion that duelling has certain good points—that it restrained intemperate language and abusive slander, and tended to courtesy; but if we study social life in duelling times this argument will not carry conviction with it.

It is certain that the practice of duelling produced the bully and encouraged the ruffian. Duels were not only frequently fought for the most trivial causes, but occasionally insults were deliberately and wilfully given, without any provocation, and those wantonly insulted often killed by those who had forced the duel upon them. A quaint old book called "Duell-ease" by "G.F.," published in 1685, thus alludes to the duel:

> As wrongs must all the yeare bee budding, so men must ever be bleeding.
>
> If a fellow gaze at noone, and sweare it is night, and lay you lye if you deny it, and challenge you, you must follow him; else, by staying at home you lose your honour.

Cromwell was obliged to issue severe edicts against duelling.

During the occupation of Paris by the Allies after Waterloo, the English officers had to fight many duels with the French, in which several fell; and exceptionally disagreeable reading is the following extract from Colonel Gronow's reminiscences of this period:

> The Marquis ——, descended from an ancient family in Brittany, fought innumerable duels, killing many of his antagonists.
>
> I have heard that on entering the army he was not of a quarrelsome disposition, but being laughed at and bullied into fighting by his brother officers he, from the day of his first duel, like a wild beast that has once smelt blood, took a delight in such fatal scenes.
>
> At the time I speak of (1815) he was much blamed for his duel with F.,

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a young man of 19. While dining at a café, he exclaimed "J'ai envie de tuer quelqu'un," and rushed into the street and to the theatres trying to pick a quarrel. At last, at the Theatre de la Porte St. Martin, he grossly insulted this young man, who was, I think an *élève* of the Ecole Polytechnique, and a duel took place under the lamp-post near the theatre with swords. He ran him through the body, and left him dead on the ground.

The social code under which the aggressor in such an affair, though he was blamed, could retain his position, and escape trial for murder, startles us; yet any one who reads the annals of duelling will find in them many duels in which the circumstances, though perhaps not quite so repellent, are in reality quite as bad. There is constantly the same triumph of the skilful swordsman, or quick practised pistol shot, over his less skilful antagonist, and of the guilty man over the innocent.

One of Napoleon's sayings was, "Bon duelliste, mauvais soldat."

A rule in the duelling code was that the party challenged should have the choice of weapons, on the ground probably that he had not sought the duel. Under this rule, however well intentioned it may have been, a bully skilled with either sword or pistol had but to offer unprovoked insult, and await the challenge which society insisted must be sent to him, to be in a position to choose the weapon in which he was most expert.

We now come to Scandinavian and German duelling. Sweden was the great military Power of Scandinavia in the seventeenth and the beginning of the eighteenth centuries, as Germany is the great military Power now.

In Sweden, the army under Gustavus Adolphus and Charles XII. was one of the most renowned in Europe, but these monarchs were hostile to duelling, and to a strong religious vein they added an iron will.

Gustavus Adolphus issued an order that any subject who should send or accept a challenge should be executed; and he meant what he said, for when afterwards two officers had

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resolved to fight and this came to his knowledge, he appeared on the ground with his executioner to take off, upon the spot, the head of the one who survived. His pardon was begged and granted, and the duel did not proceed.

Under Charles XII. the following were the orders against duelling, as given in the "History of Sweden by a person of note," 1717:

> Duels between gentlemen, if the one party be killed, are punished by the survivor's death, and a *note of infamy* on the memory of both.
>
> If neither be killed, they are both condemned to prison, with *bread and water*, for two years, to which is added a fine of 1000 crowns, or to one year's imprisonment and 2000 crowns. Reparation of honour in case of affront is referred to the *National Court*, where recantation and public begging of pardon is usually inflicted.

Duelling was not tolerated, and in times of peace all trespasses and crimes committed by the soldiery fell as a rule under the cognisance of the civil magistrate.

Under this system duelling both in the army and civil life, being visited by heavy penalties, often of a discrediting character, had a comparatively short life in Sweden, and probably in the end public opinion contributed there also to stamp it out.

In Germany very severe measures for the repression of duelling were taken by Frederick the Great, but in that country the status of the military class with respect to the civil, and the existence of courts of honour, create a peculiar position.

Let us now turn to the recent duels which have occurred there.[1] First as to that at Insterburg in which Lieutenant Blaskowitz was killed. This officer was about to be married, and had invited a number of friends to a farewell bachelor party two days before his wedding. Having drunk too freely, he was afterwards found in the street in a semi-helpless condition by a party of officers on their way home. They recognised

[1] I take particulars from what has been contributed to the Press in this country from Berlin.

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him, and insisted on taking him to what had been his lodgings, but where, as a matter of fact, he was not then residing. He resisted, and on the landing of the lodgings struck Lieutenant Hildebrandt, one of the party.

The next day he proceeded to the town where his intended wife lived, to attend the feast on the eve of his wedding. There he received a telegram sent by direction of a court of honour, to which no doubt the fact that Lieutenant Hildebrandt had been struck by him had been necessarily reported.

This recalled him to Insterburg to fight a duel held by the court to be unavoidable. Having no recollection of the incidents of the previous night, he expressed his willingness to apologise to Lieutenant Hildebrandt, but this the court of honour would not permit. The duel therefore took place, and Lieutenant Blaskowitz was killed at the first fire. The Minister of War stated in the Reichstag that he was a promising young officer.

Some, at first sight, may be disposed to blame Lieutenant Hildebrandt for this duel. In fact an English journal, commenting upon it, said: "Lieutenant Hildebrandt was not in the execution of his duty. If he chose to take him (Lieutenant Blaskowitz) home he should have treated him as a drunken man." This view is not, I think, the correct one to take. As things turned out, it might have been wiser had he and his companions left Lieutenant Blaskowitz lying in the street where they found him, but it was natural that they should act otherwise for the credit of their cloth, to say nothing of the inhumanity of leaving him out on a November night. They may also have behaved imprudently in other respects, but the blow having been struck, if the officers aware of it had not reported it, I imagine that, under German regulations, their commissions would have been in danger. The court of honour having directed the combat, both Lieutenant Hildebrandt and Lieutenant Blaskowitz had to fight if they wished to continue in the service.

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Further, to expect Lieutenant Hildebrandt not to defend himself, and to fire wide of the mark, or, as the usual expression is, "in the air," permitting his adversary to fire at and kill him if he desired, is to expect what is unreasonable.

Of the two officers concerned, he is in reality as much to be pitied, in all probability, as Lieutenant Blaskowitz.

Upon the court of honour must lie, it seems, the responsibility for the duel, and the German Emperor is stated to have shown his opinion upon this head by condemning the action of the court, as contrary to the *spirit* of his orders, and by removing from the army the officer commanding Lieutenant Blaskowitz's regiment, who had power to influence that action and prevent the duel, but did not.

With respect to the duel at Jena, in which the student Held was killed, there is apparently a feeling between students and officers in university towns akin to that which prevails, or did prevail, between "Town" and "Gown" in our own colleges at Oxford and Cambridge.

After a beer-drinking night, seeing the old year out and the new year in, Held and a companion, on their way home between 5 and 6 A.M., met Lieutenant Thieme and another officer. The parties bumped against each other, there was a wrangle, and Held struck Lieutenant Thieme.

As in the case of Lieutenant Blaskowitz and Lieutenant Hildebrandt, a report of this was made. The English correspondent of the *Morning Post* in Berlin says:

> The petty incidents of this drunken brawl occupied a students' court of honour and a regimental court of honour on the following morning. The students proposed a duel with swords, but the military tribunal insisted on an encounter with pistols, and five shots at ten yards distance. Held's third ball grazed Lieut. Thieme close to the jugular vein. He himself was shot through the heart.

The responsibility for this duel apparently rests partly upon a students', but principally upon a military, court of honour, the latter directing not an exchange of one shot only, but of five at short range.

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A blow certainly had been struck, and the court may have acted on technical rules, but the real character of the offence given speaks for itself. Lieutenant Thieme was practically compelled to fight, and had stood two shots, one of which was nearly fatal to him, before Mr. Held fell to his fire. By those who consider the case dispassionately he cannot therefore be blamed.

As to the duel between Herr von Bennigsen and Herr Falkenhagen at Springe, it stands, as we have before said, in a totally different category from either of the above, and was not ordered by any court of honour, both parties being civilians.

From what has appeared with regard to it, certain members of Herr von Bennigsen's club communicated to him some rumours which were in circulation. His wife left her home with Herr Falkenhagen, and he challenged the latter, who killed him in the duel which followed.

Without being aware of all particulars in a case like this, one must refrain from making comments upon it, but it does not seem that Herr von Bennigsen, in a country where duelling was permitted, could have avoided sending this challenge. This duel is creating a painful impression in Germany, and may, it is to be hoped, lead to some further measures against the practice.

Duelling is against the law of the land in Germany, but for the army, the Imperial Cabinet Order of January 1897, supplementing Army Standing Orders as to officers' courts of honour, permits and regulates its practice in certain cases.

These courts were no doubt instituted not only with the view of producing a high standard of honour in the corps of officers, but also with the hope that by confining duels to those fought with official sanction, they would be rendered very rare and would eventually cease. It is expected that anything affecting the honour of an officer should be made known to these courts, and officers if they wish to remain in the service must conform to the ruling of the court when approved.

It can be easily seen that the members of a court of honour

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have a most difficult part to play. On the one hand, they have to safeguard the honour of their cloth, which they have been brought up to consider can in certain cases be cleared only by the duel. If they do not do this, they will be presumably blamed. It is said that under the regulations for their guidance, reconciliation in cases where any offence has been given is only permissible when the honour of the class of officers (Standesehre) and good morals do not forbid it, and this must often render the court very uncertain how far the opinion of their superiors and of the army will bear them out in a decision that no duel need take place.

On the other hand, if they direct a duel in any case where the offence given has not been heinous, and the result is serious, they will be blamed also—by some at all events.

It seems doubtful how far it is desirable that the State, in what is in reality a matter of life and death, should delegate its responsibility in this way, and the Duke of Wellington most probably gauged English feeling correctly when he considered that the introduction of these courts in this country would not be favourably received. If it be argued that higher authorities have the power to veto the ruling of courts of honour, the reply is that, in the two first of the duels in Germany which we have considered, they did not do so, and that even humane officers find a difficulty in constantly over-ruling the opinions of courts properly constituted under official sanction.

The Minister of War, speaking in the Reichstag upon the case of Lieutenant Blaskowitz, said that in former days duelling had been punished by death, a penalty which had failed to stamp it out, and that he could recommend no fresh measures for its suppression. Herr Munckel (Radical member), speaking on the same matter, said sarcastically that a period of incarceration in a fortress for duelling was really considered by officers as almost equivalent to ennoblement.

Severely repressive punishments have, it is true, failed, especially when not long and consistently applied, to stamp duelling entirely out; still, in the United Kingdom and in

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Sweden public opinion, backed by authority, together with the enforcement of reasonably heavy and, above all, discrediting punishments upon officers and civilians alike, have stamped it out.

Public opinion in civil circles in Germany, if articles in the Press are to be believed, is opposed to duelling, but it can hardly be repressed while it is tolerated in the army.

In Germany the army is to some extent the nation, as every one must serve for a time in it. From its numbers and social status it occupies an exceptional position, and therefore so long as duelling among officers serving is indirectly or directly legalised, in opposition to the civil law of the land, so long is it unreasonable to hope that duelling will cease.

The conclusion can scarcely be avoided that the first step—if the wish is to stamp out the practice instead of simply to regulate it—must be to relieve courts of honour, which for some other purposes may have a very good influence, from the responsibility for life and death, which the power of directing or recommending a duel lays upon them; to forbid duelling positively in the army as well as in civil life; and to ordain, against all concerned in duels, punishments which involve loss of status or social stigma.

Public opinion will then have full influence. At first it must be expected that many in the army will chafe against such restrictions. So, no doubt, did many in the United Kingdom and in Sweden, but this is not the consideration which should decide what is right in such a matter, and in a few years any feeling in favour of duelling would be a feeling of the past.

In conclusion, what the *Times* said in commenting upon the duel between Lord Cardigan and Captain Tuckett in 1841 may well be quoted:

> Every class has in it an aggressive, self-centring principle which aspires to ride rough-shod over society, and chafes under the restraint of law. It is the very object of law to bind together all these discordant interests by restraining the eccentricities of each. . .

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Duelling is the foster child of the public opinion of a class, not of society at large, nor of the nation at large. If the head of that class, if leading opinion of that class, declare it directly to be disgraceful, it will become so.

And it did become so in England shortly after this.

It may, I believe, be added that when duelling has been entirely suppressed in a nation, those who suppressed it will be, within a generation, viewed as the enlightened benefactors of their country; and that the honour of officers and civilians alike will be maintained as untarnished as before, by the weight of the opinion of their own class, and by the restraints of the ordinary civil law, with less wrong inflicted, less bloodshed, and less distress to friends and families than are now caused by the duel.

C. W. Robinson,
Major-General.

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REVOLUTION IN THE PARIS PRESS

THERE is a man who carries the *Patrie* along the street in which I live. Every afternoon, wet or fine, punctually at four o'clock he shuffles slowly down the middle of the asphalt uttering a raucous melancholy cry that lops slowly from "G." to "D.," *La Pat-rie, La Pat-rie.* The concierges along the street find him useful to set their clocks by, and so presumably he is patronised, but he brings little enthusiasm to his task, and appears equally indifferent to money gain. The antithesis to this man is a fellow I see later in the evening, a veritable scarecrow camelot of the old "canard" hawking school, who dashes madly about among the boulevard cafés about half-past nine. "Demandez le Sueur!" (in educated French *le Soir*) he shrieks; "La dernière nouvelle d'la journée! Importantes dépêches, le Sueur-eur!" Across his bundle of papers he carries a painted hand-bill of startling import, his own work of course; "Nouvelle défaite des Anglais," "Suicide de Lor Kitchenère," and the like. Clearly people do not mind being gulled, for night after night he tears about and always makes a pocketful of ha'pence.

But this man and my friend of the strangely musical *Patrie* cry, are relics of a departing age, for a revolution is spreading among the Paris journals, and the brood of canards is growing smaller and weaker every month. In a word, Parisian journals, and public alike, are beginning to appreciate the value of actual

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information in the daily sheet. It used to be said of the Paris press that "it gave the news of last week under the date of to-morrow." But the witty reproach will soon be wiped away altogether, and trustworthy news service and regular private correspondents in foreign towns are springing up in a way that was almost unheard of even so short a time as three years ago.

There was certainly plenty of amusement to be found in the old style of Paris journals, whichever of them one read. In the top rank came the *Figaro*, founded by clever M. Villemessant, who so well understood what was wanted by the "cercles" and "boulevards" alike. In his hands the *Figaro* was really a guide to Paris for foreign consideration; it took no sides, had no politics, criticised and chaffed all alike in excellent wit and good humour. Unhappily Villemessant's successors abandoned the founder's policy. The *Figaro* became an ardent anti-Dreyfusard organ, then a still more ardent Dreyfusard, and though it had such splendid writers on its staff as M. Cornély and the late M. Valfrey—the latter being perhaps the only writer who ever saw clearly into the rights of the South African question—it lost class. The miserable quarrels of a few months ago between M. Périvier, the editor, and M. Prestat, the director, and even its attempt to return to the old independent attitude, in which, by the way, it is only half-hearted, and is rather trying to curry favour with the Nationalist crowd, have still further lowered it, and as surely as the *Figaro* displaced the *Gil Blas*, a paper which nowadays is hardly to be found outside the "Quartier de l'Europe," so surely is the *Matin* displacing the *Figaro*.

Side by side with M. Villemessant's paper were to be placed the *Temps*—although perhaps this journal has, owing to its semi-official connection with the powers that be, a position aloof from all others—the *Journal des Débats*, and the *Gaulois*. These are all papers that will never go with the new tide that is setting in. The *Temps* remains for ever in Olympian majesty, apart. It is an evening paper, appearing at about five o'clock, and for three sous—a large sum that, to spend on a newspaper

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in Paris. It gives its readers a massive article on all the politics of the world by M. Francis de Pressensé, who knows far too much to be ever either quite lucid or interesting; two or three careful columns about interior politics; verbatim reports of the Chamber, Minister's speeches at the unveiling of every statue and memorial in the country, and the inaugural lectures of new immortals at the Institut de France; a column of "Faits Divers," which are usually within three days of being up to date; and a "Dernière Heure"—oh, that "Dernière Heure"! I shall come back to it later, for it is a rock of much offence in Paris journals—where are to be found the official news from the Quai d'Orsay and the other ministries, odds and ends of news sent in by the Havas agency, and as much of the doings of the Chamber and Senate as there was time to get in before going to press. Later in the evening the *Temps* publishes a supplement, *Le Petit Temps*, which finishes off the work of the Chamber, and really gives a fair amount of news from all parts of the country. It is quite an admirable paper the *Temps*, dull perhaps, but at least a source of information, and always perfectly trustworthy. The *Journal des Débats*, which costs two sous, is a perfectly charming paper, and is undoubtedly the most agreeable sheet to read in Paris, if, that is, you are indifferent to actual news, which indeed it makes very little pretence of giving. It is mildly oppositionist, contains clear, concise reflections on home and foreign politics, picturesque letters from notable travellers, and delightfully witty leaderettes on passing absurdities—the whole written in most exquisite French, and with a tone of perfect breeding and courtliness. There is certainly no need for such a paper as this to change its system, for its character gives it a special and deservedly large class of readers. By the way, it enjoys the distinction of being the only paper besides the *Temps* which spells English names and gives English quotations correctly. The *Gaulois* is, of course, well enough known for its royalist devotion, and though it suffers from occasional lapses from good taste—many papers did so during "l'affaire

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Dreyfus"—it will always have its particular class of readers in the "Faubourg St. Germain," and on the whole may be safely put into the hands of any *jeune fille*.

One other paper, the *Siècle*, deserves special mention as having always held a good position, though of late years its Dreyfusism, its anti-protectionist policy, and its unswerving devotion to the English cause in the South African War, brought it so low that, as will be remembered, it actually announced its sale in the open market. Wealthy friends, however, came to its rescue, and as it is one of the papers that have already joined the revolution in the Paris press, one hopes that its ancient light is far from being put out.

Below this special class there came a mass of flimsy sheets, among which its enormous circulation entitled the *Petit Journal* to some consideration. The rest occupied a dead level of deplorable badness. Four pages was the limit in size, a circulation of even 40,000 was unheard of, and there was little in those four pages beyond the leading article, dramatic criticism, and the Bourse quotations. The *Journal* held a distinct position by reason of its *feuilletons*. The *Intransigeant*, *Patrie*, and *Libre Parole* held distinct positions by reason of their extreme violence. Advertisements were few and exorbitantly charged, and while the leader writer and dramatic critic, who were, and indeed are, always men of culture and purely literary men, who never come near the office except to receive their cheques, drew tremendous salaries, the rank and file of Paris journalists were miserably paid, and on the whole deserved to be. Foreign correspondents were undreamt of, and to this day the tape machine, except, in rare instances, for "Bourse" quotations, exists not, but the agencies send their informations round the newspaper offices at stated hours on large printed sheets. Very few journals could stand alone; in fact, many of them, even among perfectly respectable sheets, received subsidies from some great public man to puff his views, and his alone, the compact being universally known, and the newspapers being casually referred

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to as "Monsieur Machin's journal," or the "organ of Monsieur Chose." Other papers not fortunate in at once obtaining a patron were started with no fixed politics, and waited for the next political crisis to enable them to find some golden goose whose cause they then noisily espoused. Every big sensational scandal brought up a fungus growth of new publications all more disreputable "the ones than the others," though one must make an honourable exception in the case of the *Aurore*, started during the Dreyfus case with M. Urbain Gohier as editor, and Zola's eloquent pen to fight for truth and justice.

There is one other curious class of journals, those that only appear once or twice a year in order to keep themselves on the list of "journaux quotidiens." The *Gazette de France* I saw as often as twice in a single week during the hottest period of Anglophobia, but *Paris* I have not seen at all since the fire at the Théatre Français, twenty months ago.

This irregular position of the cheaper Paris press, the papers, that is, which naturally appealed to the unlettered public, had, needless to say, a very bad influence. The readers of respectable journals, organs, that is, which were capable of seeing some honesty in a public man although he was in office, found themselves nevertheless bound to the views of him who financed the paper, which, through its dependent position, was obviously incapable of seeing any harm in its patron. On the other hand, those who liked their politics served up to them hot and spicy became consistently restless and dissatisfied. When I first came to France I used to think it laughable to see the cabdrivers and concierges reading the furious diatribes of a Millevoye or a Bailby, and shaking their heads over the rottenness of the country. But though these savoury leading articles are written in admirable French, as is demanded by a nation that goes on studying its language till the undertaker knocks at the door, their violence and bitterness are such that it is but natural if the masses look upon those who govern them as unscrupulous intriguers who only arrived at power by chicanery,

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only to use it as a means of enriching themselves at the nation's expense.

It is popularly reported that a Frenchman cares for nothing in his newspaper but politics and the Bourse, but since the revolution began, and it is possible to obtain real news after the English style for the same price as that at which the fervid denunciations of discontented place-seekers are sold, this theory has been abundantly disproved. Newspaper subscribers read nothing but politics and the Bourse quotations, because there was nothing else for them to read. News, foreign correspondence, and special reporting were far too expensive luxuries when a lost libel action, with a matter of a thousand pounds damages, was so serious an affair that it might nearly lead to the sale of the paper. In the cases where a public man financed an organ for the proclamation of his own views, he obviously would wish to spend as little on his advertisement as possible, while in the few cases of independent journals the proprietors naturally desired the largest returns that their outlay would give them. In either case political articles were the bulkiest and cheapest matter to fill up the paper with. Every editor was, moreover, sure of quantities of unsolicited contributions for which the honour of a printed signature was accepted as full payment. So "Fama" of the "pernicious wings" got a fine show, and poor "Hermes" starved in a garret.

But by the energy and enterprise of one or two journals a prospect of brighter things has been opened for the Paris press. Nay, more, it is being forced into new paths, and those journals which will not follow the example of their more adventurous brethren will soon have ceased to be. In a word, the old four-page sheet of political invective has already become a thing of the past, and with it goes the power of that strange anomaly the leader writer, a personage purporting to be modelled on the English newspaper writers, who daily turned out upwards of a column on any and every conceivable topic. It is rather more than three years since the *Matin* blossomed forth with six pages. To an English public, accustomed to the bulk of

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the *Times*, the *Standard*, or the *Telegraph*, this may seem a ridiculously small thing, but it was a great departure for a Paris journal. An efficient telegraphic service of intelligence from London was organised. A system for exchange of news was made with the *Times*, information was made a greater feature than *feuilletons*, or leading articles—indeed, to-day, M. Harduin's witty little paragraphs on current topics are all that remains of the leading article in the *Matin*—and thus for the first time a real newspaper appeared on the boulevards. The experiment soon became a success, and the *Matin* after about twelve months of the new *régime* moved from its old obscure offices in the Rue d'Argenteuil to the beautiful building which it now occupies on the Boulevard Poissonnière. There are many people who declare that Dr. Leyds' money was responsible for the change, but if it were not absurd enough to suppose that Dr. Leyds would pay for what Paris newspapers were quite ready to do on their own initiative as a revenge for England's attitude during the Dreyfus affair, one need only point to the success which has fallen to those journals which have whole-heartedly adopted the new methods, to refute the calumny.

For a long while the *Matin* remained alone as a type of the new journalism. Then during the spring of 1900 the *Journal*, while retaining its old glory, the *feuilletons*, and the delightful dialogues of Michel Provins and Marny, added another sheet and advertised a full foreign service. For some reason, a monetary one perhaps, the *Journal's* foreign page has never been a success. The private correspondence which was at first so proudly advertised disappeared, and though the foreign page, or "Dernière Heure" as it is called, continues to appear, it contains nothing but agency work, very badly arranged and sub-edited.

However, the movement once begun was not to die out. The *Matin* brought forth a fine child in the shape of the *Français*, a six-page evening paper, appearing about half-past four or five, supplied with good foreign news from its parent's

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London office, and possessing many excellent correspondents in the provinces. Special correspondents had by this time made their appearance. M. Jean Carrère went out to South Africa for the *Matin*, and though he never got very near the front he sent home some delightful letters, and it was at least a wonder to see a journalist actually sent abroad to obtain true information, instead of being told off to sit at home and invent what the public would like to hear. It is, moreover, only a little while since the same enterprising paper sent M. Gaston Stiegler round the world to see what the Trans-Siberian Railway had done for globe-trotters, while the *Français* despatches special correspondents all over France on the slightest occasion.

The next journal to join in the onward march was the *Echo de Paris*, which was turned into a six-page paper last spring. The *Siècle* had been appearing on six pages for some months, and was giving a fair amount of London news. However, the *Echo de Paris* went in for the new system far more thoroughly, established a London office, and exchanged news with several London dailies; in short, devoted a whole page to foreign news, most of which was telephoned over from England. Lastly, the *Petit Parisien*, an organ which used to hold its hat solely for the pence of the "cocher" and the market gardener, went into six page form. The steady advance of this paper during recent months has been one of the most remarkable features of Paris journalism. The *Petit Parisien* has already hit the *Petit Journal* very hard—the *Petit Journal*, by the way, has for some time been saying helplessly that it intends to appear on six pages as soon as its machinery is in order; probably by the time these lines appear it will have done so—and people are saying that it will go far, and rank ere long among the first Paris papers.

Hitherto, it will be seen, no paper had aimed higher than having a good London service, and trusted for its news from the other capitals of the world either to agencies, a very indifferent source of information, or to the telegrams which

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were communicated in proof by the London dailies. The system was good enough from two points of view, it was cheap, and as all the principal trans-oceanic cables are laid to England, it was efficient and fresh. It had, however, two great disadvantages: firstly, that all foreign news was tinged with English feeling; and secondly, that it necessarily arrived in Paris so late at night that for provincial distribution, the Paris papers are compelled to bring out two editions, one at 2 A.M. for the provinces, and the second, containing the bulk of the news from London, at 5 A.M., for sale in Paris. This is the "Dernière Heure" in its completest form, and it is another of the causes which keep provincial towns so much further behind the capital in France than in England. But only since the middle of October a completely new departure has been made in the Paris press. To the *Echo de Paris* belongs the honour of being the first French journal to have regular correspondents, not only in town but in St. Petersburg, Berlin, Vienna, Rome, Copenhagen, Madrid, and Constantinople. The success of the new venture is already apparent, and if the *Echo de Paris* will suppress some of the violent militarist and Nationalist partisanship, which still lingers about its columns, it will certainly compete very strongly with, and may possibly altogether outstrip, the *Matin* in the race for the headship of Paris journalism.

So Parisians are learning to look for real news in exchange for their halfpence. Already I seem to hear something more than mere vinous huskiness in the cry of my old friend who hawks the *Patrie;* and it is certainly noticeable that the vociferation of the other vendors of the *Patrie* and of those who cry *La Presse*, another very scurrilous evening paper, is far less voluminous than it was even a year ago. The new movement is still in its infancy, and much yet remains to be done. The agencies, for instance, need reformation. They apparently consider that they have earned their subscriptions by the official news which they publish, although abroad they are frequently represented not by Frenchmen but by men

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belonging to the country from which the news comes, so that the intelligence must obviously be coloured with the opinions of the other side. Then, again, tape machines are badly needed, for at present the agency sheets, to which I referred above, though theoretically issued at stated hours, are usually dependent for punctuality on the progress which the *rédacteur* in charge has made in his game of chess or *écarté* at his favourite café.

Next, the "Dernière Heure" is ripe for abolishing, but that will only become possible when all papers are provided with a foreign service like that of the *Echo de Paris;* even then, for the French are the most conservative creatures, the name will probably linger. However, the thing is to abolish the system, and substitute for the double edition one universal number for Paris and the provinces alike. Lastly, and most important of all, Paris editors must find out how to obtain good plentiful advertisements, for at present they trust rather to exorbitant charges and, consequently, few advertisements; and the deficit in the cash-box must be supplied by subventions, which sometimes come in the highly reprehensible form of bounties from Monte Carlo. Of late years the French manufacturer has been waking up to the possibilities of advertisement, as the hoardings show; and it only needs the increased circulation, which is already rewarding the pioneers of the new journalism, to bring him to the newspaper offices for the promotion of the growth in France of a sound and independent press.

OWEN M. GREEN.

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THE RENOVATION OF THE THEATRE

IN a paper entitled "A Plea for an Endowed Stage," I suggested that "much might be done in a corner" towards a revival of dramatic art: and based this expectation on the fact that a clique is the only force extant for the furtherance of art: and cliques by their very nature work best in corners, nor can they usurp a much wider field. The reason for this is obvious. In proportion as their immediate influence widens, the members of a clique become leaders of a party, and merely personal relationships gradually cease to suffice for the supply of requisite functionaries. The crowning test of a clique's wisdom is to recognise the right moment for constituting itself a public body: if it fails here it may initiate for ever but will fail to establish anything; others will enter into its labours, and ten to one prove but foster-mothers to its children. So having marked my strong sense that a clique which wishes to accomplish anything of such wide importance as a re-creation of dramatic standards, has a necessity laid upon it to foresee and prepare for its own transformation into a public institution, I shall now proceed to inquire in what directions the immediate efforts of a clique are likely to effect something pregnant in view of so desirable a renaissance.

In the first place I think that the clique should consist of people with at least these two convictions: that the standards

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of theatrical performance in this country are unnecessarily low; and that they can help to raise them. Now if such a clique is to be active, its members must do two things: organise performances by actors and actresses whom youth leaves free, and a desire for self-culture and adventure makes willing to experiment; and content their souls with nothing short of impressing on such performances the characters that they conceive to be most needed in view of reformation. And in order to do this last they must have to some extent focused their conception of such desirable characters; no doubt if their conceptions are vital they will develop and grow clearer from being acted upon; but some clearness, some development they must have to start with. The following paper is an attempt to shape an answer to commence upon for these questions: What public should be first addressed? What kind of plays should be chosen? What characters should be impressed on these performances? When a few such performances have been given, then only an endowment will be requisite to provide for the growth of the undertaking into the desired school and theatre, and so to free it from the tutelage of its nurse, the clique.

For all things young and weak the avoidance of dangers, or a happy security from them, is of the greatest importance. There is small chance for a child if it be exposed to the major catastrophes of life, and babies perhaps thrive best when safeguarded from all removable accidents. The absence of dangers is quite as important to the infancy of every birth in art. Nowadays it seems certain that all births and re-births of art will have to be self-conscious from the outset. In this they will differ from the most part of historic instances. Progress has ever been from the unconscious to the conscious; besides, outward circumstances no longer further and protect artistic infancy, but instead are nearly all combined to defeat and vitiate the æsthetic promptings of nature. Then each new self-conscious baby-art will do well as far as possible to imitate more happily situated infants, not only in its actions, but by

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an attempt to construct for itself a nursery resembling their world as to its main features. As I have said in my former paper, I believe an endowment, protecting it from the aimless competition of modern commercialism and from contamination by the victims of this disease, to be essential to its future. But this is by no means the only kind of danger that must be guarded against; for we are concerned with dramatic art, and are, therefore, rich in past examples, and so must know how to choose. We have to face, too, an enormous and rapidly increasing demand, a demand such as no sane clique could hope to satisfy, or nearly satisfy, at the outset; we must, therefore, select a division of this demand—a section of this public; that is, our clique must know how to limit its field of action, or, as I have said before, create its own nursery. In painting, in poetry, and even in the written drama, we have examples of wilful and successful returns to more primitive modes of art: the pre-Raphaelites, Burne Jones, Maeterlinck, the Celtic movement, &c. &c. Perhaps none of these were entirely self-understood, and in that lay, as it seems to me, their weakness. These artists either believed that they might reproduce the past exactly, or, having returned in the good faith of young enthusiasm, they became bashful in the modern world, and sought out compromises when they were already too old to lay sure hands on any modern element; with what sad results the later art of Burne Jones abundantly illustrates. It seems to me that a familiarity with the history of these experiments teaches us two things. Firstly (and this answers one of our questions), that the public we must choose to begin with is a cultivated and wealthy one, which has the leisure and the means to experiment in novel amusements, and perhaps a larger admixture of active intelligences. Secondly, that we must not be under any illusion as to why we return to past limitations. It is not in order to reproduce a dead world, nor is it in order to permanently lodge an esoteric element in modern life; but it is purely as a discipline, to enable us to commence thoroughly at

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the beginning, and to learn one thing at a time in the same way as children are taught to make crotchets and pot-hooks; not that we believe that pot-hooks can be regarded as sufficient in themselves, however refreshing they may be to eyes jaded with the extravagances of caligraphy. But this is not all; for primitive art has often extremely fine qualities, and in such cases its narrower range adds a charm instead of detracting from it. Thus there is no reason why the efforts of beginners may not possess very great excellences to which their lack of accomplishment will be no drawback, and those who come to see them may be rewarded at a far higher rate than audiences who watch amazing proficiency. We are captivated by children and bored by a fatuous facility. "The soulless self-reflections of man's skill," as Rossetti calls them, are of all things the least charming. "The soulless self-reflections of man's skill" most happily describes an art whose activity is merely a mirror for itself: purposeless, unrelated, like an idiot's jabber, laugh and smile; it is done, it is even done well, but our admiration is shocked at the imbecility of intention revealed. How much accomplishment is there nowadays which must thus shock every sensitive nature?

"What kind of plays should be chosen to start on?" Such as give fewest occasions for virtuosity; so far we can now go towards an answer to our second question.

A play stands in a relation to the actor similar to that of a beautifully shaped amphora to the artist who must paint on it; according to his perception of its beauty it sets limits either to his design or to his possibilities of success; if he perceives no beauty in it, he must fail, though he may do just what he likes; but if he perceives its beauty, he will be made proportionately anxious to co-operate with it, and not to compete against it; his labour will be to enhance that beauty and make it radiant, not to confuse and obscure by some loud extravagance out of all keeping with it. To begin with, then, plays should be chosen that do not embrace anything like the whole gamut of passion. Masks like *Comus*, modern pro-

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ductions as purely æsthetic as Mr. Yeats' *Shadowy Waters*, or Maeterlinck's faery romances; things, at any rate, with a definite and obvious atmosphere of their own: and instead of attempting to clear this away, let the effort be to retain, enhance, and accept it as a help, a protection, a guide. This then completes the answer to our second question: it now remains to discover what characters should be impressed on the performance of such plays.

From the prevalence of virtuosity, from the absence of high standards, it follows no doubt that one great difficulty will be to convince even young actors and actresses that they are really children in respect to the true dignity of their art; that an artist, even when he becomes a master, is always a learner whose success is in exact proportion to his docility. Yet it is on the young that the needed element produces its most magical effect, because in them the instinct for what is lacking to their lives is keenest: the dignity drawn from placing a high value on the very texture of daily functions, the manners which result from generations of choice livers. Such dignity, such manners, are a main element in most primitive, in all sound art. As a game is fostered by the exuberance of vigour, so is the character of a race cherished by its recreations, by its routine of courtesy, its characteristic preferences. We English, in our Puritanical effort to preserve the kernel of our character, have damaged its radiancy like some fond mother who, to safeguard her child, should starve it of open air and exercise. The power by which a race not only resists contamination but enamours others and wins their support: this it is which we patently lack. To help my reader clearly to seize what is meant, here are three instances of this power as embodied in dramatic art:

To begin with: thus, it has always seemed to me, is best explained the great success of Yvette Guilbert; she inherited the distinction and charm of a race; though every song she sang, and every trick she picked up, made against this effect, it persisted through all disadvantages, and still no doubt per-

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sists, hard to kill because of its great beauty and the high value it lent to the simplest actions. To see her walk, to see her sit down, or curtsey, was a revelation of a vanished Brittany, such as haunts some of Renan's most delightful pages. A second instance is the fascination which the Japanese actors exerted. I remember a lady friend of mine saying that what they were about was evidently very important to them, and that this made their acting as earnest as children's play. This is exactly the point; there, where grown-up people are only too generally frivolous, and where children are nearly always in earnest, there lies the secret of good acting; nay, of good art of any kind. The ordinary actor is far too grown up and sophisticated; he is more anxious about the effect he produces than about the scene he is enacting; he is like those abnormal infants whom the poet speaks of:

> Children (as such forgive them) have I known,
> Ever in their own eager pastime bent
> To make the incurious bystander, intent
> On his own swarming thoughts, an interest own—
> Too fearful or too fond to play alone.
> Do thou, whom light in thine own inmost soul
> (Not less thy boast) illuminates, control
> Wishes unworthy of a man full-grown.

The play, the game, that is what ought to be absorbing. How often actors are like the author who thinks of his reputation and defeats his art by so doing! for his readers cannot forget him, and that is just what they would do if they were absorbed by what he was saying; and henceforth if his books are interesting, their interest is that of scandal, not of art; it is his opinion, his character, not the beauty of the life portrayed or the truth of the argument, that counts. This is why Rossetti, with his sure instinct, insisted that narrative poems ought to be as enthralling as novels, besides being much that novels fail to be.

And now we turn to the third instance. Not long ago a friend, in the vitality of whose taste I have confidence,

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described, in my hearing, the spell thrown over him by some Spanish dancers at the late Paris Exhibition. The finest of these dancers was a girl of fifteen, and her art has become so rare that several Spaniards assured him that they would not have believed that such dancing still existed in their country. It was dramatic and performed on a large table by the girl and a man; they began by walking to and fro, talking to one another and the audience, then gradually developed a love quarrel, dancing as the passion rose; the Spaniards present, like gamesters at a cock-fight, shouted insults at the girl to make her dance the better, till such a pitch of intensity was reached that she would often faint before the applause had crowned her efforts: while all new-comers had been kept in a constant dread of her falling from her narrow stage—which, however, she never did. Such a dance, no doubt, in the economy of its home among the Sierras, is educational, as cricket and football are with us, only it educes other qualities; one can well imagine that it is no small protection to a girl to have such a knowledge of her emotions, and their effect, as is implied in a dance of this kind; even to have witnessed such dancing frequently would be a sufficient preventive against many of our domestic tragedies, not to mention the fact that the restraint and economy of movement maintained even in the whirlwind of an assumed passion, result in an exquisite efficiency of bearing, for any parallel to which we should look vainly in our streets.

However, there is no proposal coming from me to day that English girls should be taught to imitate Spanish, Japanese, or Bretonne artistes: but oh! that they might learn to do some one thing with a similar nicety and passionate love of perfection! or at least that all actresses and actors among us might. And, seeing that, unless we are very curious readers, we shall never get the very best out of our magnificent poetry till we have heard it adequately rendered by beautiful voices, the one thing that nature seems to have underlined for their strong point is, alas! that which our actors are most deficient in—elocution.

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Perhaps no nation has ever been so rich in splendid verse as we are; at any rate we are very rich. Our dramatic literature, justly famous, is even finer as poetry than as drama. And yet we have come to such a pass that nowhere can one hear verse spoken as verse, not as bad prose containing an occasional rhythm that refused to be travestied, or broken up by the repeated calamity of rhyme. How such a fashion should have become all but universal in a nation that had produced our poetry, seems at first to baffle conjecture. Those who have recently set on foot a really promising dramatic renaissance of their own, our Irish brethren—with that charming amenity so characteristic of them—have indeed discovered a reason amply sufficient, but one which I venture to think the native diffidence of the English character will be slow to accept. They assure us that we are in full decadence, becoming more brutish and unintelligent every year; that empire means always death to the arts, and that we, like Martha, have chosen to be busied about a world of things comparatively uninteresting, so that the better part has been chosen by our sister who refuses to help us in our troubles. Now this diffidence to which I refer is itself the trait widespread among my countrymen, which unless I am greatly mistaken has proved the most efficient foster-mother to our present deplorable mania for speaking verse absurdly; though in more sympathetic than Irish ears it may be described as that kind of shyness which makes a man most anxious to hide his best, often even inclined to parade his worst. Many of us are always rude to strangers, others refuse "to make the slightest effort to diminish the awkwardness that their presence is only too well calculated to produce;" and almost all in one way or other demand to be wooed, and take a pleasure in baffling the approaches made on them with that view; we hate to be thought the dupes of some seeming virtue, to be supposed to take seriously what is only inadequate or sham politeness, affection, enthusiasm, learning, skill or whatever it is; and we are tempted to demand that all men shall suppose our virtues to exist before we prove

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it by exercising them. For this reason there is among us a kind of tacit conspiracy to degrade all means of expression; both manners and speech suffer in pure English surroundings; often even the moral atmosphere suffers, as if the parties were one and all taking a delight in feeling themselves to be sound in spite of the atmosphere which they did their best to maintain. I think this frame of mind is growing into a national disease. We despise acting and we encourage it to degrade itself; we are pleased that it should set itself to pander to us on an ever lower plane. All this is truest of the class that in these matters ought to lead; as one descends the social ladder one meets more and more of naïvety, less and less of this suicidal shamefacedness. Nevertheless at many points large sections of the educated classes are conscious of this disease and already actively combating it: so that our clique, if it tries to cultivate an elocution worthy of our poetry, will find allies, and as it succeeds make converts; for the educated Englishman is nearly always conscious of his failings.

The prosperity of the art of elocution among us would mean an immense increase to the value of our life. We must purge our minds of the idea that elocution pretends to give us a "self-reflection" such as our dispirited, starved, brow-beaten every-day speech gives us; what it pretends to give is a beautiful speech such as would, if we could but let it, content our heart's desire, such as we are proud to read when nobody sees us. Art, in so far as it is the creator of beauty, cannot be a mirror, but is more properly compared to the sun. The Greeks, the most artistic of peoples, recognised the fact by making art and light the functions of one divinity. The power to resist is great, but the power to radiate is not only great but beautiful; our physical expansion has been enormous, it has certain features of beauty; but if it is to endure, our minds and souls must overflow in proportion. And that a nation's mind and soul may brim over, its manners and speech must be expansive. What an ideal is Falstaff in this respect, what an ideal is Milton's Satan! Both are unbelievably eloquent, and the eloquence of

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both is distinguished from that of Rabelais or Pascal by its beauty; it is less intellectual but more delightful. There is gusto in Rabelais, but it is not sufficiently chary of itself and tends to become mere appetite—a continuity as bracing but as wearisome as a high wind; whereas Falstaff is not diffuse, and so can keep a high level. Eloquence, imaginative eloquence, these are present in English literature where we least expect them—in our broadest comedy, in our religious poetry. In both there is a vein of unmatched richness which, if it were less articulate, would be luxuriant to extravagance. These are our national models, yet how we grunt, growl, bark, and mumble. Can we go on without returning? Are we not as far from our ideal as it is possible to be? Then let us recognise the fact and turn back, having surpassed all peoples in the daring of our self-abasement. Mr. Dan Leno himself leads the way; in his choice of language and vivacity he is often worthy to rank with Launce Gobbo, though I believe the vibration of Launce's voice was many degrees more dulcet, less harsh, and more insinuating. I am really very much in earnest about elocution, it is so dead and so extremely desirable. If we look narrowly into this shamefacedness of ours we may find it akin to that of some artists who can never create anything because their conception of what ought to be has altogether outgrown their capacity for production. They are too fastidious to put up with any shortcomings in their work. May it not be an excessive love of perfection that keeps us so very painfully imperfect; dumb instead of eloquent; awkward instead of graceful; cold instead of warm-hearted; obscure amateurs instead of efficient artists? In our popular literature such characters are assured of success, the sympathy of the nation goes out to these fruitless bores; the pathos of their existence is keenly felt; Dobbin is the hero of our Vanity Fair. They do their duty but fail to radiate; and when by reason of the staying power which virtue gives, they marry Amelia, they inevitably see through her, and snub her for the sake of hers and their child whose future is uncompromised, on whom they can still drape

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their unrealisable dream. All this is the opposite of beauty, the frustration of desire; sincerity is more necessary for really great art than any other virtue; we have sincerity, at least it seems to me characteristic of our creative types; but sincerity must be wed to naïvety if it is to produce a happy art—naïvety, that is, a simplicity which supposes itself necessary and thus accepts both its failure and success with innocence instead of turning both into deadly poison by brooding over them. This naïvety, this inevitability, this incapacity for disguise, we perceive in foreigners and in children; it has degrees of value according to their individual worth, as a becoming dress is more beautiful on a noble person; but we, why should we so dread to be set off by simplicity and candour? Thus our remaining question is answered. We desire to impress on our performances a genuine and eloquent character. An outward habit in regard to things which one can be sincere about, and an utter abandonment of hypocrisy—to impress the necessity for these on young English artists will be no doubt as arduous as it is necessary. This, I believe, to be the root difficulty.

There are two kinds of acting which may be roughly compared to prose and poetry. Now in literature poetry is the primitive form and also the one capable of most beauty, so much so that the creation of beauty has become its almost exclusive function: it is a commonplace remark that successful prose writers have often very greatly benefited by attempting to write poetry when young; and Mr. Coleman in his paper in the December *Nineteenth Century*, indicated that his experience pointed to the same being true as to acting. By poetry I do not mean the acting of dramas in verse. Some prose plays lend themselves to poetical treatment; and dramas in verse may be barely illustrated by prose acting or rendered grotesque by the degree in which such acting contradicts their spirit. French is admittedly the most consummate modern prose: and the same is true about French acting; it is by far the most developed and perfect in the prose qualities of acting.

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Our English poetry is more and more recognised as having something of a similar superiority, and I believe our acting would take a like place if it were but given a fair chance. The acting of Sir Henry Irving certainly is creative, is poetical in this sense (though perhaps, as even our poetry is very apt to be, eccentric): while a tendency in the same direction is traceable where there is less genius. Now it will be plain why I think we should begin with poetical acting, even though I am not one of those who would like to see a theatre exclusively given up to poetical drama, or would even desire to have a theatre producing a majority of poetical pieces; and should be quite satisfied if there were one Sunday in every week. The fixed repertory might with advantage contain a majority of poetical dramas, but in the less permanent programme the balance should be in the other direction—or so it seems to me. But to return to our clique. In order to prepare for these great things, it might very possibly find that really the wisest course was to begin without scenery and with acting reduced to a few large and rhythmic gestures; even to act in clogs and in masks might be found expedient as a means of bringing both the performers and audience to lay hold of the fundamental beauties of imaginative speech and action. And what are the fundamental beauties of imaginative speech and action? they are those which will fit like a glove the verse and action of great plays; or if not, why are those plays called great? Great acting will have a rhythm, harmony, and power similar to that of great verse, and will as nobly clothe the passion for a perfect life and indignation at the life which is. Its beauty will dictate to every accident; control the most suicidal passion, and give to vulgarity itself a cohesion and coherence that shall satisfy the creative soul. No doubt this leaves room for every start and surprise of realistic acting; but the effect of the whole depends on that cohesion and coherence which may easily be ignored by a curiosity that tracks home the eccentricities of passion as it struggles in the nets of custom. This coherence good verse supplies both as sound and mean-

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ing; unless the actor be in imaginative touch with that which he recites, better far that he should be the merest mouthpiece than that he twitch himself about or parade some incongruity of his own. If he is to succeed in doing justice to great plays, he must respect them—he must have respected less difficult plays on which he began; every artist must respect and learn from the material in which he works. Though he should only find himself free at a single point in a whole play to add something entirely of his own—yea, though all the rest were no more than rhythmically correct and distinctly enunciated recitation—he would be more truly an artist than if, the whole play through, ignoring the material on which he was working (that is, the written play), he had, after the prevalent manner of those whom it is unnecessary to name, "played such fantastic tricks" before the house as must have made any one with an atom of unvitiated taste, who was so unlucky as to be present, weep, or laugh derision.

Nor are the limits set him by the chosen play the only ones that will discover in the true actor the artist's docility and patience. In regard to the material it works with his art is of all the most exacting, the one that demands the most perfect absorption of all bias and prejudice, in order that the creation may not be against the grain, and thereby thwarted and diminished, but in perfect harmony with all the capacities of that most complicated of implements, a theatre. The actor must learn of the limits imposed by his own gifts; careful not to transgress their bounds or to overstrain them, he will master in private every enlargement of their scope before, in public, he exhibits it. The talents of his fellow actors must also set bounds and give direction to his own, demanding alert and tactful observance: and lastly there is the nature of his public—and this requires perhaps the most delicate sense of propriety of them all; for only a fool casts pearls before swine, and yet he has to shape, educate and create an audience out of the crowd before him. Like a political leader he must lead with-

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out getting too far ahead; and a thousand temptations and pitfalls this necessary relation must inevitably create for one who cannot, like the poet and artist, rely in part on the future. This is a prime reason for choosing at first a cultivated audience, and appealing to its most cultured side. Yet it is well to remember that all necessary limitations are to the true artist a defence against the temptations with which the poorer elements, in his materials, in his own nature and in his public, are constantly pregnant. He is besieged by degrading praise and blame while he has to lay siege to the stubborn commonness of materials, and keep on the alert against the decoy of facility to which any degree of success immediately gives birth.

Nor do I think, as cynics pretend, that a man who is victor in so many hard fights will be in danger of having lost his own individuality; much rather will he have been in danger of harnessing some mere idiosyncrasy or eccentricity of his own alongside the beauty which he intended to present—or of having given some morbid or personal tint to the light which he has been at such pains to gather up and comprehensively focus. Indeed loss of individuality and the resultant loss of seriousness is the great danger of the prose or illustrative actor whether in comedy or tragedy: the poetic or creative and interpretative actor is in danger of the opposite pitfall, the insistence on his own personality to the detriment of beauty and the effect of the whole.

However, when the actor has attained some readiness in the poetry of his art: as for the poet nothing is more beneficial than the necessity of writing prose; so also for the actor, to have to grapple with the problems of the prose of his art, will, I believe, prove most wholesome, and put a check on the development of mere idiosyncrasy, of vanity, and virtuosity, which ever lead to the utter boredom of those "soulless self-reflections of man's skill."

And now I hope to have given a possible answer to the three questions which I proposed—to have given good reasons

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for choosing at first to address the most cultivated audience that can be obtained; for playing the simplest and most æsthetic plays: and for impressing on the performance of them an open and obvious sincerity, while giving the chief place to effects produced by elocution.

T. Sturge Moore.

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NEW LIGHT ON NAPOLEON'S INVASION PROJECTS

IT is a matter of common knowledge in France, if not in England, that for the last five years the French General Staff has been closely studying the problem of invading England. The method of investigation has been historical; the French Staff has begun by examining with the utmost care, and scrutinising with the minutest detail, the abortive projects of Napoleon. We English cannot complain; for to this investigation, whatever its motives, we owe three admirable volumes by Captain Desbrière, in which the "Projets et Tentatives de Débarquement aux Iles Britanniques"[1] from 1793 to 1804 are examined in the light of the latest and best authorities. The third volume is of remarkable interest to all Englishmen, as it deals with the outbreak of war in 1803, and traces the evolution of Napoleon's famous flotilla at Boulogne, giving at the same time a clear account of the preparations made in England to meet the threatened invasion. The Captain has performed his task with admirable judgment; he has made full use of the mass of unpublished matter in the French archives, and he has not overlooked the wealth of material which still reposes on the shelves of our Public Record Office, while throughout he evinces the impartiality of the historian.

Two points with which he deals at great length have been the subject of heated controversy in the past. The first is,

[1] *Section Historique de l'Etat-Major de l'Armée.* Paris: Chapelot.

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whether England or France was the aggressor in 1803; the second, whether Napoleon was in earnest in his proposal to invade this country.

The first point Mr. Oscar Browning has already discussed in his edition of the Despatches of Lord Whitworth to the British Foreign Office, a work of which Captain Desbrière makes no mention. In the royal message to Parliament on March 8, 1803, the King informed his faithful Commons that he had called out the militia "because of the great naval preparations which were being made in the French and Dutch ports." This, then, was the ground for a measure which from the French point of view could not but be regarded as menacing, and which was the immediate cause of war. It is true that no small provocation had been given to the British Ministry and people by the foolish conduct of Napoleon, who had issued a memorandum on the subject of the Ionian Isles and Egypt, from which it was perfectly clear that the ruler of France still entertained designs upon those countries; while at the same time the expedition to St. Domingo was another cause of suspicion, as, from a study of the past history of Napoleon, men were inclined to expect some treacherous stroke against the British West Indies. But "the great naval preparations" of which British Ministers spoke were wholly imaginary. Lord Whitworth reported on March 17: "I think I can say with certainty that no armaments of any consequence are carrying on in the French ports." He alludes again and again to the want of stores, the penury of the French Government, and the wretched state of its finances.

> The magazines are completely empty, nor is it possible to find either money or credit to fill them [he writes in January]. The utmost efforts have been made to equip the few vessels that sailed a week ago from Brest . . . which were, I am assured, in such a state as to render the voyage an object of the utmost danger.

Nor was Lord Whitworth misinformed. The evidence adduced by Captain Desbrière is absolutely convincing. If Napoleon had meant war at the opening of 1803, we know

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enough of his character to feel certain that he would have prepared for it. But the returns in the archives of the French War Office prove that the effective of the French Army was the normal one in March 1803, and that of 247,000 men no less than 45,000 were on furlough or in hospital. The disposition of these troops was such as to indicate that there were no hostile designs upon Great Britain. The forces on the coast or near the naval ports were insignificant.

As for the French navy, its condition was deplorable. This is a point of the utmost importance, as it explains the facile successes which our fleets gained at sea throughout this war. It is a fact which Englishmen are not by any means ready to admit, and which their present Ministers are accustomed to leave altogether out of view, that the naval wars of the late eighteenth and early nineteenth centuries with France were wholly abnormal in their conditions. They were conflicts between a force utterly disorganised by the Revolution and without confidence in itself on the one hand, and on the other a force which had not broken with its traditions and past, and which was so fortunate as to possess the greatest commander any navy has ever seen. The French started badly handicapped, while the British had in Nelson the analogue at sea of Napoleon on land. These things must be remembered when it is argued that, because England won with such ease against the French navy in Napoleon's day, she would find success come with as great speed and certainty against the reformed and reorganised French navy of our own time.

Nothing could well have been more miserable than the situation of the French navy in the opening months of 1803. Of the flotilla of small craft prepared in 1801, ostensibly for the invasion of England, 193 were in existence, but of these only twenty-seven were in a tolerable condition. At Boulogne, ready for the embarkation of troops, there were only four, which could perhaps have conveyed between them 500 men—a total scarcely sufficient for such an enterprise as the invasion of England. Of the larger vessels of the navy, all the most

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effective were in the West Indies. The total of French vessels *in commission or ready*, including the squadron in the West Indies, was only twenty-three ships of the line and twenty-five frigates; and of these, in the French ports at home, there were only five ships of the line and ten frigates actually ready for sea. It is no exaggeration to say that to each of these ships the British navy could oppose four at least. Of the ships which were not ready for sea, most required extensive repairs where they were not incomplete, while there were no officers and men to take them to sea. Not without reason then does the author conclude that "the state of her squadrons was the worst France had known since 1793," and that the situation could be summed up in the words "absolute impotence at sea." To imagine that with this ridiculously weak force Napoleon would have provoked war is entirely to misread his character. Disaster to the French marine was as certain from the outbreak of the struggle as it was in the case of the Spanish marine when the United States in 1898 sent their ultimatum to Madrid.

As we study the evidence which this volume produces with regard to the state of the French navy, we shall wonder, not that Nelson won the battle of Trafalgar against apparently heavy odds, but that the French were able to make so good a fight. For while our adversaries were taken completely off their guard, a fact which perhaps explains the peculiar bitterness felt from this time onwards by Napoleon towards England, the British armaments were in a state of very satisfactory preparedness. Lord St. Vincent has been blamed, and with good reason, for unwise economies in the administration of the navy during the Peace of Amiens, but, even so, the fleet was in a fair condition of readiness. In January 1803 we had thirty-seven ships of the line and seventy-four frigates in commission, with twice as many more in our ports wanting only crews. When the struggle began, with such speed were our forces augmented, that in November 1803 Britain had in service eighty-three ships of the line, excluding guard and

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hospital ships, twenty-four of the fifty-gun class, and one hundred and twenty-five frigates. Thus outnumbered, what could Napoleon expect to achieve at sea with his fleet?

And the French navy was not only outnumbered, it was left altogether behind in the all-important matter of efficiency by its terrible adversary. Jurien de la Gravière, whose memory went back to the Napoleonic navy, declared that it never recovered from the stunning impression caused by the defeat of the Nile, and that, from the day when Nelson in so swift and dramatic a fashion destroyed Bruey's ships, it always went into battle feeling itself defeated. These pages teem with examples of the hopeless timidity which had infected it. "It is written that our sailors never pass a port without putting into it," comments one of Napoleon's generals scornfully upon the dilatory and nervous movements of the flotilla of invasion. "Our sailors avoid an action even where the chances are in our favour, and where we have the advantage in number of guns and in calibre," writes Forfait to Napoleon.

On the other hand, there is a mass of evidence as to the extraordinary vigilance and activity of the British seamen which is most impressive. Knowing with what sort of an enemy they had to deal, they did not hesitate to take the most audacious liberties. It is doubtful if Cornwallis could ever have maintained his blockade of Brest against an enemy whose material and *morale* were respectable, and it is pretty certain that his feat will never be repeated in our day. "The observation maintained by the English," writes Ganteaume, "has sometimes appeared to us in the nature of a prodigy." In the Downs, when Napoleon's flotilla was gathering at Boulogne, day after day the British cruisers watched it as a cat watches a mouse, tireless, ready to snatch the slightest advantage which chance might offer, dismayed by no storms, perpetually attacking, with strong reinforcements always within call, until we cease to wonder that the nerves of the French sailors gave way or that the British seemed to their adversaries to possess the activity of demons.

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While the British navy was thus in material and *personnel* equal to its work, the British land forces were organised upon a scale which seems to betray some anxiety as to the capacity of the navy to prevent invasion. The militia had been called out in March 1803, and at that date the forces at home mustered no less than 250,000 men, of whom 110,000 were regulars and the rest militia, yeomanry and volunteers. This was a respectable total, though the training and discipline of the yeomanry and volunteers left much to be desired. But when it was seen that the enemy was seriously planning invasion, strenuous efforts were put forth to increase the available force. A supplementary militia, 25,000 strong, was raised by ballot. Then Parliament ordered the levying of a distinct force, 50,000 strong, which was to be known as the "Army of Reserve," and to obtain the men for which the ballot was employed when necessary. On the top of this came the development of the Volunteer movement, so that by December 1803 there were 463,000 men in this category enrolled in England, Scotland and Ireland. Finally, should the enemy land, a levy *en masse* of all males from seventeen to fifty-five was to take place. Making heavy deductions, England must have had some 500,000 men under arms at home during the period of danger from the Napoleonic flotilla, and a study of the dispositions adopted shows that about 100,000 men could have been concentrated with great speed against any invader disembarking on the south-east coast. That force would, we may presume, have only fought a delaying action to give time for the more distant forces to enter the field. The French "state" of the army to be embarked shows that the combatants on their side were only to number 91,000, so that, granting them far superior leading and better discipline and training, it does not appear that they would have found the task of conquering England or even of capturing London an easy one. In a very short time they would have found themselves confronted by an enemy two or even three to their one.

The tactics to be followed by the British were carefully laid

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down. Orders were issued to the Lord-Lieutenants to withdraw the population, devastate the country, and remove all that could be of value to the French, in case they landed. At the instance of the Duke of Richmond, however, who was not eager for such sacrifices, it was finally decided that the devastation should be omitted, but that all horses, carts and animals should be withdrawn. A circular from the Duke of York, the Commander-in-Chief, indicates the *rôle* to be played by the irregular troops:

> The instant a landing has been effected [it says], they are to make it their one object to harass, alarm and exhaust the enemy. There can be no better means of securing this end than by the operations of small bodies of men who are thoroughly acquainted with the country. They should approach the enemy's outposts and fire upon them, but without permitting themselves to be drawn into serious engagements or to run the risk of being cut off. If they take these precautions, manifestly they will incur no danger. They will have the country behind them open, while their enemy in front does not know the roads and can have only a very small force of cavalry. If the enemy moves inland, the irregulars must attack his flanks and rear, and cut up the small detachments which separate from the main body for the purpose of plunder.

Captain Desbrière comments upon the advantage which the nature of the English *terrain* would have given for such warfare, in the general idea of which perhaps we may trace the hand of him who was afterwards Sir John Moore. This officer played a great part in the organisation of the British defences, himself commanding the force which would have acted as advanced guard had Napoleon landed. We may regret with Captain Desbrière that the British system was not actually tested, but there can be little doubt that, if it had been, Napoleon's career would have ended in 1804 or 1805.

There are many curious details of the irregular forces from French spies and secret agents. The volunteers were to be uniformed as regulars, in order that the enemy might not be able to distinguish them. This accords with what Moore told Pitt when he said:

> You and yours (volunteers) shall be drawn up on that hill, where you will

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make a most formidable appearance to the enemy, while I with the (regular) soldiers shall be fighting on the beach.

If the French witnesses can be trusted, it was just as well that precautions were taken to prevent the volunteers bearing the brunt of the attack.

The volunteer cavalry [says one agent] is about as absurd as could be imagined. The greater part of the men composing it have only hired horses. These they ride on the days when they exercise, after which they have to go on foot, and not uncommonly are imprisoned for failing to pay the hire of their steeds. One regiment, however, is not in this plight. That is the regiment of Dragoons of St. James, who are composed of the richest young noblemen in England. They are equally comic, as each dragoon has five or six servants with him on horseback. One carries port-wine; another, liqueur; another, mufti.

The uniforms were occasionally fearful and wonderful, though the good sense of that time prevented such preposterous absurdities as brass helmets, "plastrons of royal purple," and Prussian blue tunics and trousers, which in the year 1902 appear in some of the new home-service Yeomanry corps, and which for bad taste and uselessness in the field could scarcely be surpassed.

Such was the enthusiasm that even women were anxious to be enrolled, and Lady Jerningham proposed to raise a force of lady cattle-guards, who, when the French landed, were to drive off all animals. This attitude of energy and enthusiasm was reflected in the extreme precautions which the Government took, but which yet failed to satisfy the nation. On all sides complaints were heard that arms were wanting, that greater vigour should be displayed, and that, above all, in its armaments the Ministry should beware of sacrificing the regular forces to the irregulars. As a matter of fact, the usual mistake in times of crisis was committed. Too large a force was organised for home defence; too small a force for offensive purposes against the enemy.

We come now to Napoleon's preparations. In his famous interview with Lord Whitworth in February 1803, some weeks

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before the rupture, he had declared that "a descent was the only means of offence he had, and that he was determined to attempt, by putting himself at the head of the expedition." He went on to say that, unless forced to it by necessity, he would not

> risk his life and reputation in such a hazardous attempt, when the chances were that he and the greater part of the expedition would go to the bottom of the sea. He talked much on this subject, but never attempted to diminish the danger. He acknowledged that there were one hundred chances to one against him; but still he was determined to attempt it if war should be the consequence of the present discussion.

In the speech which Daru delivered to the French Tribunate in May, and which, no doubt, was inspired by Napoleon, further allusion was made to the plan of invasion. All France, and, indeed, the whole world, were led to expect an attempt to disembark an army on the coast of England. Was this, as Professor Sloane and many other Napoleonic authorities suppose, merely a feint?

And here it may be said that Napoleon's impulsive and excessively obstinate temperament was not at all unlikely to lead him to engage in and persist in enterprises which he well knew to be exceedingly dangerous. Mr. Ropes, by far the most competent of modern critics of Napoleon, has laid stress upon and defended the gambler's disposition which is so strongly marked in the great Emperor. We know, from his conversation with Pasquier, that Napoleon was aware of the terrible risks he ran in invading Russia in 1812. We know that in his expedition to Egypt he hazarded everything upon the mere chance of not encountering the British fleet. We know that, as Decrès, his Minister of Marine, said, his salient characteristic was an "insane rashness."[1] So that the excessively dangerous nature of the enterprise is *à priori* no argument that Napoleon did not intend to attempt it. Nor is his declaration to Lord

[1] Just as the timid old gentlemen in the British navy declared Nelson a "dangerously rash" man; as the same class in the United States Army in 1862 decried Grant as rash and reckless.

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Whitworth, as some have supposed, a proof that his only aim was to mislead his enemy. Like Bismarck, Napoleon was fond of calculated indiscretions and of a candour which, by its very boldness, deceived. His subsequent assertion to Metternich that he had never meant to invade England is no evidence, for at the time when it was made, on the eve of a war with Russia, he was anxious to convey to the crafty Austrian diplomat the impression that he had never failed in any enterprise. It is his acts, not his words, that are of importance in deciding such a question as this.

At the outset he seems to have thought that a flotilla of fishing-boats, aided and convoyed by 150 armed craft of small size, might, under favourable circumstances, succeed in crossing the Channel and landing an army of 100,000 men on the British coast. From documents given by Captain Desbrière, the outlay on the armed vessels would not have been more than £80,000, and the fishing-boats could have been hired at an insignificant cost. Had the project remained in this stage, it would be reasonable to feel great doubt as to its seriousness, but Napoleon from week to week modified and augmented it until the preparations and expenditure required were upon a very large scale. The number of fighting craft steadily increases, while the number of fishing-boats concurrently diminishes. At the end of May 1803 there are to be 1050 vessels in the flotilla, of which 310 are to be fighting craft; in July there are to be 1410 fighting craft; in August 2008, which are to be ready by the end of November. The central idea is that these vessels will be able to cross under cover of a winter fog or in a calm succeeding a storm which has driven the British cruisers off the coast.

Had Napoleon meant nothing more than a demonstration it is difficult to suppose that, with his finances in a very embarrassed state, he would have lavished immense sums upon the flotilla. The course which we should have expected him to take would have been this: to develop to the utmost his sea-going fleet and to restrict the flotilla to the narrowest

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possible proportions, while making the greatest parade of it. He might have ordered the construction of thousands of small craft, but he would have taken good care not actually to put them in hand. Instead of this, we find him pressing forward the construction of the flat-boats which were to form the chief feature of his flotilla, and sanctioning elaborate works to enable the harbours on the Straits of Dover to contain them. Huge excavations, basins, moles, and sluices were begun at Boulogne, Ambleteuse, Etaples, and Wimereux, in which millions of francs were as absolutely wasted as if he had flung them into the sea.

Even if at the outset he was not fully in earnest in his avowed determination to invade England, he must have felt that, unless he could show some practical result for all this outlay—he was already ridiculed for the scheme in Paris—he was a lost man. Yet precisely when he began to realise this unpleasant fact, his family had succeeded in awakening him to a deeper sense of the extreme peril of the enterprise. In a council held on October 29,

> Bonaparte . . . asserted that he was determined to perish or plant his flag on the Tower of London. All who were present were alarmed, and united their efforts to dissuade the conqueror. They pointed out to him the value of his life to France and Europe, and how cruel it was of him to expose himself thus and hazard the future of his family and his adherents. The dangers inseparable from such an enterprise were painted in the most vivid colours till the hero was touched. Gradually he was overcome by emotion, and . . . his feelings went so far that he shed tears.

His family after this scene felt certain, we are told, that he would never run the risk of an invasion. But his purpose of invasion does not relent, so far as we can judge by his acts, though the method of execution is altered.

For one thing, he still felt that an invasion must be attempted, if only to satisfy public opinion. And if attempted he must lead it. No other general could be sent, for the very good reason expressed by Bernadotte to Napoleon in a conversation which is for the first time reported in this volume:

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"If you send one of us, and if he succeeds, he will be more powerful and greater than you are yourself." We can well believe that, in the words of a Bourbon traitor in Napoleon's own *entourage*, he "feared equally going and remaining at home." The more he looked at the matter the less feasible did invasion appear, the greater the risk of quitting France before his power had been consolidated.

But at this epoch he seems to turn from the idea of using the flotilla by stealth, and to look rather to a crossing effected openly, under the convoy of a battle fleet, in which the flotilla is to play only the insignificant part of transporting his troops. For that end a sudden concentration of his heavy squadrons in the Channel becomes necessary. When exactly this new plan, which led directly up to Trafalgar, was formed, we do not know. The material which might have enlightened us, the secret correspondence of Decrès and Napoleon, was irretrievably lost when the Tuileries were burned in 1871. But from papers which remain it is clear that the change was made in the closing months of 1803. A letter to Ganteaume, the admiral in command at Toulon in December of that year, sketches in general outline what we may call the Trafalgar plan. Nelson is to be induced to hurry off to Egypt; the Toulon squadron is to slip out, to join the Rochefort squadron off Cadiz or Lisbon, and then to enter the Channel, appearing off Boulogne and taking care not to allow itself to be sighted from the land on its way.

> I shall be at Boulogne at the end of February (1804), [says Napoleon] with 130,000 men, 2000 peniches, gun sloops, and gun boats . . . frigates, cutters, skiffs, &c., and if our squadron has to fight before Boulogne, which God forbid, we shall be able to give it very satisfactory and formidable support.

The British fleet off Brest is to be evaded, while, if the French fleet in Brest can give its blockaders the slip and get three days start of them, it also is to make for Boulogne.

Ganteaume's opinion of this plan was scarcely encouraging. He thought the project "excessively dangerous," because—and this is the point best worth notice—"the enemy can detach

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against each vessel of ours that makes its escape, forces quadruple or quintuple." The idea of moving a great mass of heavy ships into such confined waters as those of the Channel near Boulogne, and of combining their action with that of the flotilla he thinks will mean exposing both big ships and small to the utmost danger. As for the Brest ships getting three days start of the English, that is out of the question. In any case he thought evasion of the British fleets was not capable of realisation, because "the British admiral is sure to have at every point a vast number of frigates and corvettes scouting, and it is hardly probable that they will fail to inform him promptly of our movements."

To convince Napoleon of the utter futility of expecting any offensive action from the flotilla, the events of the winter of 1803–4 would have sufficed. In January 1804 there were only 500 out of a projected total of 2008 ready. Even this miserable total had not been concentrated where the flotilla was wanted — at Boulogne. When the unhappy flat-boats attempted to sail along the coast to their destination they found themselves at every turn attacked by the British cruisers. It took one detachment from September 16 to November 29 to cover the short distance from Granville to La Hougue. Seven other boats in fifteen days got no farther from Cherbourg than Havre. From the west coast of France these unfortunate craft had to run past the powerful British squadron blockading Brest, a feat which none of them achieved with success. In fact, they were helpless and harmless, face to face with the British ships of the line and frigates, wherever the depth of water was sufficient to enable the British ships to get at them. Not once did they attempt to do that which the most sanguine advocates of the flotilla declared was feasible—to attack the large ships in calm weather.

The boats which had assembled at Boulogne underwent very disagreeable experiences. If the plan of a surprise invasion was to succeed, it was essential that all the small craft should be able to leave for the British coast at the shortest

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notice. As it was quite impossible to move hundreds of boats out of the inner basin in any reasonable time—as, in fact, the utmost number that ever made their exit in one tide was 100—it was necessary to station as many as possible outside the basin in the roads. But here they were exposed to the bad weather, with such results that the force which had been slowly and painfully concentrated were driven in all directions and scattered. Thus on April 26, 1804, forty of the Boulogne flotilla were driven by a gale to Etaples. The task set the commanders of the flotilla was indeed a Sisyphean one. If the boats remained in the basins, they could not get out in less than five or six days, by which time any opportunity which might offer itself would assuredly have passed. If they remained outside they were certain to be scattered, and would never be available when required. Of the two evils it was better to choose that of remaining in the basin, and the records collected by Captain Desbrière show that during a space of 176 days, from November to May 1803–4, the flotilla went out of the basin only three times and remained outside ten days in all. Not only this, but whenever it did go out it suffered serious mishaps.

Because of such facts, the author concludes that Napoleon could not have expected anything from the flotilla. But the French Emperor, though doubtless disillusioned and disappointed, does not seem to have fully grasped the completeness of the failure, and even if he had done so, he had still to face the awkward problem of reconciling public opinion to a prodigal and useless outlay, and convincing the army that his immense scheme was something more than the profoundest of miscalculations. He could not afford, at this stage in his career, to allow his prestige to suffer a signal shock, so he persevered in the undertaking, despite its obvious risks, though with a hope, we may guess, that, as actually happened, the chapter of accidents would come to his help. We see precisely the same phase of mind in him when he lingered at Moscow in 1812, hoping against hope that Alexander would

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yield to a display of firmness. Under these circumstances the war which Austria so imprudently made upon him must have seemed to him the direct intervention of Providence.

For the rest, the facts which Captain Desbrière has brought to light with regard to the flotilla will scarcely encourage those ardent Frenchmen who have revived the flat-boat idea. It may be granted that steam has rendered the movement of a mass of small vessels easier than it was in the past, while the French harbours or the Straits of Dover are now able to shelter a great flotilla. But the more the plan of Napoleon is studied the more evident is it that invasion can only be accomplished by the aid of a strong fleet, permanently or temporarily commanding the Channel. The conditions have changed since 1804, as we have seen, and it is to-day by no means impossible that France, with the aid of another great navy, might obtain that command at which she scarcely dared to aim under Napoleon. Instead of being able to oppose forces four or five to one, as in Napoleon's time, to the hostile fleets, England to-day would be able only to oppose one to one, and victory might well depend on chance—chance which we cannot control.

H. W. Wilson.

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TWO INSCRIPTIONS

FOR STONES IN SOUTH AFRICA

I

Tell England, you that pass our monument,
Men who died serving Her lie here, content.[1]

II

Together, sundered once by blood and speech,
Joined here in equal muster of the brave,
Lie Boer and Briton, foes each worthy each:
May peace strike root into their common grave,
And blossoming where the fathers fought and died,
Bear fruit for sons that labour side by side.

F. Edmund Garrett.

[1] After Simonides of Ceos.

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THE SHELL OF LEONARDO

BEING AN ESSAY ON SPIRAL FORMATION IN NATURE AND IN ART

Part I

[Some twelve or thirteen years ago the writer of these tentative pages was dining at Oxford in company with some distinguished biologists. Feeling a little at a loss for any topic of discourse in a conversation which ranged so far beyond his own experience and knowledge, he finally ventured to produce for the general inspection a proof engraving upon India paper of a certain staircase, built by an unknown architect of the early sixteenth century in Touraine, which he had just visited. The little picture was indulgently received; and the joy of its humble possessor may be imagined when one of the party loudly proclaimed his recognition of the spiral curve therein depicted. No sympathy, however, was suggested with the architectural problem so triumphantly surmounted; and the critic who now held the picture of the spiral staircase in his hand announced to his comrades that the curve was identical with that of *Voluta vexpertilio*. Abashed, befogged, yet keenly interested, the unlearned visitor hinted at his utter ignorance of what *Voluta* might be. "The curve of the architect's spiral," he was told, "is the same as that in the interior of a shell." *Voluta* was promptly fetched. Still the visitor remained unmoved and unilluminated. But the Professor had pity on him. A sharp saw was produced, a longitudinal median incision was made, and the spiral stood revealed within. The effect of that discovery has never left the guest at this intellectual gathering by the banks of Isis. "Was it possible," he asked himself, "that there was something more than chance in such a coincidence? Could the unknown builder of this marvellous staircase have consciously taken his model from Nature?" If so, the close parallel thus brought suddenly to light seemed to suggest a combination of knowledge in the builder so perfect that but one instance seemed to fit the possibility—that great Italian artist, mathematician, scientist, and engineer who died in exile within a few miles of this very staircase a year or two after it had been begun. Though he knew little history, less architecture, scarcely any mathematics, and

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no morphology or botany whatever, the writer became irresistibly impelled to enter upon a course of theoretical inquiry which involved a deep mastery of all five. In the course of the investigations embodied in the following essay, a *Scala della Conchiglia* (or "Shell Staircase") came to light in Italy, and a *Voluta scalaris*, a *Solarium maximum*, even a *Scalaria scalaris* (or "Staircase Shell"), in the Natural History Museum at South Kensington. The necessity for further research seemed clear; and he went on, in spite of many other conflicting interests and duties. His excuse for now offering this first sketch of his endeavours to the public is that the questions to which he has sought an intelligible reply have not yet been answered in any of these five divisions of intellectual research, though distinguished exponents of each are firmly convinced that a reply can be furnished by the others. He does not give the names of many who have most kindly afforded him assistance. None of them might wish to be made even remotely responsible for arguments leading up to what may be described as a suggestive generalisation that is unfettered by too keen an appreciation of difficulties in detail. Although he has been at great pains to verify his facts, he therefore begs that the architect will particularly scrutinise his biological statements; the mathematician his excursus into art; and that the historian will look indulgently upon one result which seems to flow from statements based alternately upon both—a result which, in the absence of all documents, does not admit of perfect proof.]

§ 1

NO one has yet been able to say who designed the open staircase in the wing of Francis I. at Blois, which is reproduced in Figs. 1, 40, and 48. I have given my reasons for the suggestion that we owe it to a great artist, and architect, who had studied Nature for the sake of his art, and had deeply investigated the secrets of the one in order to employ them as the principles of the other. The main impression produced by this staircase is its spiral form; and I shall therefore endeavour to show not only that there are many beautiful spiral forms in Nature, but also that these lend themselves very particularly to adaptation in constructive art. In presenting them I wish to point out that my line of search, though necessarily widened by modern invention and discovery, was originally indicated in the manuscript notes of Leonardo da Vinci, who suggests many problems which even the present advanced state of scientific knowledge is unable as yet to answer.

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Fig. [illegible] Spiral staircase in the wing of François I
Château de Blois

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Let me begin by making quite clear what I mean by a spiral.

Before me as I write is a plain cylinder of wood, nine inches high, with a diameter of just over one inch (Fig. 2). I have taken a piece of string eighteen inches long and nailed it to the bottom edge, in order to wind it round the cylinder to the top edge. In doing this, I find it easier and more natural to make the first turn of the string towards the right, with the result that the three visible lines of the string made by its ascent upon the cylinder are all curves which move upwards towards the right, and these curves are in the form of what is called a spiral, and sometimes a helix. When I rotate the cylinder on its axis they remain the same. In this instance I have formed a right-handed (or dextral) cylindrical helix. When a watch-spring lies flat upon the table it forms a plane spiral. If you fix its largest circle to the table, and raise up its innermost point, you find that a conical helix has been formed; and a good natural example of this is shown in *Mitra papalis* (Fig. 19). But I shall avoid confusion by confining myself for the present to the cylindrical helix.

FIG. 2.—Right- and left-handed cylindrical spiral.

At the same point on the bottom edge of the cylinder where I had fixed my string, I now fix a piece of flat narrow tape of precisely the same length, so that I can wind it round the cylinder to the same point on the top edge reached by the string. I had naturally wound to the right before, because my right hand (being that of a right-handed man) always finds it easier to make a circle towards the right than towards the left, just as every right-handed fencer knows that the contre-sixte is an easier parry than the contre-quarte, because the circular movement of the hand is towards the right.

I now begin by turning my tape to the left, and when it is fixed at the top, I find its three ascending curves go up by a

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different and symmetrically opposite path to that taken by the string I have made, in fact, a cylindrical helix which is not of the usual dextral or right handed form, but sinistral or left handed. The difference seems very simple when it is expressed in simple language, but it will have to be kept very carefully in mind in the course of this paper for a good deal will be found to depend upon it so much, indeed, is this the case, that I find it impossible to proceed without placing my cylinder upright on the table before me with the two different spirals of string and tape clearly showing the difference between the two forms of helix, and I notice it does not matter which end of the cylinder is at the top, for the spirals remain the same if I stand it upside down.

Fig. 1.—The Prentice Pillar, Roslyn.

The beautiful effect obtained in what is known as the 'Prentice Pillar in Roslyn Chapel (Fig. 1), is due to the fact that its separate right handed spirals (proceeding from their separate points) envelop in their long and slender ascending curves a pillar which is artfully grooved in perpendicular lines, so that full value may be given to the encircling decoration. In Nature the ascending curves of spiral growth are nearly always, like these, towards the right as shown by the Pillar and by the string upon my cylinder when observed at right angles to its elevation. Rather very rarely in a "sport," or with some definite object in artificial examples, the ascending curves are those towards the left as shown by the tape when its course is followed from the bottom of the cylinder upwards. Such reverse curves a right handed man makes with conscious

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effort either with his right hand or right foot; they seem, in fact, to be chiefly connected with descent, and may be observed, under certain circumstances, in the fall of a strong stream of water from a height. We should not expect them, therefore, to occur in architecture, because man builds upwards, and his upward spiral movement would be instinctively to the right, as it is in the "Prentice Pillar.'

The commonest instance of a cylindrical helix is the homely corkscrew, which may be placed for comparison beside our cylinder of tape and string, and it will be seen that its masculine strength of penetration is expressed by the same right-handed curves as those of the string. If you place it upright upon its point, you will observe that an insect ascending to the handle would be perpetually turning to the left, so conchologists call this spiral "leiotropic," for they seem to have connected shells and staircases together as soon as scientific terminology became common.

If you imagine that the string surrounding our cylinder is made of the same substance as the cylinder, and projects a little further from the surface, you will have an example of the ordinary screw. The coffin-screw, on the other hand, is that fortunately rarer variety which only penetrates when it is turned in the unusual direction, to the left. In these military days it is also possible to point to a sinistral spiral which has become a common object of admiration, and that is the rifling in a Lee-Metford, which is made to turn to the left in order to counteract the pull of the average right-handed soldier. It is curious that all left-handed spirals look as if they were at almost double the pitch of the corresponding right-handed spirals. Perhaps because they are less familiar to the eye.

The difference between such dextral and sinistral spirals as we have now seen artificially constructed, "from the outside," becomes more and more suggestive when we investigate a few examples of spiral growth "from within," in plants and other natural objects; and we shall find that when objects which usually display a dextral helix are found to show a sinistral

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helix, some peculiar value and often some supernatural signification is attached to them by the primitive races who make the first discovery. The delight in such rarities of Nature, and the instinctive use of them as ornament, was shown by Schliemann to be at least as old as ancient Troy.

Fig. 4. *Turbinella pyrum* (Right-handed.)

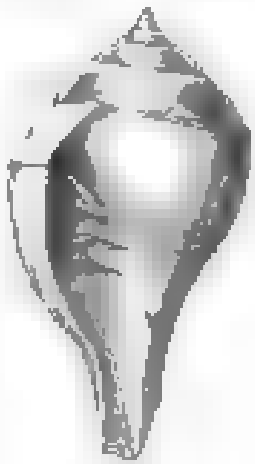

Fig. 5. *Turbinella rapa* (Left-handed.)

for be found that an inland people had used the echinus or sea-urchin as a model for the bosses which they set round the circle of their shields.

A still more interesting example, which has left easily verifiable traces at the present time, is the belief of the inhabitants of Travancore that the sacred shell called "Sankho" is a manifestation of the god Vishnu, because its internal spiral does not turn to the right (with its "entrance" therefore also to the right) as in the case of the shell *Turbinella pyrum* (Fig. 4, and in a million other examples, but turns to the left (with its "entrance" also to the left) as in *Turbinella rapa* (*see* Fig. 5) with the rare sinistral helix, and this belief survives in the drawing, conventionalised though it be, of this sacred shell (with its opening to the left which is to be seen upon the postage stamps now used in Travancore.

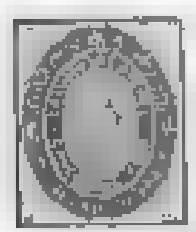

Fig. 3A. Vishnu's Shell from Travancore.

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The use of the spiral in ornament goes back to prehistoric times in other instances. In the work of the Bronze Age flat spirals are found hanging to the side of a shield as decorations, just as on an ancient Pile-Hut-Urn (which is mentioned in Sir John Lubbock's "Prehistoric Times," and is thought to come from Melos) the walls of the house are represented as being decorated with large spirals. From the well-known fact that the mediæval monks used to say their prayers within a maze, to escape the pursuit of the Devil, there may, perhaps, be more in the form of the famous Labyrinth at Crete than has yet been suggested, and the spirals tattooed upon a Maori's face may have the same object of confusing the Evil One. No doubt Mr. Henry Balfour possesses many examples in the Pitt Rivers Museum. But the most delightful form in which the idea occurs has been told me by Mr. George Calderon, whose knowledge of the folk-lore and magic of Eastern Europe seems as inexhaustible as it is interesting. It appears that at the baptism of a Lithuanian infant the parents bury one of its little curls at the bottom of a hop-pole, so that the child may "twine out of danger" in its lifetime, just as the spiral tendrils of the plant twine upwards to the light.

It is quite possible, therefore, that the sinistral spiral in some few rare shells, for many ages, had a deep signification as a symbol, and that any specimens of them known (for example) in the early sixteenth century would be brought home, if possible, by travellers, and valued by collectors, for this extraneous reason, quite apart from the biological problem they present. I think, too, it must be clear that any one who had ever studied the laws of organic structure in natural objects would be particularly attracted by any specimens of shells which he had closely examined. We know now that in the fathomless ooze of the Atlantic depths, and in the masses of chalk formation which buttress our own island home, there are countless millions of microscopic shells, each perfectly constructed. From the earliest days of scientific investigation the problems presented even by the series of common shells, of very

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varying sizes, that travellers might easily collect, were doubtless as fascinating as they are to-day, when greater knowledge has only brought the certainty of far more complex causes.

There are some divergences in "natural" spirals which are inexplicable on the theory that one kind is normal and the other very rare. On the beach at Felixstowe, for instance, you may pick up specimens of shells which exhibit dextral and sinistral curves in about equal proportions; but after a little investigation it appears that all those with the sinistral curve have fallen out of the cliffs, and are in fact the fossil *Fusus antiquus* of the Red Crag Sea; while modern whelks of the same kind in the North Sea apparently all possess the dextral curve. Is this because the currents now set differently, or for what reason?

Again, in the case of antelopes and wild goats, the two horns exhibit different spirals; but the right-handed spiral grows on the left side of the head, and the left-handed spiral grows on the right side of the head, in all instances hitherto examined (Fig. 6). An example of the sinistral helix may be seen in the Zoo on the right side of a water buck (*Cobus unctuosus*). But in the horns of many domestic animals which have been examined the position of the spirals is not thus crossed, but is "homonymous," the right-handed spiral appearing on the right side of the head, the left-handed upon the left. What kind of change in the use of the horns can have produced this difference in Nature's growth? The change must have taken a very long time, as is shown by a pair of elands now in the Zoological Gardens at Regent's Park. One of them (*Orias canna*) was bred in South Africa, the other in France. Both have a well-marked left-handed spiral on the right side of their heads, and *vice-versa*. The "home-bred" variety is of a slightly longer pitch. Perhaps it means to straighten out before turning the other way. Mr. George Wherry, of Cambridge, has made a further suggestion in this connection. He notices that the wild sheep (*Ovis nivicola*) differs from the spiral-horned domestic sheep of the

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Fig. 6. Horns of Bush Buck
From South Africa, shot
by W. Roderick Clarke
in [illegible]

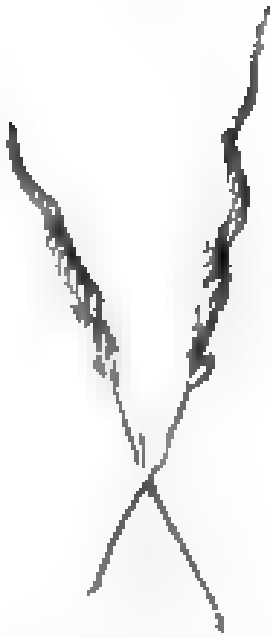

Fig. 7. Nautilus spirulis
(= Lady's Trumpet.)

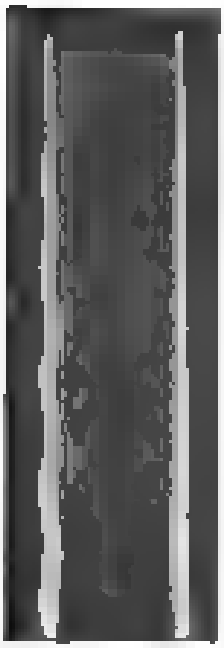

Fig. 11. Narwhals
tusks

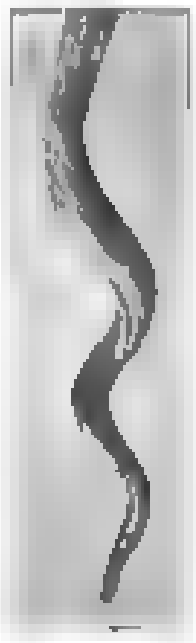

Fig. 12.—Spiral tusk
of elephant

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Alps, in the fact that its external ear is remarkably short and is situated exactly in the axis of the spiral curve, "in such a fashion that the ear appears to be at the apex of a hollow cone formed by the great spiral horn" (as seen in Guillemard's "Voyage of the *Marchesa*," vol. i. p. 214). From this Mr. Wherry has argued that the spiral curve of the horn enables an ear so placed to distinguish sounds in a fog better than would have been the case with a different formation, just as a man often hears better when his hand is placed behind his ear. But this, like many other theories of a similar nature, still stands in need of further proof and wider investigation.

§ 2

In plants, the liane, the convolvulus, or the scarlet-runner are all good examples of spirality. As a climbing plant grows the apex of its spiral shoot or tendril revolves also, with an independent movement that has been called "nutation"; and this appears to be due to the more rapid growth of cells on one aspect, or edge, than on the other, which not only makes a curve, but also rotates it as the growth alters and alternates. In the white bryony a filiform tendril grows out, which becomes so "irritable" that while revolving in a dextral helix at its free end (exactly as if "groping" for a prop) it coils round the first twig it touches. The right- and left-handed spirality of climbing plants is a subject which I believe Francis Darwin is now investigating, and it should produce the most interesting results. A very peculiar effect is observable also in the growth of an orchid called "Lady's Tresses" (*Neottia spiralis*), found for me in North Devonshire. It is not a climbing plant at all, yet its buds are arranged to catch the light in an exquisite spiral of the rare sinistral form, which can almost be seen to move as the plant stands by a window in a glass of water. The drawing (in Fig. 7) was an exceedingly difficult piece of work, so often did the plant slightly alter its surfaces during the hour it was being closely studied.

As we shall see when we come to consider the origin of

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spiral shells, the force which determines the original direction may be very slight and subtle, yet is invariably "good evidence." The shape of the shavings at a carpenter's bench, for instance, might furnish another Sherlock Holmes with the proof he required that his murderous mechanic was either left-handed or a Japanese; for one of these two he must have been, if the shavings exhibit a sinistral spiral. The right-handed screw which is usual in the innocent shaving is produced because the right handed carpenter invariably drives his plane a little to the left. Orientals seem always to prefer a left-handed spiral, just as they write from right to left, and a common example may be found in those silver-headed walking-sticks of blackwood which, in all instances I know, are carved in left-handed spirals, where a Western workman would naturally have turned them to the right.

It is probable, in the same way, that when it was not a matter of importance for a helix to be either dextral or sinistral, the first sketch for such a helix made by a left-handed man would more probably exhibit a sinistral than a dextral spiral; but when we come to an example of a sinistral helix which may have been designed by Leonardo da Vinci I do not, therefore, wish to argue that his skill in drawing with his left hand was alone responsible for the rarer formation; the fact that he was left-handed may certainly have suggested the original form of the left-handed helix which he eventually elaborated for other—and more potent—reasons.

FIG. 8.—Pinus pinea.

I may introduce a few more typical examples of spiral growth in plant-life with the cone of *Pinus pinea*, Fig. 8, in which the spiral arrangement of the overlapping leaves is very distinct. The economy of space ensured at the points of growth is as observable as the curious manner in which each of these leaves is enabled, by its special relation to its neighbours, to

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obtain the maximum of light with the minimum of shade. In Museum No. 2 at the Royal Botanical Gardens, Kew, is a section of the trunk of the Carnauba Palm from Brazil, sometimes called the Wax Palm (*Copernicia cerifera*), which shows very clearly the left-handed spiral exhibited in the example of the same tree in the British Museum of Natural History, drawn in Fig. 9. But there is another example of this same Wax Palm in the same room at Kew, which is no less clearly arranged as a right-handed spiral. The Date Palm (*Phœnix dactylifera*) given in Fig. 9 was drawn from an example in the Museum at South Kensington, and shows a right-handed spiral; but in Museum No. 3 at Kew the same tree exhibits a left-handed spiral. Of all the plants I examined, the various kinds of *Pandanus* in the large Palm House afforded the most beautiful instances of this remarkable form, and their growth is extraordinarily like that of a spiral staircase. But here, again, we get the same puzzling divergencies. *Pandanus vandermeschii*, a maritime variety of this "screw-palm" from Madagascar, is arranged in a right-handed spiral, as is *Pandanus utilis*. But the left-handed spiral is found both in *Pandanus sylvestris*, from the Isle of Bourbon, and in *Pandanus millore*, from the Nicobar Islands. The plant called "Rata" which climbs up the New Zealand gum-tree is an example of another kind of spiral growth. A visit to Kew Gardens will reveal many more instances of the same formation. In the flower of the white water-lily the various organs will be found to be arranged in a continuous spiral, and the Egyptians, noticing a similar formation in the Onion, often used that plant to typify eternity. In all the more primitive flowers a spiral formation is exhibited as opposed to the concentric circles in the "floral diagrams" of more highly developed species. This spiral

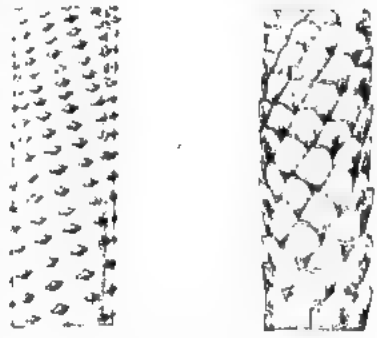

FIG. 9.—Date palm and Wax palm

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arrangement also seems to me to be not only nearer to primitive Nature, but also more beautiful and suggestive; for the spiral begins in the centre with the carpels, and the various organs in the course of their growth gradually slide out of one formation into another, until they become the sepals on the outside, which are often green and leaf-like. In much the same way the leaves upon a shoot or twig are arranged in a series of spiral formations, so that the greatest number possible may catch the sunlight from above. More than this: if you take a twig and choose upon it one leaf (A) which comes exactly in a straight line above another (B), you will find that the intermediate leaves are arranged in a spiral, exactly as if (B) were the bottom point on the cylinder in Fig. 2, and the intermediate leaves were arranged along the string until they reached (A) at the topmost point of the cylinder. The number of turns in the helix thus exhibited is apparently constant in each species, and is found to vary in different species. The bud of the convolvulus closes and opens with a spiral twist, and it may be noted that the Byzantine builders of St. Mark's were peculiarly fond of the beautiful lines of the water-lily and the convolvulus flowers, as motives for the decoration of their columns; not, perhaps, taking these forms consciously, but producing the same effects by the careful modelling and the artistic proportions of their convex and concave capitals. In all ordinary yews the leaflets grow opposite each other, but there is now a variety in which the leaflets are set in a spiral, and the name by which they are distinguished is a record of the fact that all were grown from a single "sport" which occurred at Florence Court. Indeed the entire botanical kingdom is full of examples of the spiral:

> As woodbine weds the plant within her reach,
> Rough elm, or smooth-grained ash, or glossy beech,
> In spiral rings ascends the trunk and lays
> Her golden tassels on the leafy sprays.

I can the more cheerfully allow this part of my subject to remain somewhat incomplete, because the vast majority of

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twining and tendril plants still await investigation by more competent observers ; nor does it seem possible to explain their ways until we understand a little better how the forces of gravity and light act upon processes of growth. In many instances the resulting spiral may have originated in what we should call "mere accident," or, as Darwin expressed it, in "causes which are not apparent to us." But several of the problems presented seem to go much deeper, and even to touch those elemental laws which govern universal life and strength and movement, and give their final proportions to the handiwork of man.

No one who looks with a seeing eye at the finest of the buildings which Leonardo da Vinci might have known can fail to detect an intense perception of that harmony in relation to quantities of which Nature is the great exemplar. The "straight lines" of the Parthenon are in reality subtle curves, and recent investigation has detected a similar delicacy of constructive measurement in the great Gothic cathedrals. The influence of the study of flowers and leaves is especially marked when the positions and proportions of the best Byzantine arches are examined in the light of the laws which govern growth. How slight and exquisite were the details on which such laws depended no one could realise better than the painter who had studied the rendering of expression on a human countenance by lines so delicate that the reason for the effect produced was only visible to the few who knew. The eye is even more influenced by things which are usually "unseen" than by things which are "obvious" ; and it is of the essence of Beauty that her origin and cause are hidden from those unworthy to appreciate her.

§ 3

Very early in the chain of animal creation the spiral arrangement makes its appearance. The cilia on the top of *Vorticella* are set in a spiral, possibly with the object of creating a vortex in the water that would suck food towards

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the mouth. In the tube-building worm called *Sabella* the gills are set in a very beautiful spiral, no doubt with much the same effect of converging currents. This organism is mentioned by Herbert Spencer but the best picture of it I have seen is in the Atlas to "Le Regne Animal" by G. Cuvier, edited by a number of his disciples (Paris: Fortin, Masson et Cie.), which gives a very beautiful drawing of *Sabella unispira* on Plate IV in the section "Annelides." An instantaneous photographic record of the spiral movement of the cilia of *Vorticella* was published by E. J. Marey in "Le Mouvement" (Paris, 1894), since translated by Eric Pritchard. In some sharks the eggs exhibit a spiral formation, of which I reproduce an example (of a dextral helix) in *Centracion phillippi* Fig. 10. The spiral of the cochlea hidden in the ear is an unmistakable proof that the bone containing it belongs to a mammal, and it is thus that ambitious lizards are unmasked. Hermann von Meyer once accidentally dropped a skull which he thought belonged to a lizard, and the breakage revealed the cochlea, proving that the bones belonged to a mammal which was christened *Zeuglodon*. The same arrangement has an even more intimate connection with the most important organ in the human body, for Pettigrew showed that the process of the fibres in the ventricles runs in spiral lines from the tip of the base of the heart, so that the muscular constriction of the systole is of the nature of a twist or screw. There are, in fact, certain vital forces in Nature which are invariably expressed in a spiral. It has, for instance, been shown that the relation of the direction of the magnetic force due to an electric current to the direction of that current itself is the relation involved in a right-handed screw.

Fig. 10.—Shark's egg. (*Centracion phillippi*.)

I have already mentioned the slight causes which may give an apparently accidental origin to a spiral. The follicle of hair is a good example of this. In Western peoples it is

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generally straight, but in the negroid races the follicle is bent, and the result is the spiral shown in curly hair. The socket of a tusk or the base of a horn has much the same effect on growth. The two examples of narwhal's tusk (really his front tooth), which I have chosen from the Museum of the Royal College of Surgeons (Fig. 11), show excellently the rare sinistral spiral, and the variation shown by the additional curves in one of them is no doubt due to a slight variation in the socket. Every narwhal tusk I have ever seen (and there are six now in one naturalist's shop in Oxford Street) has a left-handed spiral; but they exhibit an even more extraordinary partiality to this formation. There are seven examples known of narwhals with a double tusk. One of these is in the British Museum of Natural History at South Kensington. Instead of following the examples of the horns I mentioned above, and showing different spirals, this pair of tusks exhibits two spirals of the same kind, and each of them is sinistral, and though I only speak of what I have myself examined, the statement has been made that whenever a narwhal has two teeth their spirals are identical, instead of exhibiting symmetrically different spirals about the middle plane of the body, as might have been expected. In the Museum of the Royal College of Surgeons I found an elephant's tusk (Fig. 12) which exhibits a very abnormal form indeed; for, instead of being the usual segment of a circle, the tusk has grown into a sinistral spiral, so much accentuated by causes latent in the socket that the whole thing has taken a complete cork-screw formation. That an alteration in the socket is quite sufficient to control the formation of a growing spiral may be proved by placing one of the eggs called "Pharaoh's serpents" in a small tube. As soon as the spiral begins to come out of the egg it will exhibit a dextral helix if the tube is dented slightly on the left, and a sinistral helix when the orifice of the tube has an inclination to the right.

But it is in shells that I have found the most exquisite examples of spirality in all the natural kingdom, and the

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formation of spirals by the shell-fish seems to be still in need of a complete scientific explanation.

When an elastic "bendable" substance is growing above an object, and dropping at its end, it might sometimes take the form of a plane spiral. But if, during its growth, it lops over at all to one side, it usually lops over to the left, the result of which (as we observed in shavings) is the usual right-handed spiral, and shells exhibiting this are called by conchologists "leiotropic," because a man walking up a right-handed spiral staircase would be always turning to the left (*see* Fig. 28 and compare Fig. 4). Very rarely they lop over to the right, and the result is the rare left-handed spiral of the "dexiotropic" shell (*see* Fig. 5).

As an organism of this kind grows, if the new piece were of accurately rectangular formation, thus: ▭, the result would be growth in a continued straight line. But it never is; for the dorsal surface of a shellfish is thin and ductile, while the ventral surface is harder, and contains muscles which continually exercise a certain pull upon the tissue; so that the new growth is usually of this form: ▱ As, therefore, the dorsal surface expands more easily than the ventral, while the creature goes on developing, the result is a continuation and emphasis of the spiral form, thus:

It is only necessary to remember that this spiral is growing vertically while it also grows in length, and you may add the pull of gravity to the other forces at work while the creature increases in bulk and weight, until the spiral formation of the shellfish becomes a little more intelligible. You may produce the same formation by squeezing paint out of a tube, or by the toy called "Pharaoh's serpents," which is a more exact parallel, because the "growth" comes from beneath.

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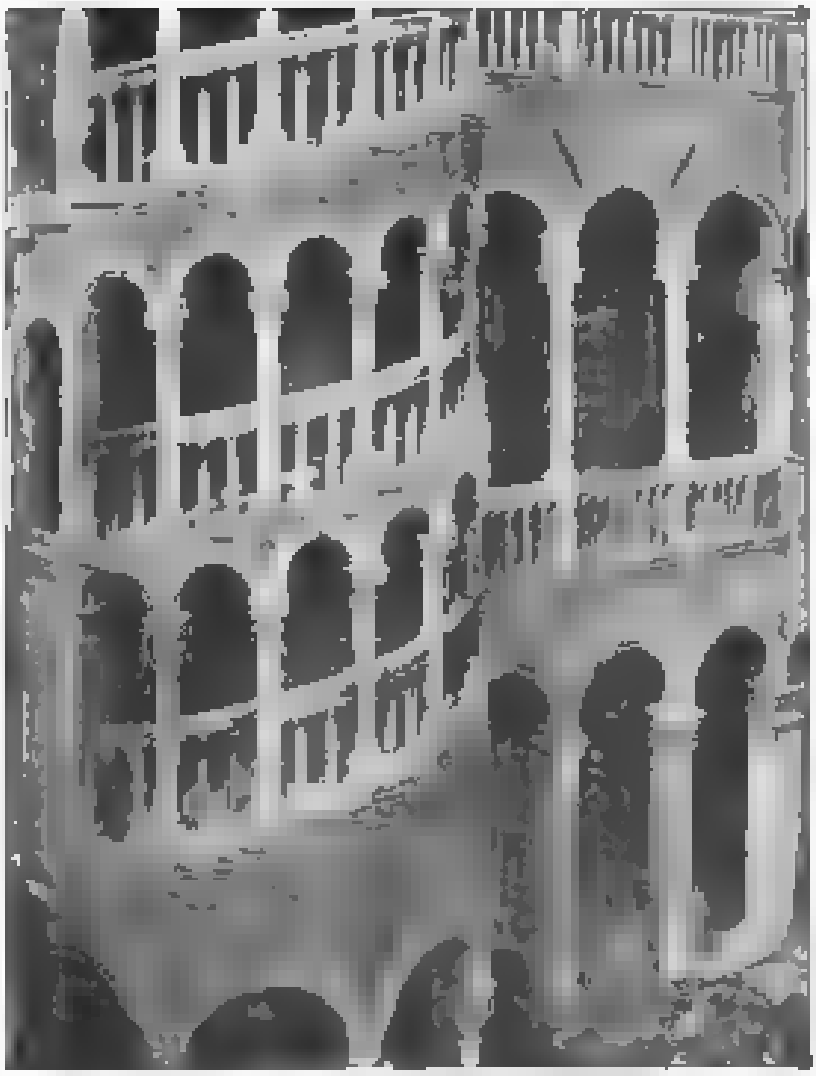

Fig. 4. Spiral staircase, from Palazzo Contarini, Venice

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§ 4.

In such a shell as *Solarium perspectivum* (Figs. 13A and 13B) the simpler form of this spiral arrangement is pretty exemplified and it is so easy to imagine walking in at the mouth (or entrance) and continually turning to the left until the top is reached, that this shell has been commonly called the "staircase shell."

A connection between shells and spiral staircases has been already indicated in the words "leiotropic" and "dexiotropic," which are otherwise inexplicably the reverse of the spirals they

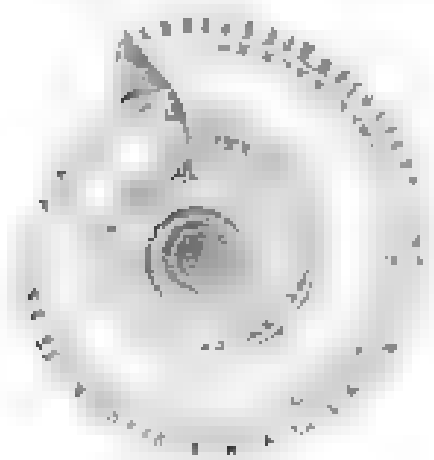

FIG. 13A. *Solarium perspectivum* or Staircase shell.

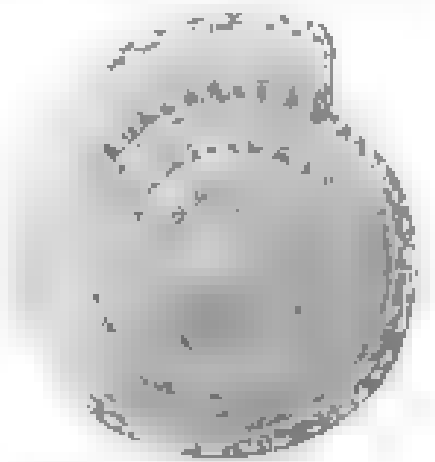

FIG. 13B. *Solarium perspectivum*, a Staircase shell.

describe. But it is still further suggested by the nomenclature of some well-known architectural treasures in Italy. At Pistoia, for example, in the convent of San Domenicho, there is a flight of eight steps leading down to the cloister which is so exquisitely arranged in the form of a shell that the little building is called the "Scala della Conchiglia", and it is a great regret to me that no idea of it can be obtained by photography.

But in other instances I have been more fortunate. There is a Venetian staircase at San Paternian in the Palazzo Contarini, which is called the Scala dei Novolo (Fig. 14), and I am tempted to think that the architect of this dextral

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helix with its exquisite rising spiral of light archways, may have seen the shell so aptly called *Scalaria scalaris* (Fig 15), which exhibits exactly the same formation. In this shell the mouth or entrance has gradually grown round and round with the growth of the inhabitant leaving a little columnette behind it as it moved, until it reached the place which is equivalent to the door in the staircase to which I compare the shell. How infinitely more beautiful the spiral formation of ascending curves in the Scala del Bovolo is than a mere system of super-imposed circles (even when arches and columnettes are similarly added) may be seen from a comparison of the whole height of this staircase (Fig 16) with the Campanile at Pisa (Fig 17). But the spiral formation itself is not invariably a happy thought in every architectural position. Some such idea of growth, of support of strength, as is shown in the "Prentice Pillar" seems as essential to it in Art as in Nature. The staircase of the Rundthor at Copenhagen, is, for instance, a far more satisfactory example than the twisted copper spire in the same locality, or than the stone spirals in one of the small steeples of the Palais de Justice at Rouen near the Rue Jeanne d'Arc or than the twisted screw spire at Chesterfield. Mere imitation of externals without structural necessity is, in fact, as barren here as it must ever be. Perhaps this is why I can never admire the twisted chimneys so often seen in Tudor buildings. Even when in its right place in a staircase, the spiral needs clever handling if it is to be effective as may be seen in the clumsiness of the brickwork in the house of Tristan l'Hermite at Tours, and the ambitious failure of the clustered sinistral spiral in the stone stairway of the Losters in the same town. In each case the steps, too, are straight and inartistic.

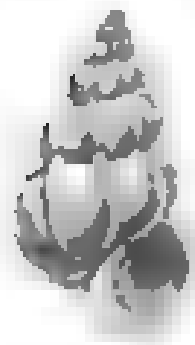


Fig. 15.—*Scalaria scalaris*

An even more delightful example of the close connection between a good architect's plans and the exquisite lines of Nature is to be found in the stairway called "L'escalier de la

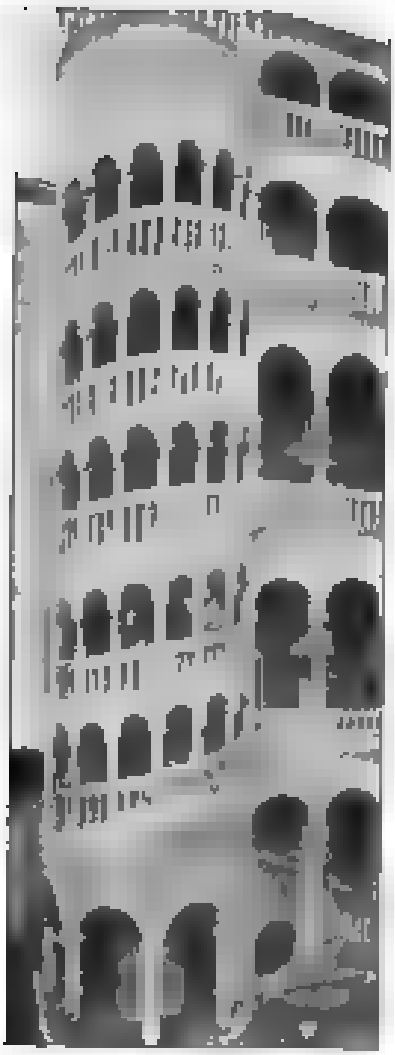
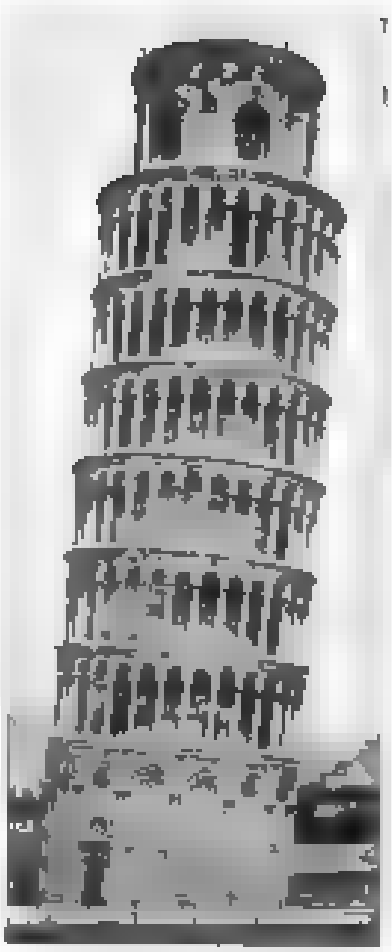


FIG. 18.—Scala del Bovolo
Palazzo Contarini, Venice



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Reine Berthe" at Chartres (Fig. 18). It exhibits the delicate exterior ascending dextral helix, and even the top of *Mitra papalis* (Fig. 19) with extraordinary faithfulness, and the parallel becomes even more complete when the position of the darkened doorway is compared to that of the shadowy orifice of the shell.

In *Mitra papalis* at this orifice, you will observe the beginnings of three internal spiral lines which suggest that the

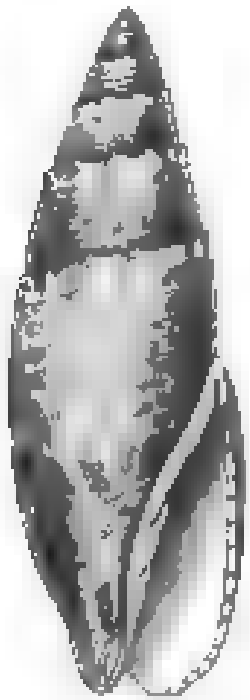

FIG. 19.—*Mitra papalis*

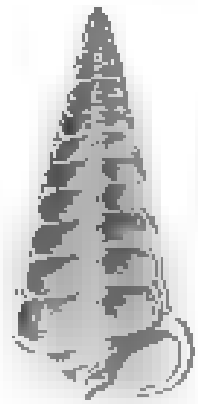

FIG. 20. *Telescopium telescopium*.

internal arrangements of a shell have as much to teach us as its external forms, and a very beautiful spiral may be seen by the aid of the X rays continuing throughout the whole length of the long-pointed shells so common in the south. The clue is worth following up, and a section cut through such a shell as *Telescopium telescopium* (Fig. 20) actually reveals an exquisitely firm and elegant single spiral (a dextral helix) rising round the columella, that pillar which supports the whole, and thus at once reminds me of the spiral in a staircase built in the old part of the Château of Blois many years before Leonardo

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was in France.[1] But I do not for a moment suggest that there was any conscious comparison in the mind of the fifteenth-century architect, and this for the very good reason that the curve of his stairway and the beautiful spiral rail (on which the left hand would rest as one ascended) are both susceptible of a simple architectural explanation; so that all I should be inclined to say of this comparison at present is that, as the lines of the architecture are right and fulfil their purpose exactly, with an economy of space and strength, and a sufficiency of support, they were therefore very likely to be in harmony with those lines which Nature, the best of all artificers, has developed in her shell. I should need more resemblances than this to be satisfied that one might have been taken from the other; but, on the other hand, I shall by no means reject such a possibility, at the outset, as absurd; for architecture is full of such copies from Nature, as every organically beautiful, constructive art must be; and it is full of equally suggestive relics of the simpler forms of shelter from which the palace slowly grew. If the Egyptian pillar is a copy of the lotus-plant, so the peculiar shape of the Moorish and Saracen arch is a survival of that wind-blown tent, with conical top and bagging sides pegged closely in, which was the habitation of the Bedouin.

But to return to Figs. 20 and 28. If, in the case of the shell, it had ever become "necessary" (I can find no other word) to strengthen the central supporting column or columella, without too much enlarging it or adding to its weight, no better formation than this spiral could be conceived, and an almost exact parallel to it occurs in the air-tubes or tracheæ of insects and of plants. Though of totally different origin, these air-tubes in each case have a spiral thickening of the wall, which strengthens them and keeps them open, just like a spiral coil of wire round a rubber garden-hose: engineers and mechanicians are of course aware of this artful method of strengthening a cylinder by means of a spiral; the cannons made by winding wire round a central core are an obvious example. I

[1] *See* Fig. 28 in the continuation of this article next month.

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Fig. 15. — Escalier de la rampe Berthe
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have not found any good drawing of this formation in the tracheæ of insects, though I have seen an example under a microscope in the British Museum of Natural History. The tube has a delicate outside coating, and after the death of the insect the spiral (which thickens this coat) can be pulled out and examined. In just the same way the spiral band can be unrolled from the air-tube of a plant, and this is very beautifully illustrated in the "Text-book of Botany" by Julius Sachs (Second Edition, Oxford, Clarendon Press, 1882), which gives on page 114 the longitudinal section of a fibro-vascular bundle of *Ricinus*, drawn in Fig. 95, s, and s'. In Dr. Schleiden's "Principles of Scientific Botany," translated by Dr. Edwin Lankester (London: Longmans, 1849), the nature and origin of spiral fibres (discovered by Malpighi) is very carefully explained, with diagrams, on pp. 42–47, and to this I must refer my readers, for I have but space here to suggest that the same process observable in these tubes may have gone on in the formation of the spiral round the columella of a shell; and if so, it might no doubt be further shown that shells with only a single spiral need such strengthening less than those which possess eight, as may be perhaps observed by a comparison of Fig. 20 with Fig. 24. In any case, this additional growth has never yet been satisfactorily explained; it may certainly be useful, as in some way assisting the animal to keep firm hold of its shell, and it no less certainly is beautiful. It begins at the topmost and smallest chamber of the shell, and continues growing with the external growth to the largest chamber at the bottom. It is possible, therefore, that this spiral may have some intimate relation to the body of the animal in whose dwelling-place it occurs. But this I am inclined to doubt, for the reason that in *Turritella lentiginosa* (Fig. 37) it does not occur at all (though possibly because the "strengthening" process was not yet advisable), while if we take *Telescopium telescopium* (Fig. 20) with its one spiral as the beginning of a series, we shall find *Cerithium giganteum* (Fig. 21) with two spirals,

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T. scalella parva (Fig. 4) with three, *Voluta reperbilis* (Fig. 18) with four, *Voluta perplexa* (Fig. 22, with five, *Turbinella fusus* (Fig. 23) with six, and *Voluta musica* (Fig. 24) with as many as eight. Whatever may be the real explanation of these internal spirals which are reproduced in every chamber of the shell, I do not therefore think that they can be so intimately connected with the anatomy of the living organism as with the structure of the shelter which it fashions

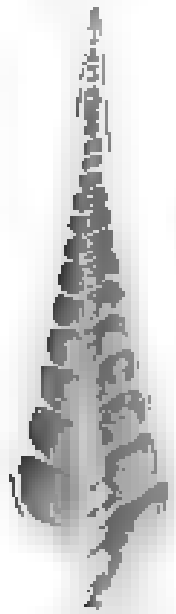

Fig. 21. *Cochlea-spatium.*

Fig. 22. *Voluta perplexa.*

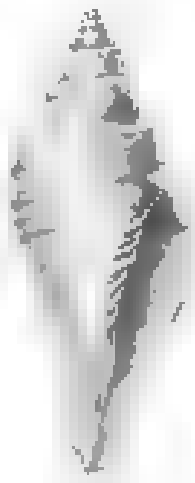

Fig. 23.—*Turbinella fusus.*

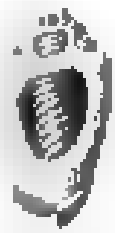

Fig. 24. *Voluta musica.*

for its home, for though it may be true that the number of "notches" in the columella-muscle of these shellfish corresponds with the number of spirals round the columella in each case, the question why these spirals exist remains unanswered.

"It is better to take the lime and leave the shell," said Ruskin, forbidding his pupils to admire or use as ornament these "moulds or coats of organism." He had evidently never looked inside them.

But long before Ruskin's criticisms had become an artistic shibboleth, the inside of shells had fortunately attracted the attention of scientific men who possessed a combination of talents as rare as it is fruitful. I think it was Professor Free-

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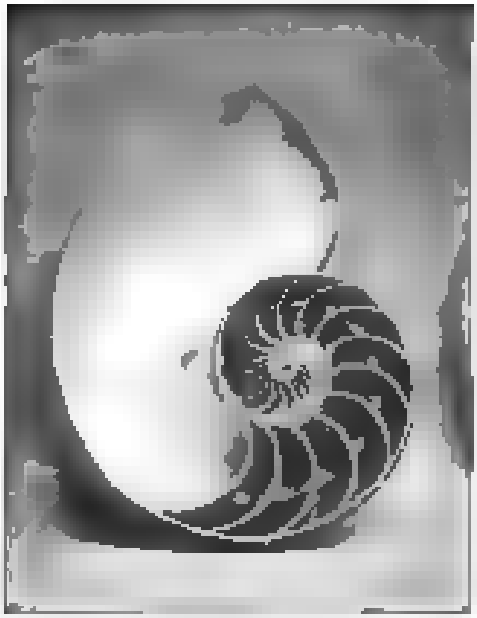

Fig. 3b. Section of Nautilus pompilius

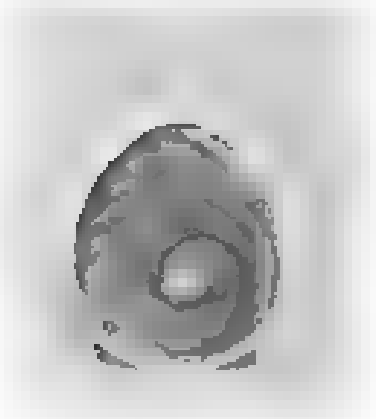

Fig. 4. Spermatozoa of Pterotrachea coronata

man who said once that the true historian should not only know everything about something, but also something about everything. That may be a counsel of perfection; but it is an ideal that is worth remembering in days when too much specialisation sometimes darkens knowledge. The biologist is great, and the mathematician is great; but greater still is the man who can combine some of the knowledge that is in each without losing the accuracy of either. Such a man, to some extent, must have been Sir John Leslie, who was the first to indicate the organic aspect of the curve-line known to mathematicians as the logarithmic or equiangular spiral (Fig. 25). This spiral, he wrote, "exactly resembles the general form and elegant septa of the Nautilus" ("Geometrical Analysis and Geometry of Curve Lines," Edinburgh, 1821, p. 438). But Canon Moseley of Cambridge went further. He made an exact geometrical examination of certain Turbine shells (*Phil. Trans.*, 1838, p. 351) which exhibited a spiral curve wound round a central axis. This curve was found to be logarithmic, and from it could be framed a series of formulæ by which the other conditions could be predicted as they were found to exist. The spires of the shell increased in breadth in an exact successive series, each one of which was a multiple, in a certain ratio, of another. Thus the shell must possess this form and could possess no other, for its spiral logarithmic curve reproduced itself.

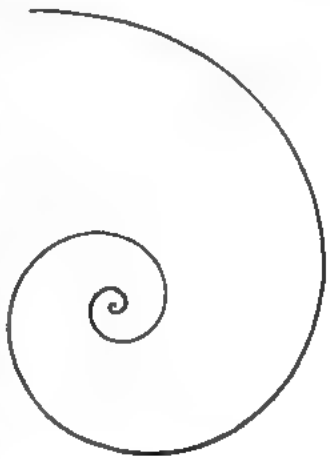

FIG. 25.—Logarithmic spiral.

Canon Moseley also noticed that the operculum was remarkable for its geometrical symmetry in the shells he examined; and he thereupon ascertained, *by mathematics*, a process which no naturalist had yet discovered—viz., by the revolution which the operculum of the shell must make round its axis. By cutting any part of the shell in the direction of

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the plane of its axis he found that every section gave a form exactly similar to the form of the operculum; and so he proved in this way that the form of a turbinated shell is produced by the revolution of the perimeter of the figure formed by the operculum round the axis of the shell. In the Nautilus this figure is an ellipse which revolves round its minor axis and increases in geometrical progression without ever changing its form as it revolves. The operculum being of a fixed form, as the shell grew it increased in size proportionately, and thus formed a very convenient measure of the shell itself and all its parts, inasmuch as the curve of the shell possessed the peculiar properties of the logarithmic spiral. Nor was the extension of this animal's dwelling formed by merely pushing the operculum forward, as I suggested in speaking of the growth of *Scalaria scalaris* (Fig. 15), but by the more precise method of depositing additional matter along the lower margin of the shell which formed the tangent of the curve. In Fig. 26 I have photographed a Nautilus shell cut in two (*N. pompilius* from New Britain) so as to show the spiral within, and this should be compared with Fig. 25, which was drawn for me by a Senior Wrangler as an academic example of a logarithmic or equiangular spiral, without any reference to this paper or to the shell of which it seems so exact a copy. The spiral of the ammonite may be also compared to this. In Fig. 45 (at the end of my essay) the photograph of *Argonauta argo* shows a similar spiral outside. Fig. 27 is the photograph of the operculum of *Turbo marmoratus*.

I have abridged this description of Canon Moseley's investigations from Goodsir's "Anatomical Memoirs," edited by Sir William Turner (Edinburgh, 1868, vol. ii., p. 205 *et seq.*); and I insert it here in order to lay stress upon the fact that if any particular class of natural objects were to be chosen by a student for the purposes of such a mathematical and creative art as architecture, the class of shells would be the most suitable, inasmuch as they suggest with particular appropriateness those structural and mathematical problems which a builder so often has to face. The deductions made by Professor

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Goodsir from Canon Moseley's investigations will be mentioned later on in their proper place. It will be appropriate, however, to point out here that M. Vial de Saint-Bel, a famous veterinary surgeon and anatomist of the eighteenth century, made very careful examinations and mathematical measurements of the body and skeleton of Eclipse, the famous racehorse which died in 1789. From these a valuable series of standards and proportions was deduced which I have republished elsewhere as a method for comparing the developments of the English thoroughbred in the past hundred years, and as some explanation, from the purely mathematical point of view, of a speed which was entirely owing to Eclipse's wonderful anatomical construction. The most interesting result of M. de Saint-Bel's investigations has only recently appeared; for he proved by mathematics that Eclipse must have made certain movements with his legs which nobody could see. Only when instantaneous photography was invented and applied to horse-racing, did these movements actually make their appearance in the photograph of a galloping horse.

Having given an example of "biological mathematics" before Moseley, I will add an example of mathematical biology after his time, from the "First Study of Natural Selection in *Clausilia laminata* (Montagu)," which was published in October 1901, by Professor W. F. R. Weldon in *Biometrika*. He pointed out that the problems presented by certain terrestrial mollusca in Europe are of great interest in connection with the theory of natural selection, and that such specific (though apparently "useless") characters as the shape of the spire, the number of ridges and furrows on a given whorl, or the size and shape of the aperture, can often be expressed in such a way as "to admit of numerical comparison between individuals." The shell of an adult *Clausilia laminata* is essentially a tube coiled round an axis so that the successive coils are in contact, much as in *Turritella lentiginosa*; and by carefully determining the pitch and measurements of both the peripheral spiral and the columellar spiral in a number of examples from the beechwoods of Gremsmühlen in Eastern

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Holstein, Professor Weldon drew various conclusions. The upper whorls of the adult shell, he found, represent the condition of the young shell, from which this adult was formed by the addition of new material, in a practically unaltered form. Specimens taken from a district which the species is known to have inhabited since pre-glacial ages are in such equilibrium with their surroundings that the mean character of the shell-spiral is the same from generation to generation, and is not being changed by selection during the growth of a young generation. The life or death of an individual is in fact determined in each case by the value of a number of correlated characters, among which differences of structure so slight as that of the measurements of the spirals are associated with the difference between the survival and the total extinction of a race in a particular locality.

But, to return to the comparisons made in Figs. 18 and 19, or in Figs. 14 and 15, I must not as yet be imagined to suggest that certain architectural forms can be explained on a conchological basis, or that conchology should be considered from an architectural point of view. All I would urge for the present is that a staircase whose form and construction recall a natural growth, would more probably be the work of a man to whom biology and architecture were equally familiar, than that of a builder of less wide attainments; and I think I have already proved that neither the outside nor the inside of a shell can be neglected by any one who is studying those principles of construction which may be hidden in the processes of nature. I now propose to continue my inquiry by reverting to those species of shells which, like *Telescopium telescopium* (Fig. 20) or *Voluta vespertilio* (Fig. 38), more particularly suggest that form of architectural construction which is exemplified in the spiral staircase (Fig. 1) placed opposite the head of this paper.

THEODORE ANDREA COOK.

(*To be continued.*)

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THE LEGEND OF ST. JANE

ONCE in a happy hour I was allowed to publish an article upon Miss Austen which was described by a friend as a hymn in honour of St. Jane. The result was delightful, for there came to me sympathetic utterances from the Mother Country, from America, and from Australia, proving that wherever the English language is spoken, there exists a loving worship of the most fascinating of saints. I cannot hope that any second hymn of my composition would be welcomed, but in the character of a missionary I am anxious to spread as widely as I may the good news that there have recently been made in the proper spirit of painstaking devotion certain researches into the scenes in which Miss Austen lived and moved, that have yielded results of decided interest. Miss Constance Hill has written a book entitled "Jane Austen: Her Homes and Her Friends." Miss Ellen Hill has illustrated it, Mr. John Lane has published it, and we Austenians will read it with gratitude.

Our attention is, in the first place, claimed by the outside of the volume, for the design on the binding is a facsimile of embroidery upon a muslin scarf worked in satin-stitch by Miss Austen's hands. I do not pretend that I have the least idea as to what satin-stitch may be, but I honour Miss Hill for reproducing anything that partakes of the nature of a memorial, and I find the cover of her work both quaint and attractive The illustrations by Miss Ellen Hill are of great value, and

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bring before our eyes many sacred spots connected both with Miss Austen herself and her characters. One can imagine that one actually sees poor Louisa Musgrove on the top of those immortal steps at Lyme, and one looks with loving eyes at the desk in the parlour of Chawton Cottage.

As every one knows, Miss Austen was born at Steventon Parsonage, and thither Miss Hill directed her first steps. It gives one a pleasing thrill to read of how she took up her quarters at the small wayside inn of Dean Gate, which stands at the point where the lane from Steventon runs into the main road to the west, and which therefore must have been constantly passed and repassed by Miss Austen in her excursions into the outside world. Down this lane Miss Hill proceeded, and arrived at the place where our divinity visited Earth. The old Parsonage exists no more, but its work has been accomplished, and its immortality has been won. Could the exact position be discovered? Happily, yes. Miss Hill met with a great stroke of good luck, of good fortune, such as she well deserved. She saw an old man and made inquiries. The old man turned out to be no less a person than the son of a god-daughter of St. Jane herself, and he was instantly able to identify the site of her birthplace. Great events spring from trifling causes, and Miss Austen herself might have rejoiced at finding that this identification was rendered possible by the existence of an old pump. Glorious amongst its fellows, that pump had stood in the washhouse at the back of the Parsonage, and from the well beneath it had come the water of which Miss Austen had made use. It is sincerely to be hoped that a stone may be erected by this well to record the fact.

In a short article of this kind it would be as impossible as it would be undesirable to recount all the discoveries which Miss Hill has made, but her great "find" at Basingstoke of the old ball-room, is so exciting that I cannot but mention it. Miss Austen frequently speaks in her letters of the county balls, and Miss Hill is able to tell us not only where they took place, but also to make known to us the model upon which the

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"Crown" was founded. Alas! the long passage with the draughts which Mrs. Weston dreaded is beyond our view, but the room in which Emma and Frank Churchill danced may still be seen. It has become a hay-loft over the stables at the back of the "Angel," but its handsome chimney-pieces, its windows and doors, and its floor, are left to testify to its former grandeur.

I pass on to Miss Hill's pilgrimage to Ashe Rectory, in which the Reverend Isaac Lefroy used to give dances a hundred years ago. Here is the room in which Miss Austen was to flirt, as she informs us, for the last time with Tom Lefroy, who was subsequently Lord Chief Justice of Ireland, and who survived his partner by more than fifty years. It is narrated in Mr. Austen-Leigh's Memoir that even in extreme old age he vividly remembered Miss Austen's charms, and Miss Hill is much to be congratulated on her success in locating the house which witnessed the parting of this very interesting pair.

Miss Austen was fond of dancing, but she was fond of music and singing as well, and Miss Hill has had the felicity of holding in her hands books, religiously preserved by the family, in which music has been beautifully and clearly written—it is believed—by Miss Austen herself. Miss Hill has also been shown at Chawton House an ivory cup and ball with which the goddess would sometimes disport herself, and at which exercise she was quite superhumanly skilful, and, finally, she has looked upon the "little mahogany desk," the most precious relic of them all, one of the most precious relics in the world.

I have not space to linger over Bath and the curious extracts which Miss Hill quotes from various writers as bearing upon the ways of the young ladies who diverted themselves in its streets, and in its Upper and Lower Rooms, but they afford additional examples of Miss Austen's accuracy in drawing actual life; and I can only just express my thanks for the complete identification of Captain Harville's house at Lyme as well as of the cottage at which Miss Austen herself stayed

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when she visited the town to which she has given eternal fame.

It was from Chawton Cottage that all Miss Austen's novels were sent into the world, and Miss Hill naturally speaks at some length of what she saw there. We read her account with eagerness, and felicitate her upon a really remarkable discovery which she has made. Miss Austen, writing to her sister in November, 1813, states that she had never seen "Sense and Sensibility" advertised, and Mr. Austen-Leigh says that he had no record of the publication of the work. Miss Hill has come across an announcement of its publication in the *Edinburgh Review* for November 1812. She quotes the advertisement. "Sense and Sensibility. By a Lady. 3 vols. 15*s*." On the preceding line we read, "Edgeworth's Tales of Fashionable Life. Vol. 4, 5, 6. 21*s*." One wonders if Miss Edgeworth made early acquaintance with the tale of the anonymous lady, and if so what were her first impressions.

There is another quotation of interest given by Miss Hill which I hope I may be allowed to extract. It is a riddle composed by Miss Austen's father, of which the solution is still unknown.

> Without me, divided, fair ladies, I ween,
> At a ball or a concert you'll never be seen;
> You must do me together, or safely I'd swear,
> Whatever your carriage you'll never get there.[1]

The Austen family were fond of amusements of this kind, and there is another riddle to be found in Miss Hill's pages of which St. Jane herself was the author.

To Southampton, to Godmersham, to London, and to Winchester Miss Hill follows the object of our devotion. She knows where Gray's shop stood in Sackville Street where Robert Ferrars gave his directions about a tooth-pick case. She has studied Bartlett's Buildings, Holborn, and has

[1] I believe that this riddle has now been correctly solved by Dr. Richard Garnett, and that the answer is "Flambeau"—"Flam" once signified an idle story, and so gossip.

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wondered which window appertains to the room in which Edward Ferrars and Lucy Steele held the conversation that was overheard by the unscrupulous Nancy.

Miss Hill alludes to the well-known suggestions that were made to Miss Austen by Mr. Clarke, the librarian of Carlton House, that she should undertake work of an uncongenial character. Similar suggestions were made to Charlotte Brontë and Miss Mitford, and Miss Hill to some extent compares the manner in which they were received by the writers. Speaking quite impartially, as true Austenians always do, I am glad to observe that Miss Austen's easy wit gave her much the advantage over her fellow authoresses.

It is not possible to estimate with any accuracy the value of the treasure with which Miss Hill has provided us. Suffice it to say that it is great indeed. Even as a mere commentary on the two volumes of Miss Austen's letters, which were published some years ago by the late Lord Brabourne, her work would be almost priceless; but it is, as I trust I may have indicated, very much more than this. Miss Hill has indeed succeeded, as she says, in reconstructing "much which, at first sight, seemed to be irrecoverably lost." Proud indeed she may be of such an achievement.

It could hardly be expected that she would not enter into the question of Miss Austen and a possible love-story. She appears to me to incline to the belief that Mr. Blackall did seriously touch Miss Austen's heart. For the benefit of the uninitiated I may state that Mr. Blackall was a clergyman whom Miss Austen and her sister Cassandra met in Devonshire. Cassandra did not doubt that he was strongly attracted to Jane, and a future meeting was contemplated, though if the space of a year was to elapse before it took place, as Miss Caroline Austen seems to assert, he would seem to have been content with a leisurely courtship. In the end Mr. Blackall died without again seeing Jane, and his death has given rise to a theory (not adopted by Miss Hill) that strikes me as more incredible than any other theory that has been started since the

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days of Eve. Mr. Blackall is believed to have died about the year 1799, at which time "Sense and Sensibility," "Pride and Prejudice," and "Northanger Abbey" had all been written. It is suggested that Miss Austen's pen was laid aside from this date for something like ten years in consequence of the loss she had sustained. I fancy that any one who has read Miss Austen's letters, with their invariable flow of high spirits and cheerfulness, will instantly refuse to consider such a suggestion to be possible. It may also be remembered that it was in 1803 that the celebrated sale of "Northanger Abbey" for £10 to the bookseller at Bath took place, so that Miss Austen was able to dispose of novels if she could not write them. But we may push the argument a point further. It was during her stay at Bath—that is, between the years 1801 and 1805—that the fragment called "The Watsons" was composed—a clear proof that she was not unwilling to continue her work, though it is probable enough that the time at her disposal decreased in quantity after the removal from Steventon, and that until she had settled down again at Chawton in 1809 she found quiet hours few and far between. When it is considered that Miss Austen wrote almost entirely for the sake of amusing herself, and that the first attempts at publication made on her behalf had proved most discouraging, there is nothing to surprise us in the fact that she did not write much when she had other things to do. It makes one shiver even to think that had she remained in Bath or Southampton "Mansfield Park," "Emma," and "Persuasion" might never have existed; at least, we may invoke innumerable blessings upon the memory of her brother Edward, who, by establishing his mother at Chawton Cottage, saved the world from the risk of such a calamity.

Miss Hill, as I have said, seems to lean to the belief that there may have been a serious feeling for Mr. Blackall, and she calls attention to the "softening influence" that distinguishes the last three novels from their predecessors. But surely the course of life is sufficient to account for this without any

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episode of love. No one looks at the world as irresponsibly when they are thirty-five as they did in their first outburst of youthful heedlessness, and, for my own part, I notice an even more marked difference between "Persuasion" and "Emma," which were written within about two years of one another, than I do between "Emma" and any of the three early works. "Persuasion" is full of tenderness. Both Anne and Captain Harville are beautiful characters, and I shall always believe that they owe their beauty in large measure to the dangerous illness through which Jane nursed Henry Austen. For my own part, I am disposed to take but moderate interest in the speculations as to the probability of Miss Austen's having ever lost her heart to any one. After all they are speculations only, and the results must be barren. But I think, upon the whole, that I am glad she did not marry, for no husband could have been even approximately worthy of her.

Miss Hill's book, the letters from distant quarters of the world, of which I have spoken, they are all delightful; and yet how can the one sad thought be excluded that she who is now regarded with such supreme affection and admiration died without the knowledge, without the most bare suspicion, of the value which the world would attach to her gifts. Can any parallel case be named of so little fame in life—so much after death? Surely it is hard, indeed, that such a fate should have attended the owner of the most dainty wit that mortal being ever possessed, when that owner could use it in adding to her portraits touches of the utmost brilliancy without in any way distorting their truth. Wonderful is such a power, but Shakespeare had it, Scott had it, and so had St. Jane.

IDDESLEIGH.

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DANNY

IV

THE SCRUPLES OF DEBORAH AWE

AS she busied herself in her room, there came the sound of flat feet along the passage; then the door burst open and Deborah Awe stalked in.

Missie, pausing in white busyness, looked round with indignant eyes.

"Deb!" she cried. "How dare you?"

"What dare I not?" asked the gaunt Woman.

"Come into my room without knocking!" said indignant Missie.

"I would ha' knocked," said the Woman, "but for fear ye'd say, 'Ye canna come in.' And as I just *was* coming in I thought it best to enter first and knock afterwards. There's for ye," she said, and knocked.

"And now you can go out again," said Missie.

"Here I am," said the Woman, her back upon the door, "and here I bide. His Honour bid me see you to bed, and see you to bed I will."

"O, fudge!" said Missie, crossly. "I'm not so bad as all that."

"Fudge, fidge, or fadge! you will do his Honour's bidding," said the Woman, grimly; "so will I"; advanced upon her, and shocked to a sudden halt—"Him here!" she cried aghast;

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and pointed her finger at a sedate grey figure on a low rocking-chair before the fire.

"Yes, certainly," said Missie. "Why not?"

"That he-male!" cried the Woman.

Missie looked at her with frank eyes.

"Yes, certainly," she reiterated. "He always is."

The Woman swung slowly round to face her, chin upon her breast.

Long she looked, then drew a deep breath.

"O the lewdness!" she cried, and marched to the door with lifted petticoats.

There she turned with accusing eyes.

"O Missie!" she said; "and me thinking you white as drip."

Missie, rosy a little, looked across at her with eyes that laughed.

"But why shouldn't I have my babe in my own room, Deb?" she asked. "Heaps of mothers do."

"Babe!" scoffed the old Woman. "Him a babe! That kills more in the day than many a man in a lifetime."

"I don't see what that's to do with it," said Missie, tartly.

The Woman dropped a shivering curtsey.

"Have it your own way, ma'am," she said.

"Don't ma'am me, Deb," said Missie. "You only do it when you want to be particularly nasty."

"And it's little for me to come between you and your ladyship's wishes," said the Woman, primly; "and if so be it is your wish to doff you before yon he-male on the chair——"

"Really, Deb!" cried Missie, hotly.

"That's between you and his Honour," the Woman continued, remorselessly. "Only," she sniffed, "I who am not like a lady, and have my modesty, I will not bide and see it."

"You're not wanted to," said Missie, and added: "From the way you go on one might think one was doing something that wasn't—well—nice."

"Hear her!" shrilled the Woman. "Nice! I ken

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nothing o' your English nices; but I ken that if any lass that was no a lady unbuskit——"

"O do shut up, Deb—you and your buskings and nonsense!" cried Missie. "Really, you talk as if instead of being a dog he was—I don't know what."

"God made him male," said the Woman inflexibly.

"But not a horror," said Missie quickly.

"They're all of them kin are men and males," the Woman went on, harping. "There is little to choose between any God made that gate. They aye has the same leanings. And for myself I would liefer die than doff me before him on the chair or any other——"

"But you're not asked to, Deb," said Missie, impatiently.

"*Asked to!*" panted the gaunt Woman. "I would just wish to meet the billie that dared ask Deborah Awe——"

"I only meant," said Missie hurriedly, "that I daresay it would be wiser for *you* not. I think *you* can't be too careful, Deb," said white lady, looking demurely at the gaunt spectre in the door. "But it's different for me."

The Woman bridled.

"Maybe that is so," she said. "And yet," she added, regarding the other, white-armed and dear, "you are none that ill-favoured yourself, Missie."

"No, Deb," said Missie, meek-eyed. "Thank you, Deb; and you see," she went on, lifting her eyes, "as it's me, and as I don't mind, I don't see why you need."

"What!" cried the Woman, flaming again. "And will I bide and watch your shame?"

"But I'm not ashamed," said demure Missie. "I like it."

The Woman gasped.

"O, the brazenness!" she cried, hitched her petticoats, and tramped forth flat-footed.

Missie's white arm was round the other's ewe neck, staying her, before she was well out of the room.

"Now look here!" she said. "Don't be an old silly, Deb.

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Come back and help me, there's a duck. I'm *dreadful* tired, Deb," she added with pleading eyes.

The Woman paused.

"I will bide if you will bid that man-male pack," said she ungraciously.

"O Deb!" pleaded Missie.

"He goes," said the Woman, inexorably, "or I go. None shall ever say that Deborah Awe stood by and watched a sister-woman out-faced."

"But he's so good," pleaded poor lady.

"Good!" snorted the Woman. "There is no goodness in any God-made male."

"And he sits like so all the while," said Missie, and pointed at the demure grey figure in the low chair, his face to the fire, and back upon her.

"Just so?" asked the Woman.

"All the while," said Missie. "I taught him."

"His back facing ye?" asked the grim Woman.

"Of course," said Missie.

"Nor stirs?" shrilly.

"Of course not."

"Nor keeks round?"

"Certainly not."

The Woman looked at the sedate grey back.

"I will believe that when I see it," she said grimly.

"Then stay and see it," said Missie, and drew her into the room.

"Well, I will bide," said the Woman, "because his Honour bid me. "More," she added grimly, "I will be near by him, and when he keeks round to spy ye, I will bring him such a clout as will gar him keep his eyes private for ever."

So she stayed; and all the while Danny sat, sedate, grey figure, his back upon them, nodding because he was weary from much slaughter, nor ever stirred, and the Woman saw and believed.

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"And God made him man!" she cried, amazed, at the end of all.

"God made him a gentleman," said Missie, now arrayed in long white raiment, maidenly and dear, as one about to walk on the dewy lawns of heaven.

The Woman tucked her away in bed, kissed her fiercely, and forbad her to stir till she, Deborah Awe, came to her in the morning, and to give a cry if she needed anything in the night.

And Missie lay like a spent lily, curled, and said, "Yes, Deb," and "Thank you, Deb," and "Very well, Deb."

The Woman tramped to the door.

"And Danny?" she asked.

"Leave him, please, Deb."

"I thought his Honour bid him to sleep on the mat without the door."

"Good-night, Deb," said Missie, with sleepy eyes.

"Will he bide so, then?" asked the Woman.

"Please, Deb," sleepily.

"With his back so?"

"He'll stay so till I tell him to move," said sleepy Missie. "Good-night, Deb."

"Keep me!" cried the Woman, tramping forth. "He is not like a man at all."

The lady and her lover were left alone.

When the flat feet in the passage sounded no more, and all was still, she rose, white-rapt, and with hushed naked feet stole across to her lover, laughing softly at the quaint sober figure nodding drowsily in the chair before the fire.

Bending over him, she took his face between her mother-tender hands; and he, dreaming dreams of slaughter and the chase, looked up and beheld her above him in white raiment, with hair like the shadow of the glory to come, veiling her.

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"Danny try to be not quite such a bluggy boy," prayed the mother, and kissed him "for mum's sake."

He rose and stood, his hands in hers, and lifting a grey muzzle, and shy eyes reverently to adore her maiden loveliness.

"Danny try to be a gooder boy," repeated the mother. "Danny not worry mother now. Mother not welly well."

And Danny yearned up to her, and murmured inarticulate love and penitence.

"Good-night, my blessed," she said, and kissed him again, then led him to the door and opened it. And there on the mat he lay and curled himself to watch over his Beloved while she slept.

But in the night, guard he never so faithfully, there crept in one across his body whom he did not see; and in the morning there came no long-robed figure, maidenly and dear, with hair like a shadow of wrought gold and white-twinkling feet, to peep round the door with sleep-clouded eyes and morning smile to cry her lover greeting.

V

THEY STEAL HIS LOVE FROM DANNY

It was now that they set to work to steal his lady from Daniel, son of Ivor.

For days the plot had been a-hatching, nor had he been unaware of it.

They tried to entice him from her room with soft words and meat-offerings; they sought to hound him forth with hushed abuse and bullyings; but he lay at the foot of her bed like a sea-grey log and refused to budge.

Then Deborah Awe made effort to carry him away by force: in vain.

"Dirty tyke!" she cried. "He heavies himsel' till I canna lift him."

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"Better not try, Deb," urged the faint voice from the bed. "You'll only hurt yourself."

"Eh, but ye heard what the Doctor said, dearie?"

"But the Doctor's an owl, Deb," said the voice. "What was it he said about your herb-tea?—'Quack-quack' wasn't it?"

"And one day he will be called to his account for they words," said the grim Woman. "And if it was but the Doctor, poor daftie, I would let Danny bide and blithe to; but there was his Honour bid him be taken out."

"Then his Honour must come and take him himself," said the voice; and as the door closed, she at the head of the bed with pale face and clouds of aureole hair winked an eye of sunburnt gold, and he at the foot smote a sounding blow on the bed with his tail.

Later, while she slept, there came the Laird himself, he of the great hands and thunder brow, his enemy whom Danny hated, and kidnapped him. He bore him away to the birch woods on the face of the brae, and there lost him in the evening at the time when the wild things of the woods begin to stir for their night huntings. But Danny, who of wont would be away a-hunting from dew to dew, would not be tempted now.

Before ever the Laird was clear of the wood Danny was off the hillside, stealing over dew-grey lawns, quiet as the shadow of coming night, guilty as a haunted soul; had entered the house by way of the open window of the morning-room stealthily, crept up to her room, and there lay outside the door, so still that when the Woman, hurrying ungainly, entered the room, Danny, ambushed behind her unknowing skirts, entered too.

There he hid beneath the muslin curtains of the dressing-table, nor stole forth till she was gone. Then, tilting up against the bed, he licked the long fingers that drooped from under the coverlet, tenderly, to make her well.

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The thin fingers stirred, seeking his brow.

"That you, Danny?" said a sleepy shocked voice. "Ahh! naughty bad!" yet did not seem so deeply displeased. So, velvet-footed, he leapt upon the bed and crept along till he came to the pillows with the shadowy pale face upon them, weary with the toil of living, and dark-frilled eyes closed now as though she slept.

With tender teeth he pinched her ear as he was wont to do to show that he was there and loved her; and she shook her head and smiled, murmuring in that shocked voice of hers, "Now, look here!" nor opened her eyes, but laid a white hand on his forehead.

So he laid his grey muzzle along the pillows and lay there beside her, watching her with untiring eyes.

A little later there sounded along the passage a ponderous hushed tramp as of an elephant marching upon his toes.

"Massa, Danny!" whispered his lady, with still shut eyes. And Danny, with bristling back, waited until the feet were at the door, then stole off the bed and crept beneath it.

But he of the thunder-brow marked a tail like a trail of dew vanishing away, thrust out a brutal hand, and haled him forth, wee Danny with the lion eyes, and holding him prisoner, marched to the door still with hushed elephantine tread.

"O Massa!" pleaded the voice from the bed, awaking.

He of the thunder-brow marched on.

"O, need you?" cried the voice from the bed, very pitiful.

"I must, Marjory," said he of the thunder-brow now at the door.

"O why?" begged the dear voice.

"Better, Child."

"No-ee."

The Laird hovered irresolute, and turned.

"Just a day or two, Child," he said, with voice of the coming water-flood.

"I *love* to have him so," pleaded the dear voice, threatening rain.

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He of the thunder-brow stood where he was. The grim, wide mouth was bowed like a scimitar, and the stark face granite grey.

He stood by the door weighing the prisoner in his arms as though in a balance.

"Well, Child?" he said, in his voice of the coming water-flood.

"Well, Massa," she said, and smiled at him rainily.

"Will I?" said the Laird with throat of iron.

A minute she looked at him with fond eyes; her face tender, wistful, uncertain as an April day. Then she surrendered.

"Massa knows," she said, and smiled at him, yet with pity-moving lips. "Bring him here a minie first," she said, and swallowed.

He came to her, marching, loud, and stood beside the bed, great-shouldered grey, grim man, bending awkwardly that the prisoner beneath his arm might be near to her upon the pillow.

"Just a day or two," he repeated huskily.

She reached forth a hand transparent as a flake of snow, and stroked the broad brow of her lover; and he, impotent as in the hands of God, struggled not, curling his tongue upwards like a coral flame to caress her wrist.

"Just a day or two," said the Laird; nor seemed to know he spoke.

"Just for ever," said the lady, and looked up suddenly with anguished eyes. "You will be good to him, Massa. You won't—you won't—not even if he is a little—bluggy."

She broke down quite and sobbed.

"If you like me at all"—she gasped and lifted a streaming face. "I love him so—he's such a darling—he's so naughty."

The Laird bent and kissed her; nor spoke.

She wrestled with her sobs, and overcame them, smiling up at him through the rain.

"Thank you, Massa," she said, and patted his hand. "Bye,

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my Danny," and waved to him. "Try to be a better boy—and not too bleedy. And don't *quite* forget your mum."

Then he was borne away; and she blew him rainy kisses whom she would never see any more this side.

Danny looked back at her with soft cocked eyes.

Then he understood; and with a grunt struck for the grey-haired throat of his enemy who had brought this ill upon him.

And because his heart was pure, and he was fighting for love of his love, he was inspired with strength, and battled like a thousand bulls. But his enemy, with arms of oak, as strong as pitiful, bore him away and handed him over to Robin Crabbe, henchman, to hold him fast until word came.

VI

RUDE ROBIN

Now Robin was a rude man. Deborah Awe, who had cause to know, affirmed he was the rudest man in all Hepburn, save his Honour. Moreover, he dreamed dreams and drank whisky neat, was vainglorious above all men; yet for the dreams' sake, and because he had understanding of visions, she forgave him much—his scourging tongue, his weeping eye, and his great thirst.

Now Danny loved him and he loved Danny; for the two did bloodily together on the brae morning and evening at the time of the dews; and, next to his lady, Danny lived for battle, murder, and the chase.

But Robin, though he loved Danny much, in those days feared the Laird more, except when fortified with liquor. So he made fast his prisoner in the wood-shed and barred the door; and morning and evening he came to him with weeping eye and told him how it went with his lady. But Danny sat in the dimmest corner, a grey shadow with mournful eye, and would not be comforted.

Then Robin considered, and remembered that which was

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most dear to the soul of his captive next to his lady. And he went forth and waylaid great grey rats; and he cleared a space on the floor of the wood-shed and blocked all ways of escape and loosed them for his prisoner there.

Then Danny trotted forth and slew them sombrely and without glee; and Robin of the tarnished ringlets and flaming soul tarred him on with blasphemy and Old Testament battle-cries. But Danny, his duty done, trotted back to his dim corner there to mourn with reproachful eyes.

Robin retired into the kitchen.

Then the Woman assailed him.

"What is all the rout raging of the heathen that I hear?" she asked fiercely.

"Me and Danny," said Robin, dully, "at our work of a man."

"Fine I ken your work of a man!" cried the Woman. "You have been killing of God's creatures. O!" she cried, "that is like you man-males! Missie is in the Valley, and all you can do to help is to go rat-killing."

Robin looked up.

"In the valley?" he whispered. "Is that so?"

The Woman with the weary eyes collapsed.

"She is dwining," she said, brokenly.

Robin was silent for a while.

"Missie must not die," he said at last.

"That is as God wills," said the broken Woman.

"If Missie dies," Robin pursued, "then will Danny die too."

"Danny!" cried the Woman, "who cares for Danny now?"

"You do not," said Robin bitterly. "You have no heart at all."

"Heart!" cried the Woman. "Indeed, I have little heart for your vermins, and Dannys, and the like, with Missie drawing nearer God each tick of the clock."

"And when you have killed her quite——" Robin began.

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"Kill her, keep me!" cried the Woman passionately. "Me that warstles with the Laird and yon weary Doctor body and none to help me!—me that am tending her my lone and blithe to do it, dear heart! me that never quits her night nor day! Kill her? whatna more can a body do to cure her? Tell me that, Robin Crabbe—you that have the dreams when you are in liquor—and I will do it."

"Ye could keep away," said the rude man, and dragged back to the wood-shed with weeping eye.

VII

MISSIE AWAY

The fourth day of his captivity found Danny full of secret busyness, carried far into the night.

In the morning, unaccountably, he had missed a rat; and, marking the way of its escape, had discovered a hole and rotten board in the side of his prison-house. All day thereafter in the absence of his gaoler, he had wrought with earthy muzzle, delving hands and spurning feet; and when Robin entered had sat upon the earth-heap to hide it, mourning with reproachful eyes. Nor would he come forth to the slaying, though Robin tempted him with rats, young, unwhiskered, succulent, such as a three-months puppy would kill, said Robin, "Give him time."

Robin watched him awhile miserably; then he went forth and came to the kitchen to the Woman who sat within, idle for once.

"You have killed my Danny!" he gulped. "I aye tell't ye."

The Woman lifted her face; nor seemed to understand.

"Get out your blacks, man Robin," she said huskily. "The Lord has had His will of her."

Robin looked at her with startled eyes.

"Is she away?" he whispered.

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The Woman began to speak, as one telling a tale in a dream; speaking as a man speaks at such a time; telling in short sentences with long pauses, dry-eyed and with woeful voice.

"Then his Honour went—him bein' but a man and unable to bear; and I was left with her. . . . Then she just lay a bit."

Her fingers began picking at her apron listlessly.

"Then she whispered me—and I bent—and it was to will his Honour to me—to mend him, and mind him, and see he changed his feet. And I swore to it. . . . Then she just lay a bit."

Her eyes were downcast, watching her fingers; and she went on soddenly.

"Then she opened her eyes and whispered me. And she was gettin' far, but I heard—and I was to give her dear love to Danny—'and don't girn at him, Deb,' says she: 'he's all the child to me.' And she looked at me, and she was crying. And I swore to it. . . . Then she just lay a bit.

"Towards sunset she began to stir, and I do think she would be waiting Danny home from the hunting. 'Don't be cross, Massa,' she says, frightened like. 'We can't help it.' Then she opened her eyes, and saw me and laughed like, and whispered: 'It is I am girning, I think, Deb.' Then she just lay a long bit."

The Woman's throat was haggard, and her face grey as the evening without.

"Then she smiled—and she just said—'Good night, Deb. Kiss,' and I kissed her . . . and she was away. . . . Just, 'Good night, Deb,' she says, 'Kiss,' . . . and I kissed her, and she was away."

She told it with dry eyes, soddenly, picking her apron, and Robin, who for all his rude tongue had the heart of a woman, stood in the door, his back to her, shaken with sobs.

Long he stood so, then turned, dim old man, with swimming eyes.

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"Danny is dead," he announced.

The Woman looked up; and into her dull eyes crept a gleam of joy.

"Has he followed her home?" she said. "Then I am glad. He will be like company to her, and her feeling strange among them foreign angel-bodies."

Robin in the door paused.

"Danny is dead indeed," he said, "but not yet."

"What is that?" asked the Woman, uncomprehending.

"He cares no more for the killing," said Robin, "he cares no more to live."

The Woman flashed forth upon him.

"He has killed my Missie," she cried. "That should be killing enough for him for one while."

The flame died out. She was all grey again. Her hands fell to her lap, and set to their idle busyness once more; and she began again in that dull dream-voice of hers:

"And 'Good-night, Deb,' she says, 'Kiss' . . . And I kissed her; and she was away."

VIII

THE LOVER'S RETURN

Two days later at noon Danny stole out of his prison-house with earthy muzzle, and made for the house and his Love. He passed not far from Robin; but that old man stood at the bee-skeps, bowed figure of woe, whispering, and saw him not.

So he entered the house swiftly and unseen, by way of the kitchen, and then along dim, mouldy passages. The hall was strangely dark as he entered it, and there was an unwonted stir of people, silent-footed as in church. At the foot of the stairs was a drift of fair white flowers, piled deep, unfamiliar in that gaunt hall as a heap of lilies on a bleak hillside; and dimly seen through the heart of them a shining slab of oak.

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Threading his way amid strange legs clothed in black, and still smelling of the tailor's iron, he sped up the stairs to the door of his Love.

It was shut; and he called to her through the crack at the bottom, low and very tenderly as was his way; and waited for the sound of skipping feet, the little laughter, and flash of half-hidden ankles as of old when she came to admit him of mornings, home from his foray with Robin in the dew.

In a passion of expectation he waited, watching the crack with ardent eyes; now thrusting at the door with impatient paw, now crying a soft call, now taking a little eager turn down the passage as though to seek help, returning again to snuffle, shiver, and cry to her to come.

She came not; and at last he lay down to wait, crouching close, lest there, in the house of his enemy, he should be seen.

Then a far door opened.

Down the passage came his enemy of the thunder-brow, like an old blind giant tramping in his sleep, and stumbled against the watchman at the door.

He looked down with eyes that did not see.

"Eh?" he said—"Eh?" as one lost in a mist of doubt.

"It is Danny, Sir," sniffled the Woman at his heels. "Will I take him away?"

The Laird opened the door without a word. Danny shot in. With a little glad cry he leaped upon the bed; and then he knew: his Love was gone.

Back he came with a fury of onslaught.

Too late.

The door was shut.

IX

THE LADY'S SLIPPER

In the grey of that evening the Laird came in.

Danny lay at the foot of the white bed—a sea-grey patch with sullen lion-eyes; and did not stir.

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Great and grey and dumb, the Laird stood in the door and looked; and Danny clutched covetously away beneath his chin a silver slipper.

The Laird's throat stiffened suddenly. He turned and went out in that blind way of his.

At midnight the Woman came to him. He was sitting lonely in the hall, a short cloak about his shoulders. His hands were crossed; the stark face was lifted till the throat of iron could be seen, and his eyes were shut.

"He will not taste, Sir!" she gasped, tears in her voice.

The Laird's chin dropped.

"Who?" he asked with opening eyes.

"Danny, Sir—I laid the clout for him at the bedside—as Missie would; and I put his platter on it—as she would; and I called him to it and bid him say his blessing—just as she aye did. And he leapt off the bed, and walked round and sniffed it; and then," she cried in high voice of woe, "he just stood, waggin' a bit and looked at the door and waited."

"For what?" asked the Laird.

"For Missie!" cried the Woman. "He would never touch a morsel till she bid him. And now," she cried, her voice ever rising, "she will not be there to bid him any more."

"What did he?" asked the Laird.

"He bided a while," keened the Woman; "then he just looked at me and went back to the bed and his slipper. And there he lies and looks, and lies and looks, and will not stir for me."

"Let him bide," said the Laird briefly; and he was let bide.

For a night and a day the watcher lay so, he and his slipper; and the Woman tended him; and Robin was jealous to the soul because of it.

In the morning of the second day the old man came into the kitchen, nor paused as was his wont, but marched through to the door.

"Where to?" cried the Woman suddenly.

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"To my Danny," said Robin, marching on.

The Woman thrust her gaunt self between him and the door.

"What is it you want with him?" she asked, fierce-eyed.

"I go to comfort him," said Robin.

"That you do not," said the Woman with tight lips.

"And who then is minding him?" said Robin.

"Deborah Awe," said the Woman, hands on hips.

Robin stared at her.

"And by whose bidding?" cried he.

"Missie's," said the Woman.

"Missie's?" cried Robin. "It was not Danny Missie willed to you. I leave your Lairds to you to mend and mind and girn at as you will," Robin continued hotly. "But this is *my* Danny. And now you would take him too!"

"Missie was my child to me," said the Woman doggedly; "and Danny was her child to her. Now Missie is away, it is for me to mind him, who was minnie to his minnie."

"But you do not love him," cried Robin.

"Do I not?" retorted the Woman. "I dirtied a saucepan for him the morn. If that is not love, I would know what is?"

Robin sat down by the door miserably; and the Woman went about preparing food for the mourner.

Later she took it to him herself, and fresh water, and laid them on the clout beside the bed. Silent-footed he leaped down, his slipper in his mouth, lapped up his water, wagging gratefully, yet one eye ever on his treasure; then he leaped back to his post of vigil, hoarded his slipper beneath his chin, and lay there with haggard eyes like a grey monument at the feet of his dead mistress, lying unseen where she had lain of old.

The Woman drew close to the bed and watched him with wrung face.

"He canna greet," she cried, with woeful eyes; and bent.

"Could ye greet a wee bittie, my man?" she said—gaunt

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woman, very tender. "It would ease ye fine," she said. "So," and all in a motherly way, her face streaming with tears close to him, she showed him how; but Danny lay with tearless eyes and could not greet.

The Woman returned to the kitchen.

"He might not be a man at all!" cried the Woman, tearfully. "He finds no comfort in his food."

Robin, dull-eyed in the door, made no reply.

"I have appealed to his stomach," continued the Woman, "and what more can I, him bein' male?"

"Is a man's heart in his stomach?" sneered Robin.

"I kenna," said the Woman; "but I never met the man but I could mend his heart-break with a meat-pie."

"Then ye can mend Danny," said Robin shortly.

"I canna!" cried the Woman. "I just canna. I got him a gigot fresh from the flesher, and cut him a slice from it, and he'll have none of it. What more is there I could do?"

"Ye can do no more," said Robin. "Danny will die; and I aye tell't ye."

The Woman looked at him.

"Could you do nothing, Robin?" she implored.

"I could," said Robin, "if I would."

"And would you not?" cajoled the Woman, "for our wee man?"

"*Our* man, is it?" sneered Robin, tremulously.

"And is he not yours?" cried the Woman.

"He *was* mine," said Robin, swallowing.

"And is," said the Woman; "yours—and mine—and Missie's."

"Missie willed him to you," said Robin. "It is not for me to come between Missie and her will."

"She would will ye too," said the Woman. "Belike, he might eat for you."

"Ay," said Robin, "he loves me."

"He does so for sure," said the Woman. "Often you and

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he have been takin' life together, and that is aye a bond between Christian men-folk."

Robin sat, dull-eyed, and made no move to stir.

"Go till him, Robin!" pleaded the Woman. "It may be he will mind ye."

Robin rose.

"If he will mind any," said Robin, "he will mind me," and went.

Danny lay at the foot of the bed as for these last two days, quite still, with haggard eyes and chin upon his slipper.

Robin sat down on the bed.

"Mannie," he said, and could say no more for the fulness at his throat.

Danny greeted him friendly as of old with faint flicker of ears and slow-moved tail; but he made no move.

Robin edged nearer, and the watchman huddled over his slipper. Robin patted him, and he crouched with levelled ears. Robin laid hand upon the slipper and Danny pinned him by the wrist; nor broke the skin.

The old man loosed the slipper, and Danny loosed his hold; then he licked the wrist where he had pinched it, very tenderly, watching the other with sad eyes.

Robin arose, and went out quickly, down the stairs and through the kitchen.

There the Woman waited him.

"Well?" she asked eagerly.

Robin trotted past without a word.

"Where is this slipper you would take?" she cried.

Robin was gone.

"Ah! You have mendit him fine!" jeered the Woman, tears in her voice—"you whom he loved."

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X

DEBORAH AWE PRAYS

THOSE were days of misery for the Woman almost beyond bearing.

Upstairs Danny lay day-long with ever-growing eyes at the foot of that white bed; in the kitchen sat Robin, a maudlin heap of woe; while in the hall the Laird, grim, lonely, dumb, sat out his days with clasped hands and blind eyes.

"Missie willed him to me to mend him, and mind him, and see he changed his feet," she cried in anguish. "And how will I mend him—when he never doffs himself? And how will I mind him—when he never utters? And how will I change his feet—when he never wets them? Oh!" she wailed in shrill voice of woe, "what with him in the hall, speakin' none nor greetin' none; and Danny in the great room the same; and you in the kitchen dreep—dreep—dreeping all the while—Oh!" she cried, turning on him with sudden passion, "give over; or go and get drunk!"

"I have not the heart," said dim Robin, sniffling.

That afternoon, as the Laird kept lonely vigil in the hall, he heard a noise of secret sniffling without the door.

"Who is there?" he cried in harsh, leaping voice.

There was silence; then a voice, very small and woeful, replied:

"None, your Honour."

"Then begone!" said the grim Laird.

There was silence again; then a nose was blown, and the sodden voice again:

"It is but me, your Honour."

"And d'you hear me, Me?" cried the Laird.

There was more hushed sniffling.

"I hear ye," said the sodden voice, "but I dinna heed ye."

The Laird rose.

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"And who are you," he asked terribly, "who does not heed me?" and began to tramp to the door.

"Robin," replied the voice, hastily.

The Laird flung wide the door.

Upon the stone-flags in the mouldy passage just outside the door kneeled Deborah Awe.

The Laird looked down at her.

"It seems there's a mistake," he said.

"Seems so," said the Woman, nor stirred from her knees.

Then she lifted a wet face to him, and it was wrung with woe.

"I was just putting up a bit prayer for your Honour," she said, clutching great knuckled hands—"Was ye objectin'?"

"I was not asked," said the Laird.

"Just that the Lord send you the comfort of tears—you and Danny," she continued with wrung hands. "O man!" she cried, gaunt woman on her knees, "there's a hantle o' comfort in tears. If ye could greet a bit, it would ease ye fine."

The Laird looked down at the wet moved face.

"Tears are no ease to men," he said, not unkindly.

"O, but ye should just see Robin!" cried the Woman. "Dreep—dreep—dreep it is all the while. And it eases him fine. And belike if ye could——"

"I can't," said the Laird briefly.

"Not of yourself," said the Woman, "but belike with the Lord to help ye——"

"I am not Robin," said the Laird.

"I ken he's not much in the way of a man, is not Robin," said the Woman; "but——"

"As God meant him," said the Laird, "so He made him. And He made me other; so there's no good talking."

"Hear him!" cried the Woman despairingly; "and how will I that Missie bid——"

"Get up!" said the Laird. "Go!" said the Laird.

The Woman did not move.

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"May I no pray for Mr. Heriot?" she urged. "Just a bit —as Missie would. Now she is away, there is none prays for you but yourself. And ye ken that in the village if they pray at your Honour, it'll no be for ye but against ye."

"You may pray for me," said the Laird, "but you must do it in the kitchen. I cannot have you," said he, "praying about in the public passages."

"I thought I'd be nearer like," said the Woman, mopping up her tears.

"The kitchen's near enough," said the Laird; and turned.

"Awell," said the Woman, resigned and rising from her knees, "the Lord's there too, I'se uphold."

The Laird went back to the leathern chair and his blind reverie.

His hands were hardly clasped, his eyes scarce shut, before the door opened afresh, and the Woman stood in it, her face still bleared with tears.

"And there is Danny!" she said.

"What of him?" asked the Laird, opening his eyes.

"He is as is your Honour. The Lord has denied him the gift of tears. God gave woman the heart to sorrow, and tears to ease her of her sorrow," she went on; "to man He gave no heart and no need of tears; to dogs," she said, "and your Honour, He gave the self-same heart to mourn, and forgot to give them the comfort of tears: for it is all one with you and Danny. He speaks none, nor greets none; and he dwines and dwines because of the sorrow which cannot away in tears."

"Well," said the Laird, "how can I help?"

"Would Mr. Heriot go to him?" she begged. "I have tried, and Robin has tried; and he will not heed us. He just lies and looks, and lies and looks, and that wae with it to gar ye greet."

"He is strange with me," said the Laird, pondering.

"And he was with me," said the Woman, "but he's not

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now; nor would he be with your Honour. Ye'd be like a bit o' Missie to him."

"Where is he?" asked the Laird.

"The same where—" cried the Woman, gulping; "Missie's bed."

The Laird went.

Danny lay as ever at the foot of the white bed, hoarding his slipper, and with haggard eyes.

The Laird sat down upon the bed, and laid grey hands upon his brow; and Danny made no protest.

"Danny," said the Laird, bending low, until his face was just above the sad eyes set in a pearl-grey sea, "do you not understand? She is gone," he said. "She is gone," and repeated it, low and slow, as a father teaching a child its letters. "Mother is gone. She will not come back to us," he said, "we will go to her."

But Danny looked up into the widowed face above him, and would not understand.

Then the Laird with sudden stiffening throat rose and went out, treading in that strange blind way of his.

XI

SHE IS NOT THERE, DANNY

NEXT morning when the Woman came to the mourner he rose wearily, slipper in mouth, and trailed out of the room.

She watched him plodding down the stairs, the slipper tap-tapping from stair to stair as he went; she saw him cross the sombre hall, where no soul of sun ever came now, and enter Morning Room.

"He is searching her!" she cried, hand to her throat.

Just then the Laird passed her, tramped down the steps, across the hall, and he too turned into the Morning Room.

Within stood Danny on the low tapestried chair she had

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used to sit upon—maidenly white figure with bowed head, the sun in her hair, and her white-and-golden work upon her knees.

Against a little octagon table he leaned and tilted with long muzzle at the work-basket thereon. It fell; and strewed the floor with a thousand little knick-knacks.

He leaped down and searched amid the wreckage. Her thimble he took between his teeth, pinched delicately, shook, and snuffled into; a ball of wool he held with one firm paw, hopped round it on three legs, and nosed beneath; then into the gutted basket he thrust his nose, and scratched the bottom of it with diligent fore-paw.

"She is not there, Danny," said the voice of the Laird.

Danny looked up and saw him standing in the door, stark shadow of a man; then he snapped up his slipper, and trailed out through the glass-door into the green-smelling house of flowers beyond.

There was Robin at work, and with weeping eye; for he too had seen.

Here had been Missie's nursery of old. Here she had wandered with fond-tending fingers; and now it seemed that these, her children, drooped palely and without hope for lack of love, for lack of her to love.

Among them Danny searched. Round the rim of each flower-pot he sniffed with careful nose. One pale fuchsia that she had loved above all, because it ailed, and tended even on that last evening, that hung now brokenly like a love-sick girl, he stayed at. Round it he searched, eager, intent, his tail still low, yet stirring as with reviving hope; nor would abandon it, as though about it lingered still some far, faint rosy breath of her dear ministry.

"She is no there, Danny," said Robin chokily; and Danny looked at him.

In the Morning Room the clock chimed twelve. At that of old his lady would arise and fold away her work, neat, demure, old-maidenly; then she would skip, cry to him joyously,

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clapping her hands above his head as he pranced beneath; and hand-in-hand, as it were, the two would fare forth gleefully into God's morning, he and she and her book of knightly deeds; up through the knee-high bracken, among the white stemmed birches, where the wind was always in the leaves like the rustle of women's robes, until they came to that high headland that thrusts a bare shoulder up into Eternity; and there would lie amid the tides of heaven and look out over the rough hewn land to Burnwater, that shone like a jewel set at the feet of the far hills, and the sea flashing like sheaves of shaken spears beyond.

So now he went to the door and asked.

Robin opened for him, and watched him canter across the silent lawns and lose himself in the heather beyond.

"Whither now?" asked the Laird at his elbow, harshly.

"To Lammer-more," Robin replied; "to inquire of God where He has lain her."

Twenty minutes later he was back in a bustle. Through the hall he shot and up the stairs at three-legged run, to wait outside the door of his Love in a fury of expectancy.

There the Woman found him, urgent to be admitted.

"She is no there, Danny," she cried, but opened to him.

In he thrust furiously; saw the bed lady-forlorn, and stood quite still, as one shocked to death; and the Woman saw the hope die out of him as the soul dies out of a man.

Then he threw up his head as if to howl; but no sound came.

So he stood a moment in the centre of the floor, grey muzzle in the air, like a lost soul praying.

Then he turned and trailed out.

(*To be continued.*)

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THE MONTHLY REVIEW

EDITED BY HENRY NEWBOLT

MAY 1902

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MR. RHODES AND GREATER OXFORD

THE wind of public opinion, whether blowing in these islands or across the world at large, is an airy thing from which gales and sudden changes are to be expected; but it seldom veers so swiftly and so completely as it has done in these few days since the death of Cecil Rhodes. A month ago his name was one of sinister, or, at least, of doubtful import: to the Continent of Europe he was one of the two villains of a great tragedy, to the American an unusually dangerous millionaire, to the pro-Boer a horrible city nightmare, a kind of Gog to Mr. Chamberlain's Magog; even among his own countrymen the more thoughtful remembered unhappily that he had forgotten his great responsibilities as a minister when he countenanced a raid upon a neighbouring State; even the dispassionate student of character found him a sombre and incomplete outline, a huge note of interrogation: few were left beside the Jingo stockbroker to defend him wholeheartedly. And now that the sheet has been drawn away and the colossal statue is there before us, it is probably the materialist and the mere financier who least admire it, while the rest of the crowd is confessedly moved at the first sight of a great conception so high above the level of the market-place.

We do not believe that this change in feeling is only a

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passing impulse, due either to the completeness of the surprise or to that first generosity towards the dead which is natural and honourable in all men. The change is to be seen even among the pro-Boers, who have allowed personal hatred to play so large a part among the causes of their disgrace: it is to be seen among those nations who have most severely condemned the Raid, and the French Press was the first to hail with sympathy a scheme which revealed the man of ideas, though his ideas included not even a reference to their own country. The cause of this sudden diversion of a strong current is not inexplicable, though it is uncommon. The character of any man is more interesting than his acts: a public man is only judged by his achievements because as a rule it is only by them that he succeeds in conveying to his fellows any real idea of his inner self. Here and there a man of great character is also articulate; he expresses himself, he impresses his personality, so efficiently that what he actually does counts for less than what he is, and when the balance-sheet is made up he may be forgiven, though the greater part of his practical career was a succession of mistakes or failures. Mr. Gladstone was, of course, a typical example of this: Mr. Rhodes stood during his life at the opposite extreme. He was the type of the inarticulate character, the man who would never have been known if he had not been driven into action, who never was known, in any wide sense, except by his actions. And since these lay chiefly in doubtful regions, and were often open to unfavourable construction, it was difficult during his lifetime to find a sufficiently firm platform from which to praise him. But he had this great advantage over other inarticulate men, he could express himself by his will. It is evident that when the first part of the contents of that document was given to the world, public opinion turned from the nterpretation of the man by his actions to the reading of those actions by the light of the mind from which they came. And in so doing it turned in Mr. Rhodes's favour.

When we use the word inarticulate we do not of course

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mean to imply that Mr. Rhodes never expressed his views in public, or that his speeches, awkward and chaotic as they were, gave no indication of the character of the man. They did, in fact, show very clearly the more ordinary and more English side of him: his energy and determination, his kindliness and good humour, at once emphasised and tempered by the blunt sincerity we know so well; his courage both in action and in thought. It was also evident to all but very prejudiced observers that wealth was not to him an end in itself. But to say that money is only desired for the sake of power, and power for the public service, is but to push the inquiry forward by one stage. We knew that Mr. Rhodes was an Imperialist: but that was not enough; we are all Imperialists now: what we were in doubt about was his ideal of Empire, his analysis of life, his comparative estimate of values.

The revelation, now that it has come, is the more surprising because it establishes at least one marked inconsistency, and shows the existence of an alien, or at any rate an uncommon strand in a character hitherto taken to be of all-British fibre. Or is it no longer unusual among English "city men" to hold that "educational relations form the strongest tie," to put "literary and scholastic attainments" in the first rank of equipments, and to value a university education "for instruction in life and manners" and—most astonishing of all—"for giving breadth to their views?" And do these opinions normally co-exist with a vigorous and repeatedly expressed conviction that it is of no use to have "big ideas unless you have the cash to carry them out?" Yet this inconsistency, this complexity, certainly existed in the mind of a man who was in some respects as simple as a child, and who, in many of his ways, held up the mirror to John Bull himself. We recognise in a flash that he was un-English in other respects too; in the nature of his self-seeking and his unscrupulousness. It was for others through himself that he worked; for others that he fell: in a good cause he would not hesitate to sacrifice his own reputation, his own conscience; for the Empire's sake

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he would be anathema. This is not the way of our people; they will give their souls for their lusts; they will spend on others what they amassed for themselves; but they must be spurred to fortune-seeking by personal interest, and they are more careful of the individual conscience, however puny, than they are of the common welfare.

It is being rumoured about that this will does not, in fact, represent Mr. Rhodes: that he had assistance in the making of it. Most men, all wise men, have assistance in making their wills; and the hand of the lawyer is visible here in the long, ordered sentences which mean what they say and say what they mean. But to those who are familiar with such compositions the dominance of the testator's own style over that of the draughtsman is unusual and remarkable. It is at least equally certain that, whoever may have advised Mr. Rhodes as to the substance of his bequests, here, too, it was, in all that is essential, the intention of the testator that prevailed. If any one is inclined to think otherwise, let him consider how many men there are in England—or in Europe—of sufficient calibre to meet Mr. Rhodes on equal terms, much more to dominate him, and what has been the success of those who are known to have attempted such an enterprise. Let him also consider the complete correspondence between the ideas indicated in Mr. Rhodes's autograph note published by Mr. Stead in the *Review of Reviews* for April, and those set forth in the will, which carries on and develops the same train of thought. If there be a God, he reasons in the note of 1890, then

> As He is manifestly fashioning the English-speaking race as the chosen instrument by which he will bring in a state of Society based upon justice, liberty, and peace, He must obviously wish me to do what I can to give as much scope and power to that race as possible. Hence, if there be a God, I think that what he would like me to do is to paint as much of the map of Africa British red as possible, and to do what I can elsewhere to promote the unity and extend the influence of the English-speaking race.

These views have been known for more than ten years past to some, at any rate, of his intimates, but they were not given

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to or realised by the general public; Mr. Rhodes's speeches show much devotion to his mother country, but not a deep sense of dedication to the service of a higher Power, which must be imagined, if it exist at all, as treating all men impartially as its instruments and beneficiaries. The publication of his will gave to most of us for the first time the certainty that Mr. Rhodes, patriot as he was, looked beyond mere patriotism, that he had learned, in spite of all his wealth, to believe that the forces which count in the world are spiritual and not material, and that even if it is easier to buy a man than to fight him, it is better still to grapple him to your soul with the steel of sympathy and a common education. And if a conclusive proof were needed that these ideas were the lawfully begotten issue of the mind which fathered them, we have only to remember that the form which the testator gave to his scheme, the method by which he sought to create the wider patriotism, the humanist sympathy, the ideal society which he desired, was the foundation of a greater Oxford.

It would be difficult to describe, but impossible to overstate the power with which the genius of Oxford enforces the imagination of those susceptible to such an influence. The mere sentiment, the feelings and memories created by the beauty of the place, and the ideal circumstances in which the years of thought and friendship pass so vividly and so swiftly, are not to be paralleled outside England. As a city Paris may be as old and as historic, Rome has the same atmosphere of familiar perfection, the same consecrated beauty, and in every university of Europe or America there is, and always will be while the tide of life flows through them, the same morning freshness of intellectual passion and romance. But in the Oxonian's belief, Oxford alone has the whole constellation of perfections, and keeps the whole charm unbroken. To him it is always a hundred years ago, and it is always but yesterday, that he passed out into the world:

> Farewell, we said, dear city of youth and dream,
> And in our boat we stepped and took the stream.

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That is a memory bound up with many places, a farewell that is spoken in many languages, but it is significant that the lines were in fact written of Oxford alone, and are part of an intensely imaginative poem, as if she alone had the power to raise a common loyalty to the pitch of inspiration.

The existence and enduring strength of this feeling makes it natural and intelligible that even a man so unacademic in mind as Mr. Rhodes should turn to his old university as a possible means of ensuring the carrying out of his work after his own death. He was, however, far too practical a man, and far too much in earnest, to allow any sentiment to lead him aside from the most direct and effectual path. His justification for choosing the road that passes through Oxford is nevertheless, we believe, complete. Perhaps because he had a world-wide experience of men, perhaps because his eyes were never dazzled by any splendour of his own academic career, he believed that the superiority of an English university training lies in the fact that it gives a pound of education to every ounce of learning. The output of scholarship in the narrow sense, is probably much greater elsewhere, and it may be true that a German or American student, if he is in search of the fruits of "a sterile classicism," would do better to stay in his own country. We are not commending our own inferiority in this respect: if a thing is to be done at all, we wish it could be done here at least as perfectly as elsewhere. But our system has compensations, and they have forcibly struck more impartial observers than Mr. Rhodes. An excellent French writer, criticising rather drastically, in a recent review, the system of his own university of Paris, concludes his argument with these words:

La véritable éducation scientifique consiste dans cette imprégnation d'un jeune esprit en commerce avec une individualité supérieure. Et même si l'on y prend garde, toute éducation se ramène à cela, et c'est une conception très juste qui fait de l'Université, comme en Angleterre, un simple *milieu intelligent*, une atmosphère vivifiante où respire l'élite de la nation. L'on y travaille moins qu'ailleurs, sans doute, dans l'acception pesante du mot, et c'est un point où la

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raillerie est facile et n'a pas été ménagée ; mais l'étudiant vit dans la familiarité quotidienne des plus grands esprits de l'époque ; le ton régnant est une façon de camaraderie bienveillante ; chez les professeurs, le maître n'est pas distinct de l'homme du monde et de tous les jours, en sorte que leur influence pénètre tous les détails de la vie. Quel profit n'y a-t-il pas à s'entretenir à chaque instant avec un Max Müller ! Les jeunes gens le sentent d'instinct, quand ils recherchent la fréquentation et l'amitié du maître qui a su éveiller les parties nobles de leur âme.

It may perhaps come as a pleasant surprise to the ordinary Oxford tutor to hear himself included among "les plus grands esprits de l'époque," but he would not be much less pleased if he could recognise through the veil which lies to this day upon the hearts of all Englishmen, the real feeling with which his old friends and pupils, those who enjoyed "la fréquentation et l'amitié du maître," preserve their recollections of him still fragrant, still pungent ; laid carefully away like some aromatic among the many spiritual garments, now old-fashioned and outgrown, in which the gay soul of youth loved to strut, and which it still regrets and treasures. To hear of the death or resignation of an old tutor or the head of one's own college, is to "go down" again, to feel a loss twice over ; for in the "residential system" which Mr. Rhodes rightly admired, the Don is the most residential part ; the most immediate link with the past in a place where the past is the great secret, the fire to be handed on.

For this is the chief claim, the supreme excellence of Oxford, that the continuity of human thought and aspiration is nowhere else so shiningly visible, so instinctively and intensely felt ; no other place of learning is at once so free of the past and so irresistibly led by the hope of the coming age. Witness after witness attests it ; to one she is "the home of great movements," to another the haunted land of the Scholar Gipsy, of secret learning disembodied of poor feverish life ; or she breathes from her towers the last enchantment of the Middle Age, while to yet another, coming at dusk into the circle of the magic life in which he himself had no place, her streets are thronged with noble shadows of the dead and living,

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indistinguishably mingled, indescribably moving. Our kindly French critic was only half right after all; over and above the "milieu intelligent" and the "camaraderie bienveillante" there is something more strong and subtle, something that no one need attempt to put into words, for to those who have not felt it it is mere folly, and among those who have it is a password that need not be uttered above a whisper.

Mr. Rhodes was of this number, as he has showed clearly enough by touch after touch; and not only by the words he wrote, but by the books he valued and the buildings he planned, we know that he looked to the deepest and oldest roots for the fruit he most desired. The greater Oxford that is to do his work will be a fellowship binding the living not only to each other, but to all that has been great in man; and it will be more than ever conscious of the future, for which it gives its labour. For it is impossible to doubt that the place whose genius is to be brought so much more directly to bear upon the destinies of three Empires, must itself undergo some change in the process. It is not merely that the effect of the introduction of so many more scholars—the addition of two hundred to about six hundred already there—will be a strong and welcome reinforcement of the intellectual side of undergraduate life; but it cannot be supposed that in the presence of a large contingent of foreign and half-foreign allies, recruited from great distances, the main body of the university will ever for a moment be able to lose sight of the objective of the campaign in which all are together engaged, still less of the fact that they are engaged at all. We think, then, that all but those to whom any new thing is an evil in itself, to whom growth is a disease and hope a vice, will look forward to an increase of keenness, a widening of the outlook of our home-keeping youth, a kindling of the national imagination; and, possibly, to a successful result to a vast and splendid experiment. And, whether these expectations be fulfilled or not, we are glad that such an experiment should be made for the credit of the English name; for even those who most deplored

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Mr. Rhodes's materialistic tendencies, and condemned him for unscrupulousness, must admit that no man in modern times has put forward a wider or more generous ideal of that spirit of patriotism from which the life of nations must, as far as we can see, continue to draw its health and strength.

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ON THE LINE

The French People. By Arthur Hassall. (William Heinemann. 6*s*.)—Hard is it for the Anglo-Saxon to seize the spirit of the people who have made experiments in the art of governing for the instruction of the world, the wayward children of politics, whom not to love, despite all faults, is impossible for those who really know them. If Mr. Hassall has not achieved his difficult task with complete success, he has at all events given us a lucid and satisfying bird's-eye view of French history. He has traced its continuity from the mediæval times to the present day. For instance, we are made to feel the analogy between Etienne Marcel's democratic movement after the reverse at Poitiers and Gambetta's provisional government after the fall of Napoleon III. The great movements which have determined the progress and tendency of the nation are brought out in bold relief. The sense of proportion which is observed throughout is specially commendable.

Half the book is given to the pre-revolution period. From the confused early beginnings, the fusing of the races, the decay of the Roman influence, we pass to the energy and capacities of the people during the crusades which gave France a leading position among the nations, and the steps by which the unity of France was achieved under Hugh Capet, Philippe Auguste and St Louis. The crusade against the Albigenses is interestingly described, "when it seemed as if the South would begin a municipal and democratic revolution dangerous to the church." After the strength and progress of France in

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the thirteenth century, its weakness during the Hundred Years War must always be a problem to English students, and the causes are here carefully analysed. There is nothing more noteworthy in French history than its marvellous recovery after periods of disaster and depression such as the Hundred Years War, the Revolution, and the German War of 1870. The ample materials for the modern period have been well utilised. Justice is done to the great constructive work of Napoleon I., though we think Mr. Hassall insists too much upon its being a new departure in the way of centralisation. Much of it was an adaptation of the symmetrical centralised lines of the monarchy, which accord with the French genius for methodical order. And is it not rash to lay down that "it is by developing a local spirit such as exists in England that France will find the best means for improving the radical defects of her Government and for remedying the evils of her free Press"? At no time in French history is there any sign that the system which is our pride showed any tendency to take root and flourish spontaneously.

We are realising how important it is to study French history alongside of English, and Mr. Hassall's accurate and suggestive book will give valuable aid, in a form not available elsewhere, both to students of history and to students of contemporary French politics.

In **The Early History of Venice** (Allen. 7*s.* 6*d.* net) Mr. F. C. Hodgson gives a detailed narrative of Venetian history from its early origins down to the surprising Fourth Crusade in 1204, when the forces of the Christian allies were diverted by the policy of Enrico Dandolo, the old blind Doge, to the capture of Venice's old enemy, Zara, on the Dalmatian coast, the assault on Constantinople and the subversion of the Greek Empire which had become obnoxious to Dandolo. This event is a turning-point in Venetian annals, and the Republic henceforth occupied a new position as absolute mistress of the Mediterranean.

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The early history of Venice is of unique interest, and all historical students will be indebted to Mr. Hodgson for this very scholarly work, founded on minute research into original authorities, and embodying all the learning of the Germans on the subject. A third part of Mr. Horatio F. Brown's well-known "History of Venice" covers the same ground, but by confining himself to the early centuries, Mr. Hodgson is enabled to go into details which are not easily accessible elsewhere. The causes which enabled Venice to maintain her isolation and independence against both Rome and Constantinople, to escape feudal influence, and to develop her democratic constitution are brought out. While election to high offices for short terms was common in the Western Empire, the peculiarity of the office of Doge was that it was an elective office for life, that it never became hereditary, and that the institution lasted for eleven centuries. Of the early doges, the most remarkable are Pietro Orseolo II., the friend of the Emperor Otto III., who conquered Dalmatia in 1000, and Enrico Dandolo. Mr. Hodgson discusses at length the opinion advanced that Dandolo had been bribed by the Sultan of Egypt to prevent the crusading host assembled at Venice from carrying out the original plan of crusade, and it is satisfactory that he is able to agree with M. Hanotaux, the French Minister, who has also investigated the subject, that the charge is groundless, and is due to the mistaken date of a treaty between Venice and Egypt. The whole story of the Fourth Crusade amply repays the closest examination. It has been told in the *langue d'oïl* of the Isle of France by one of the chief actors, Villehardouin, and the charm and spirit of the old chronicles are illustrated by Mr. Hodgson's full quotations.

The growth of the city, the history of the early churches and monasteries, the ecclesiastical system, the early Levant trade are all treated with equal minuteness. It is impossible to give too much credit for the thoroughness and critical care with which Mr. Hodgson has completed his task. Students who care to go below the surface will find here rich sources of

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information opened to them in one of the most interesting fields of early mediæval history.

English Music in the Nineteenth Century. By J. A. Fuller Maitland. (Grant Richards. 5*s*.)—The difficulties of writing a brief conspectus of the history of a given period are notorious. Mr. Fuller Maitland's sketch of the development of English music during the last century is a good example of how the thing should be done. He has resolutely cut down unnecessary names and dates and has kept himself as far as possible to the task of tracing the main streams of influence which have affected English composers during the prescribed time. Thus the reader closes the book not dulled or confused by an undigested mass of facts, but with a distinct mental picture of the march of music in England, in which the harmonies of perspective are carefully observed and no section is unduly elaborated at the expense of the others. Mr. Fuller Maitland has his sympathies and even his prejudices, but we do not like him the less on that account. A historian without the touch of nature that makes us all kin is apt to leave his readers as cold as himself. Mr. Fuller Maitland's prejudices do not seriously impair his impartiality. In his remarks upon Sullivan, a composer whose work obviously makes no special appeal to him, he pays a willing tribute to the really valuable work which that gifted musician accomplished in raising the standard of taste of the theatre-going public and so preparing the way for a national school of opera. And here he indicates not only the strength of Sullivan but the weakness of some of his predecessors and contemporaries, who have failed to make any mark upon their epoch, not because what they wrote was superficial or insincere, but because they were out of touch with the world in which they lived. Mr. Fuller Maitland's division of his history into periods is happily managed, though it is a trifle grandiloquent to speak of Sir Hubert Parry's and Mr. Stanford's appearance upon the scene as the Renaissance of English music. There were brave men before Agamemnon, and

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people talked about Macfarren in the sixties very much as we now talk about Sir Hubert; also we fancy that a younger historian than Mr. Fuller Maitland would probably date the aforesaid Renaissance from, let us say, the decisive appearance of Mr. Elgar, and the recent remarkable revival of interest in orchestral as opposed to choral music. The fact is that terms of this kind are decidedly more subjective than objective. The Renaissance of music means, as a rule, to each one of us precisely the time at which we awake to a sense of what music is and can be. However, Mr. Fuller Maitland has treated the leaders of his Renaissance with conspicuous intelligence and sympathy, though he has somehow omitted in his sketch of Sir Hubert Parry's career all reference to the music which the composer wrote for the performance of the *Agamemnon* at Cambridge in 1900. In the later chapters of the book, which deal with the rising generation of English musicians, a certain congestion of names was almost unavoidable. No one who is not a prophet can say which of the many promising youngsters, who have cropped up during the last few years, are going to be the composers of the future. Mr. Fuller Maitland's plain duty was to leave no one out in the cold, who has done anything worth mentioning, and though the names of a good many of his budding geniuses are entirely unknown even to a pretty sedulous concert-goer, we prefer that in this case he should err upon the side of generosity. But with regard to singers, and, in fact, to executants of all kinds, he is distinctly too profuse. These gentry serve their purpose admirably and many of them make good incomes, but their connection with the history of music is of the slightest. In one or two rare instances it is possible to trace the influence of an executant upon the music of his time.

Dr. Joachim, for example, may fairly be said to have had a share in forming our musical taste during the past fifty years, and the level of song-writing in England has been sensibly heightened by the presence of singers, such as Mr. Plunket Greene, capable of giving expression to the noblest imaginings.

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of a musician. Sometimes, too—though, it is to be hoped, more rarely still—it will be found that a certain singer has been the means of creating a taste for music of a degraded and degrading type; but, as a rule, executants merely follow the lead given them by the public—and in a very dilatory manner. Mr. Fuller Maitland's book would have been no less valuable as a record of English music, if he had confined his attention to music pure and simple and had left its interpreters to take care of themselves. Still, the blemishes of the book are few, and for sheer knowledge, no less than for breadth of view, it deserves to rank high among recent contributions to musical literature.

Contentio Veritatis. Essays in Constructive Theology. By Six Oxford Tutors. (Murray. 12*s.* net.)—We understand that the appearance of this volume of essays has been expected with eager interest, and even with alarm in some quarters. It is regarded, and rightly regarded, as the manifesto of the rising Broad Church School in Oxford; as the work of men individually distinguished in various branches of learning, and united in their desire for a free treatment of the problems of Christianity not only in its historical and critical aspects, but also on the practical and social side. We may say at once that the interest is more than justified, the alarm quite unfounded. For the dominant note of the whole book is a reverent conservatism, which would have been impossible in such a work fifty years ago; a conservatism which is surprising to-day till we remember that it is the natural and inevitable result of liberty of thought and discussion which have only lately been permitted, at any rate to the clergy. If the methods of the writers are uncompromising, there is nothing in their tone or their conclusions which should distress even the most punctilious orthodoxy. Their purpose is

> to awaken interest, to suggest subjects for careful thought, or at most to give a wider currency to ideas which are for the most part familiar enough to professed students of philosophy and theology.

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Indeed, it almost seemed to us on a first reading that there were some things here which were hardly worth setting down, as they must needs form part of the intellectual equipment of all who think at all on religious questions. Yet it is still possible for a presumably educated man to announce from the pulpit to an educated congregation that the strictly historical evidence of the Resurrection is better than the evidence for the death of Julius Cæsar. It is not safe to take it for granted that people will see obvious facts: still less that they will draw any inference from them when they do see them. Therefore, the publication of a book like *Contentio Veritatis*, which sets forth the results of trained inquiry in religious subjects plainly and modestly, is both necessary and eminently beneficial at the present time. We welcome it first as a protest against the laboured revival of mediæval obscurantism, which grievously cripples the devoted work of its own supporters, and is driving educated men out of the churches altogether; second, because it may tend to set its authors and those whom they represent in a truer light with their brethren of the more old-fashioned orthodoxy; that, as Mr. Allen says, free inquiry may

> present itself neither as the foe of Christianity nor as its conqueror, but rather as its ally; [and come] to them not in the guise of a dreaded enemy, much less of a victorious enemy, but rather as a long-desired and gladly welcomed friend.

And last we welcome it as frankly stating what should be the attitude of Christians to those who are honestly unable to accept their conclusions:

> The scepticism with which the story of the Incarnation is often regarded by thoughtful people must not be condemned as a perverse refusal to accept a narrative which is unusually well attested, still less as a judicial blindness.

Surely to admit so much is not an unworthy capitulation, but the only basis of sincere and profitable argument.

Of the seven essays, one is historical, two deal with the criticism of documents, and the rest are theological in the stricter sense. It is earnestly to be hoped that the philosophical terminology which is demanded by Dr. Rashdall's subject will not discourage the general reader; for if he

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perseveres he will be rewarded by a very lucid and genial statement of the intellectual basis of the belief in God. The argument of this essay must form part of the equipment of every one who has to deal with philosophic unbelief: and it is not in its controversial aspect that it is most valuable, but in its power to confirm and reassure the many weaker brethren whom a little learning has unsettled. Of Mr. Inge's work it is hard to speak at all within the limits of a short review. Both his essays possess, of course, solid learning and great literary beauty, but they have also a higher element which speaks straight to the soul of the reader, which is the purest spirit of that mystical Christianity of which Mr. Inge has made so profound a study. His essay on the Sacraments especially seems to us the very perfect type of what we should expect and desire from enlightened piety. Starting from the data of the "Golden Bough," he evolves a sacramental doctrine higher and more catholic than any that has yet been formulated, because it has its claim and its appeal for every part of human nature.

Mr. Wyld's account of the "Teaching of Christ" is happily less negative and unsatisfying than Dr. Harnack's, with which a comparison is inevitable. He seems to us to minimise unduly the importance of "Son of Man" as a Messianic title, but this is a minor point amid much that is excellent; and his treatment of the problem of Miracles is really enlightening.

The authors of the two essays on Criticism deserve our gratitude for the resolute unselfishness with which they have confined themselves to what is common property and intelligible to the non-expert mind in their difficult subject. We must confess that we finished Mr. Carlyle's paper with some disappointment, the more so because he seems to have been withheld from giving us the definite conclusions which we desire, by a reticence unnecessary in a question largely historical.

It is greatly to be feared that practical persons with no nonsense about them, who have laid it down once for all that the aim of education is to generate the Effective Bagman, will be driven to the verge of frenzy by John Huntley Skrine's

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Pastor Agnorum. (Longmans. 5*s.* net.) This deplorable theorist, relying on Edward Thring's paradox that boys have souls, commits himself to the position that a teacher's real business is not with the Chemistry of dye stuffs, nor for the matter of that with Attic syntax, but with what he is pleased to call the Art of Living.

> All that the teacher can do is to help set free in his scholars a life which is born in them from above, and make the paths straight and the ways smooth for that energy which is the Divine made flesh—we must suppose that the usefullest study for a teacher will be the laws by which heaven commingles with earth.

Accordingly he has a great deal to say about the obsolete and quite unnegotiable virtues

> Truth and honoure, freedom and curtesie,

and little or nothing of the really valuable qualities which Matthew Prior admired in the Dutch nation, and which we are taught to envy and imitate in the Germans. And this misguided gentleman, having repudiated the Ledger as the basis of education, will have nothing to do with the Syllabus either. He actually pokes fun at the College of Preceptors, and derides Chairs of Pedagogy, arguing in his light way that the demand for them shows a lack of humour somewhere. The trouble is that our perverse idealist, who disregards the commercial and sniffs profanely at the *a priori* theoretic, shows a deep and convincing knowledge of boy nature, and is full of wise and even original counsels on the trivial problems which thrust themselves on the schoolmaster, but do not interest the educationalist. This is a very dangerous and subversive book. What is to become of us if once we begin to suspect that the British Empire is founded, not on Handbooks of Technology and the Complete Underseller, but on Character, on chivalrous instincts and self-effacing devotion, which do not carry marks in a competitive examination?

We are tempted to believe that the herald and the genealogist are at last to have a satisfactory periodical of their own. **The Ancestor**, an illustrated quarterly review—(Constable.

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5s. net.)—starts life with every prospect of an honourable and useful career. Its exterior, its print, paper and illustrations are all good, and the contents of the first number attractive, and, so far as we have been able to judge of them, sound and well chosen. We do not feel inclined to go the whole way with Mr. Oswald Barron in his "Heraldry Revived"; putting the clock back is always a doubtful proceeding; but we cordially agree with him that in this case it does need putting right, and it certainly is not at present in good going order. Mr. Round's four short papers would alone give distinction to the number; and Sir George Sitwell contributes a most interesting study of the origin and history of "The English Gentleman," upon which we should like to hear a thorough discussion. Mr. St. John Hope's paper on "The King's Coronation Ornaments," and Mr. Wickham Legg's on three books connected with the Coronation ceremonies, give an air of actuality which is reasonable enough at this particular moment, but which we hope the Editor will make no great effort to keep up in future; his subjects are too interesting in themselves to need any hanging on pegs, and can seldom, we are thankful to think, lay claim to any kind of utility.

A famous painter of our day was wont at one time to take portraits of such men as were, he thought, the men of the future. He formed in this way a gallery of conjectures; he challenged time and time alone could prove whether he had guessed right or wrong. Mr. Fisher Unwin, enterprising publisher of "The First Novel Library," makes a challenge of the same kind. Whether he will discover a Stevenson, a Barrie, a Rudyard Kipling, or a brilliant genius who will cause us to forget all three, remains to be seen. His first venture is, as it should be, full of the charm of the unknown. **Wistons** —(by Miles Amber. 6s.)—is the first novel of some one who ought to write more. The division into three parts suggests an arithmetical division of readers. Everybody must like Part I. which is called "Betty"; nobody can like Part II. which is called "Robin"; and about half the people who were delighted

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with Part I. will admire Part III., which is called "Esther and Rhoda." With touches of minute perfection the little sisters are set before us—their shadowy father, their beautiful, idle, uncanny gipsy-mother, their old nurse Betty, and the faithful Madgwick. The writer has woven an air of strangeness round the whole that makes the strangest incident only natural. Provided that no one attempts to read it aloud when a man is present, we accept without a murmur the instantaneous betrothal of Esther, and the assassination of Rhoda; even (though under protest) the death of Robin. But we cannot accept the intrusion of the fifth-rate minions of society who are thrust upon Esther by her irresponsible husband. The author has no gift of satire: the style falls with the subject. The word *realise* begins to vex the ear as pure gamboge vexes the eyes of some people in a sketch. It seems almost incredible that the same hand which wrought the subtle pathos, the delicate irony of other passages, should have set down this vulgar stuff. The relief of the reader when Mrs. Robin runs away from it all is greater than her own. She would have run back to her childhood, could she have done so. She too, like every one else in the book, except Betty and Madgwick, is irresponsible. Esther who needed but could not command love, Rhoda who commanded and did not need it, are alike in one desire only, the passionate wish and will to be themselves. The lovely, self-sufficing Rhoda, who might have succeeded, dies; Esther, who could not succeed—inasmuch as she was born for duty and religion though she owned neither—is left alive. The mystic epilogue strikes a wrong note. We are not concerned with abstract questions; we are far too unhappy at that moment. Miles Amber trifles with our tears.

Audrey. By Mary Johnston. (Constable. 6*s.*)—We are grateful to any writer who maintains the sense of romance in this introspective world and, for this reason alone, we are grateful to the author of "Audrey." Her romance is neither of the dashing Dumas school, nor is it of the subtler kind that deals with complicated characters and situations. It is a fantastic romance

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and it matters very little to what time or place it belongs. As a matter of fact, it concerns the Virginia of the eighteenth century, the Virginia of "Colonel Esmond of Castlewood," and it tells us of Indians and traders and rebels and ladies, and of rich planters in ruffles and governors in full-bottomed wigs. But all through their adventures, it is fantasy—a rather elaborate fantasy—which gives them vitality, rather than the power of character-study or noteworthy dramatic skill. The heroine, Audrey, dreamer and Dryad, half child, half woman—Audrey, the drudge at the glebe-house, the unconscious genius, whom Sorrow took in hand and turned into a great actress—is a pleasing poetic conception; but when we lay the book down, we hardly believe in her. And there is more picturesque charm than vividness about the rest of the *dramatis personæ*: about the Virginian gentleman who made himself her guardian, the man of fashion and of letters, who crossed the sea to sow his wild oats in London and returned to America to love her; or about her rival, Evelyn Byrd, the well-bred, self-renouncing beauty—or about the lover's rival, the half-breed, Hugon, who brings about the crisis of the story. They all inhabit a mystic world with a climate of its own; and though they interest us much, we cannot hold them quite accountable for their passions or their deeds. Miss Johnston's real art lies in seizing the atmosphere of places and of seasons rather than of human hearts. She knows how to paint misty mountain and brown forest, the red-bird and the mocking-bird, the spring-time and the autumn in Virginia. Here is her picture of early spring there:

> Everywhere was earnest of future riches. In the forest the blood-root was in flower, and the blue-bird and the red-bird flashed from the maple that was touched with fire to the beech just lifted from a pale green fountain. . . . The sun lay warm upon upturned earth, blackbirds rose in squadrons and darkened the yet leafless trees, and every wind brought rumours of the heyday toward which the earth was spinning.

Such is the beginning of the chapter before the last; but it gives no foretaste of the end. Those who care for historical romances will get the book and discover that for themselves.

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A FOOT-NOTE TO IMPERIAL FEDERATION

THERE is a sense in which the Boer War may be classified as far from "epoch-making." It is local and it is isolated, geographically isolated, and unless we agree that Europe is the whole world, politically isolated. In its causes, progress and consequences it has been and will be as thoroughly a domestic affair as the American Civil War. Indeed, Yankeephobia in the sixties took on a more practical shape than the Anglophobia of to-day has thought prudent to assume. Still there has been a spiritual and verbal waspishness on the Continent, not caused but certainly greatly inflamed by the South African War. The Boers have indirectly enabled us to take its measure with some exactitude. The sword which Mr. Kruger expected to see thrust in his hands either remained in its sheath or was unaccountably placed for him to sit on; and from this instructive issue of his Continental tour a light of singular steadiness and precision has been thrown on the realities of sea-power. It is now realised, abroad at any rate—one cannot well say at home too, with Mr. Brodrick and his precious Six Army Corps staring us in the face—and with something of the force of an international axiom, that so long as the British fleet remains unengaged, our true and vital strength is hardly impaired. Anglophobia, we have seen, has all the properties that Senator Mason, of Illinois, could wish for it, except the property of influencing foreign policy. A sportive *parergon* with the

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French, and in Germany a way of whistling to keep the national courage up—the last two years have schooled us to watch its dramatics without excessive emotion. Of far more moment than this have been the effects of the war on our internal economy. It has largely dissipated that wondrous legend of the wisdom of Ministers which so far has served as a saving-clause in our democratic system. It has awakened, too, and in every corner of the kingdom, a spirit which is the sworn foe of shiftlessness and vested incompetence, and sets efficiency for the moment as the thing above all others that we have to strive for.

This, no doubt, is much; yet, if it were all, the Boer War, except as regards South Africa, could scarcely claim to rank as one of the decisive events of history. We have to look beyond its ephemeral incidents and beyond England to find the fact that redeems it. When the war broke out, and during its first few critical months, I was able to take note, by personal observations in the greatest of our sister nations, how quickly it ceased to be England's war alone. The Imperial *reveillé* was no sooner sounded than every quarter of the British world awoke to the response; and the answering note of loyalty and patriotism that swung over the seven seas was as instinctive and enthusiastic as that of the English people themselves. Colenso unified the Empire; it welded it into a vibrating whole. And that, it is well worth reiterating, is not only the overshadowing and transforming fact of the struggle with the Boers, it is one of the greatest facts in English history. One might even go farther without exaggeration. This voluntary union of self-governing communities, in spite of all differences of interests, temperament and environment, on behalf of a cause that appealed to their common patriotism and conscience, was a spectacle to which the whole world, except possibly in the Crusades, has never shown a parallel. What lay behind it? It was not self-interest, though the complete interdependence of all portions of the Empire needed, perhaps, the flame of war to make it a reality. When the flame burst forth it was

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quickly and concretely grasped. It was not merely a reasoned sympathy for the Outlanders in the oppression to which they were subjected. Still less was it, as Mr. Goldwin Smith would characteristically persuade us, just the restlessness of youth seeking excitement and new experiences. Nor again was it solely that Canadians, Australians, and New Zealanders, with that penetrating clearness of vision that used to be an English quality too, saw at once in the war a square conflict between irreconcilable ideals and still more irreconcilable political ambitions. The conviction that England was fighting another of her innumerable battles for the true principles of freedom did, no doubt, give an immense propulsion to their world-wide rally. But it was not the dominant impulse that prompted and, indeed, made it imperative for them to do something, sacrifice something for the Empire. Their spring to the side of the mother country when for a moment she seemed in danger was too instinctive and irrepressible to be explained by analysis. Its motive power was race and that passionate attachment to England and the Crown which is, perhaps, the nearest approach to a common religion that British subjects, or any other subjects, possess.

No one can quite know the strength or even the direction of this feeling who has not lived in the colonies themselves and freed himself for years at a stretch from England and its thousand blinding littlenesses. We talk Empire here, and within our limitations strive hard at times to feel it; but it is not really in our blood, it is not an inseparable part of our sentient make-up, this side of Jamaica or Quebec. From the colonial standpoint there seems always something in the last resort that eludes us, some deficiency of imagination or dramatic sympathy—or perhaps it is the accumulated easy-goingness of an old society—that makes us a little wonder at the elemental enthusiasms of the true colonial. At the back of his mind the Englishman does not quite admit the Australian or New Zealander to an equality with himself. There are always some mental reservations in his attitude, reservations that without

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his knowing it do convey a rather grating sense of superiority. The Englishman feels much more strongly that the Empire belongs to England than England to the Empire, and there is a kind of sub-conscious resentment, a sense almost of intrusion, when the colonial puts in an equal claim to the affections of the mother-land. Considering how powerfully the imperfections of our national character work against an appreciation of whatever is intangible, this is perhaps not to be wondered at. Even the merely political spirit of Imperialism is a thing of yesterday's growth. Can we be truthfully said to have discovered the British Empire before the Diamond Jubilee? The dominating Cobdenism of forty years ago, which looked upon the colonials as so many purchasers of Manchester cotton and Birmingham hardware, we have indeed outgrown. No statesman to-day would quote approvingly, as Lord Granville did, Turgot's analogy between a colony and a cluster of fruit that hangs on the tree only till it is ripe. There is no talk nowadays of "cutting the painter" or "educating the colonies in independence." The absorption of Canada into the United States, which used to be speculated on so lightly in the early seventies, we should now regard as an irreparable calamity. The Empire is not in the least danger of slipping through our fingers for sheer lack of the energy or the desire to close them. On the contrary, now that we have come to a right political valuation of empire, and grasped without reserve the doctrine of each for all and all for each, we are even excessive in our eagerness to manufacture fresh ties of union and bind the branches of the race still closer to the parent stem. We show, perhaps, something of the zeal of the newly converted, but a few extravagances may be forgiven for the sake of the spirit behind them. To have the spirit of sympathy as we have it now is, after all, everything. It can hardly be commended or encouraged too much; it may even do practical good. But it can never work along sound lines, or produce results up to the fulness of its capacity, unless there is a clearer appreciation of the mental habits of the colonial and particu-

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larly of the ins and outs of his feeling towards the mother country.

The Colonial approaches nearer the American than the English type. He has the directness, the emotionalism, the freshness, the impatience of restraint, the invigorating optimism of the typical American, with possibly a larger stock of solidity. His character and temperament, in the common phrase, are got up in good plain black and white. The virtues of a young and confident society are his—the nearness to the elemental simplicities, the frankness and openness that respond so overwhelmingly to a touch of sentiment and the breezy force that holds true to Anglo-Saxon strength and deficiencies in its disdain for whatever cannot be set about and polished off "right away." We make a great mistake if we imagine that it is our colonial system that mainly appeals to his loyalty. Self-government, equal rights and freedom from interference are indeed the pre-requisites of loyalty in the sense that they leave little or nothing for discontent to take hold of. They "clear the ground" better than any form of administration that has yet been devised, and no one would think of replacing them. But it is one of the vulgarest errors of statesmanship to suppose that the mere excellence of a system can do anything more than lay the foundation of devotion to the country that supplies it. It is a vivid hiatus in the philosophy of our rule in India that we claim the affections of the natives on the score of our racial superiority and the all-round perfection of the government we give them, forgetting that pride in the British race is something that only a Britisher can be genuinely stirred by, and that law and order and honest administration have little attractiveness for a generation that has known nothing else. Something of the same mistake we fall into with the Colonies. The control of their own offices and lands, the liberty to fix their own tariffs and manage their internal affairs in their own way, were desiderata only when they were withheld. They have been yielded long since, and are now accepted as a matter of course, as part of the ordained condition of

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things, for which any special gratitude is superfluous. The real virtue of our colonial system is that it makes loyalty possible; it gives it something to build on, and prepares the soil for its fruition; but the forces that create and bring it to activity are wholly outside the machinery of even the best-regulated rule.

The man who pulls up his stakes in England and transplants himself to one of the colonies finds after awhile that the perspective of distance gives him a composite view of the mother-land very different from any he had achieved as a mere Englishman. When he thinks of England, it is of the country as a whole, idealised with the glamour of absence. It is the England of history and legend, the England of Oxford and old cathedral towns, of rich country lanes and appealing, unforgettable meadows and glades, the England of endless and yet restful pageantry where the old and the new blend in an air of comfort that is never crude and of romance that somehow never stales—it is this England, which he sums up in the word "home," that grips him most closely. Home and all it stands for, not only to him but to his children and his children's children. The Prince of Wales laid his finger on the very pulse of Empire when he mentioned those he had met and talked with on his tour, men and women born in the Colonies, never having seen England and with little expectation, though with an imperishable hope, of seeing it, who yet thought and spoke of it as "home" and "the old country." That they should do this, not from sentimental affectation but naturally and among themselves, gives us a glimpse of the silken thread that makes the Empire one. The Union Jack, which is one thing to us in London, is another and far more searching and significant symbol to them, not to be seen or thought of without a swelling pride of silence. Once for all it is sentiment that is the indestructible basis of the Empire. Indestructible one may fairly say, since even the Colonial Office has been unable to destroy it. It is by recognising and responding to sentiment that we bind the Empire most firmly, and it was

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because we did neither thirty years ago that we all but lost our inheritance. It may even surprise some of our M.P.s to know that the average colonial has little use for any English institutions except such as allow sentiment to twine around them. He is devoted to England and the Crown, but instinctively he fights shy of Downing Street. For the squabbles of our Ins and Outs and the dreary whirlpool of party politics he cares not one brass farthing. Westminster, if it wins his respect at all, wins it as "the mother of Parliaments," not as the home of the present Parliament. The Colonial Office, so far from appealing to him as the heart and brain centre of the Empire, stands—or rather stood—simply as the essence of a phenomenal and ubiquitous tactlessness. To have wiped out this reputation is Mr. Chamberlain's crowning achievement; but what comment on the deficiencies of our sense of Empire could be more illuminating than the well-remembered surprise of the country that so able and powerful a statesman should have accepted, and even preferred, the Colonial Office portfolio? And what more ingenuous than the popular amazement at discovering that the new Colonial Secretary had actually a policy? Even to-day there are curious delusions as to what it is that Mr. Chamberlain has really done for the Empire. He is spoken of constantly, and even by men of some eminence, as the true and only begetter of colonial Imperialism. But for him, it has been claimed, and in so many words, the "splendid and spontaneous rally" of the Empire to the side of the mother-land would not have taken place. Such extravagances serve simply to measure the leeway we have yet to make up. Mr. Chamberlain's tenure of the Colonial Office has, indeed, been of surpassing value—but to us, not to the Colonies. He has roused the spirit of Empire—but it was not in Canada or Australia, but in England, that it lay dormant. It is our eyes he has opened and we whom he has educated to see and appreciate what every colonial has long felt by instinct.

We've drunk to our English brother
(But he does not understand).

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Mr. Chamberlain *does* understand, and in great part he has made England understand too. It is more pleasing to our national pride to suppose that we have created what we have merely recognised, but it is not the historical fact. The response has been the fuller and heartier, no doubt, for the new assurance of sympathy and welcome, but, as a matter of strict record, the Colonies were Imperialists before we were, and England to-day is simply collecting herself to reach their level.

The drift of English policy during the past thirty years has, it can hardly be doubted, been away from Europe and towards the Empire. More and more are we outgrowing the Palmerstonian ambitions and coming to entrench ourselves behind the Empire, and the master-problem of Imperial politics during the twentieth century will be the development of this new ideal of racial unity. Now, if it be true that beyond everything else what holds the Empire together and gives it a generic vitality is that intangible compound of patriotism and pride in the stock and pride in England and English history which we include in the term "sentiment," it must follow that mechanical devices alone cannot be depended upon to produce Federation, or anything but the husk of it, and that all schemes which take that for their goal can only win real acceptance in proportion as they allow for sentiment. Machinery of whatever sort, whether in the shape of an Imperial Zollverein or a Pan-Britannic Senate, will be serviceable so far as, but no farther than, it squares with the emotional basis of Empire. To all such plans there is one infallible touchstone to be applied. Is there anything in this for the larger patriotism to take hold of? Does the idea that runs through it make a successful appeal to anything but one's sense of what ought to be in a perfectly mathematical world? In a word, does it give scope for sentiment, or is it at bottom but one more expression of the fallacy that the Empire is a problem in algebra? But, it may be said, legislation can only deal with the concrete; if deference to a host of vague unspoken feelings is to be its principle, nothing can be done. On the contrary, much can be done, and done at

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once, though the right formula is hard to come by. One might lay it down that the puzzle of Imperial Federation is to get Kipling and the Kipling spirit written on the Statute-book, and as a rough-and-ready hint of the combination of practicality and sympathetic imagination that is needed, the definition might stand. Unless there be the certainty that the response comes from the heart, or whatever else may be the seat of patriotic emotion, our endeavours to knit the Empire more closely together in spirit as well as on parchment must ultimately be sterile. This has been conspicuously seen in the case of the Pan-Britannic Senate notion, put forward by Sir Wilfrid Laurier at the time of the Diamond Jubilee. It was found that to the average colonial, in Canada, the West Indies, New Zealand, or Australia, the idea did not commend itself; that "the old British principle of representation" left him curiously cold; that he was rather repelled than attracted by the possibility of its extension. And this for two reasons. He could not see that the proposed Imperial Council would be any improvement on the Agents-General or fulfil any vital function; and by instinct he drew back from any strengthening of the formal bonds of Empire. Mr. Reid, the Premier of New South Wales, gave the frankest expression at the time to his distrust of any scheme that would bring the Colonies into closer relation with Downing Street. Manufacture fresh political ties, of whatever kind, he argued, and you merely multiply occasions for misunderstandings; and he enlarged with much good humour and courage, and with perfect truth, on the progressive ratio between loyalty and non-interference. It may seem paradoxical, and it is in a sense unflattering, but none the less it is what marks out our Empire from all others; and there is no other condition of the relationship on which it would be more unwise to infringe.

What, of course, is wanted is something that will be satisfying to the sentiment of Empire and at the same time demonstrably useful. The Imperial Council project was neither one thing nor the other; the idea of an Imperial

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Zollverein stands, of course, on a different plane, but its warmest advocates will not deny that it is still too inchoate to be of pressing significance. There remain, however, three pathways that may be followed up with immediate advantage. One leads to a common system of naval and military defence; the other to the establishment of England as the supreme educational centre of the Empire;[1] the third to an Imperial Civil Service. The first of these has already been largely discussed, and in this article it is enough to express the conviction that it meets at all points the essentials of the movement towards Federation, that it is both practically beneficial and harmonises with and encourages the underlying spirit which keeps the Empire whole. As much, too, may be said for any scheme that would give to the graduates of colonial colleges and universities the chance of completing their studies in England. At present for a great portion of the Empire the seat of advanced learning is in the United States, and on an average not less than one hundred and fifty British subjects are to be found each year taking the graduate course in American universities, simply because no provision is made for their needs in England. The new degrees of Bachelor of Letters and Bachelor of Science conferred by Oxford and Cambridge on graduates of foreign universities who pursue some definite course of study in England are not understood, and are not greatly valued abroad. Both in Germany and America—and on such a point their example counts for rather more than ours—post-graduate work ends in a thesis and the award of a doctorate; and this assuredly will have to be the termination of any course that may be organised in England if it is intended to be of real service. Is it too much to hope that Oxford and Cambridge may wake up to the duty they owe the Empire in this matter? Within the past thirty years they have expanded with unlooked-for activity and success, and never before did they touch the national life at so many points

[1] This was written before the publication of Mr. Rhodes's will, which strikingly confirms our contributor's views.—Editor.

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as to-day. They have become democratic; may they not also become Imperial? They have risen strongly and capably to the needs of Great Britain, but the process of readjustment to twentieth-century conditions demands for its perfection something more than that. It demands that the needs of Greater Britain shall be recognised too, and on all grounds it is better that Oxford and Cambridge should pay heed to them rather than London or Birmingham. This is a matter that appeals more closely to the Colonies than may be readily imagined. From conversation with undergraduates and professors in Canada and the West Indies, and from not a little intercourse with those picked and ambitious colonials who now are driven to Harvard, Yale and Cornell for what Oxford and Cambridge should but cannot give them, I gathered most strongly the conviction that the establishment of a post-graduate course in connection with an English university would be a real service to the unity of the Empire. That students would not be lacking, that the opportunity to round off their education in England would be joyfully and instantaneously seized upon, I never heard disputed. What could be more significant, under this head, than the memorandum from the New Zealand Government to the Colonial Secretary suggesting that Queen Victoria's reign could not be more worthily commemorated than by organising a post-graduate college in affiliation with the London University? Better in London than not at all; but it is from Oxford and Cambridge that a move would be most welcomed. The fame and traditions, the atmospheric fragrance of those universities are a precious part of the blended memories and conceptions of England that the colonist keeps fresh within him; and I can imagine no more effective spur to learning than to hold out before the young Canadian or New Zealander or Australian the prospect of completing his studies within their walls. Nor is this all. The men who would take the post-graduate course would for the most part on their return home become teachers, professors and schoolmasters. To them would fall the task of training successive generations

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of colonials, and can it be questioned but that their stay at Oxford or Cambridge would broaden their Imperial sympathies and leave its lasting effects on them and their pupils? To every corner of our possessions we should be sending out a missionary of Empire.

Not unrelated to this proposal is that of an Imperial Civil Service. Here again the Colonial Office has in its archives at least one formal petition asking that the English beyond the seas might have an equal chance with the English at home to share in the government of the Empire. The petition came from the governing bodies and professors of Australasian Universities, and was suggested to them by an address of Lord Tennyson's in which well-educated young Australians were advised to look to the Indian Civil Service as a career. Lord Tennyson's words were eagerly taken up in other portions of the Empire besides Australia, and nowhere more warmly than in Canada, where a similar idea has long been entertained. Commissions in the army and cadetships in the navy have for many years been within the reach of colonial candidates, and it cannot be doubted that those who have qualified for them have directly and indirectly contributed essentially to the oneness of the Empire. What is now required is an extension of this admirable policy to appointments in the Indian Civil Service and the other administrative departments that are of Imperial scope and character—the Foreign Office, for instance, the Admiralty and War Office, the Colonial Office, the India Office. To meet this requirement, all that is necessary is that the entrance examinations should be simultaneously held in London and the colonial capitals; and very small executive ability would be needed to map out a smooth and workable scheme that would be exposed to only one possibility of interruption—the chance that the answers to the papers might be lost by shipwreck. So long as the examinations for the higher grades of the Civil Service are confined to London, colonial candidates are inevitably prevented from competing. They are anxious to serve the Empire; they believe themselves

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thoroughly competent to do so; in fair and open competition they are, at all events, ready to take their chances. But distance and lack of means are insuperable obstacles, so long as London is the gateway through which all the would-be servants of the Empire must pass. Most English boys of brains and capacity have been braced by the ambition of entering the Indian Civil Service; the thought of being a member of that incomparable Service draws out the imagination and the powers of youth as nothing else can. But, given the chance, Australians and Canadians and New Zealanders would be no less stimulated by its attractiveness; indeed, even without the chance, it is a career that powerfully moves them, as it must move every one of British blood. The same examination papers do duty for the Indian Civil Service, Eastern cadetships, and Class I. Clerkships in the Home Civil Service; and it is, above all, for the opportunity of showing themselves able to meet this test that colonials ask. They do not wish to intrude on those branches of the Civil Service, which, being exclusively concerned with local and English affairs, are naturally reserved to Englishmen; but where the range is Imperial in scope, they do claim that they should at least be given the chance of showing whether or not they possess the requisite qualifications. And to the idea of holding the Indian Civil Service examination at one and the same time in England, Canada, New Zealand, Australia and South Africa there is only one objection, and that comes from the severely mathematical man who sapiently remarks that logically we must go a step farther and include India too. Logic luckily never yet ruled a parish, much less an empire; and it need not now detain us from pressing on towards our goal, which is simply that of promoting the unity of the Empire by giving to all the white men who compose it an equal opportunity to share in its responsibilities and its glories. It may, of course, happen that the privilege, if granted, will be found useless; that colonial education has not yet reached the necessary standard. Nobody in the Colonies believes that this is so; but if after, say, five years, no colonial

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candidate were successful, the privilege could be easily withdrawn. Let the attempt at least be made, and the new sense of kinship and community, which has been formed on the battlefield, be cemented by association in the works of peace. What further pledge of the oneness of the Empire will be needed when "the men of the four new nations" work side by side with those of England in the ordering of their heritage?

SYDNEY BROOKS.

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THE CORONATION AND THE PSEUDO-JACOBITES

THE coronation of a new sovereign, the formal accession of what is, in the male line, a new dynasty—for the crown has now passed from the House of Brunswick, Hanover, or Guelph, to that of Saxony, Thuringia, or Wettin—provides, perhaps, a not unsuitable occasion to consider some pretensions that of late years have been persistently and noisily put forward, on the platform and in the Press, by a small clique of agitators posing as the only representatives now left of true monarchical sentiment in the British Empire. Most modern Britons will be disposed to think that a theory of monarchy under which the Imperial Crown might devolve automatically on a branch of the Neapolitan Bourbons carries its refutation on the face of it, but although it would be labour wasted to vindicate the title of Queen Victoria's descendants, to an Empire mainly created since the accession of King George III., for a Royalist at all events it is a pious duty to clear the memory of the real Jacobites of history from the reproach cast upon it by the antics of those imperfectly informed dynastic dilettanti who have recently attempted to usurp the name. These gentlemen, it is true, in a manifesto which saw light in the pages of a well-known magazine[1] in the oddly chosen year of the late Queen's Diamond Jubilee, had the grace to admit that their appropria-

[1] See "Legitimism in England," by the Marquis de Ruvigny and Raineval d Mr. Cranstoun Metcalfe, in the *Nineteenth Century*, September 1897.

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tion of the style of "Jacobite" was not altogether felicitous or warrantable. "But for the peculiar local associations of the term," they admitted, "the Legitimist in England, might with more propriety style himself a Carlist, and thereby identify himself more clearly with his brother in France or Spain." For "the Jacobite," they claim, with lofty indifference to history, "is simply an Englishman who professes the faith of Legitimism." It is against this glaring misconception of the real Jacobites of history—"the Cavalier interest" as Lockhart of Carnwath described his party—no less than against the general disparagement, by inference, of the post-Revolution British Monarchy, that it now seems desirable and necessary to enter an emphatic protest. "Carlists" these gentlemen may be—that is a matter for Don Carlos—but they are not entitled to misuse the grand old name borne by those who freely gave their lives and all else they had to give for those whom they regarded, not unjustly or unreasonably at the time, as rightful kings of Britain. The real Jacobite fought for the Stuarts because they were his fellow countrymen, and not from deference for any mathematical formula of monarchy, least of all for one which is not even mathematically accurate. His devotion may seem to some of us misplaced, and still fewer will now regret that it miscarried. It is, however, but the barest justice to allow that he was inspired by altogether different sentiments from these modern pseudo-Jacobites, these self-styled Legitimists, these English *Blancs d'Espagne*, whose view of the English Revolution is that of Dr. Priestley and Tom Paine, whose notions of kingship in general are on an intellectual and moral par with the ignorant and vulgar gibes of the sciolist Max Nordau at what it pleases him to call *The Lie of a Monarchy*, and whose ideas of Legitimacy might even satisfy the malice of Thomas Babington Macaulay.

By the law of primogeniture [they were careful to inform us] the sovereign of these realms should be Mary IV. and III., *née* Mary Theresa Dorothea, Archduchess of Austria-Este-Modena, and wife of H.R.H. Prince Louis of Bavaria. Of her genealogical right to the throne as representative

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of the senior female line of the royal House of Stuart there is no dispute. The facts are stated in *Whitaker's Almanack* for all who run to read. [And, besides] The title of the present dynasty is a Parliamentary one only.

Of *Whitaker's Almanack* as a compendium of current facts it would be impossible to speak too highly, but that useful and meritorious and indeed invaluable publication, for all its solid worth and many merits, is not, and does not profess to be, an exhaustive manual of constitutional history or a complete guide in royal genealogy. Had these "Legitimists," who think so poorly of the present dynasty, carried their researches somewhat further, and consulted a less brief and sketchy stud-book of our sovereigns, they would have found that their "Legitimism" was a wholly illegitimate deduction even from their own narrow, false, and arbitrary premisses. Their large assumption is that primogenitary right is indefeasible, whereas the real Jacobite of history held, not that it was indefeasible, but that in his time, in the case of the male line of Stuart, it had not yet been lawfully defeated. But granting their assumption, for the sake of argument, to whom does it lead us? Not to H.R.H. Princess Louis of Bavaria, but to H.R.H. Robert, Duke of Parma. If primogenitary right is indefeasible, Robert I. of Scotland was no less of a usurper than his descendant George I. of Great Britain. John Baliol, and not Robert Bruce, was the "representative of the senior female line" of David, Earl of Huntingdon. Edward and Henry, sons of King John Baliol, both left no issue, but the eldest daughter Ada had, by Sir William Lindsay, a daughter and heiress, Christina, wife of Ingelram de Guignes, Sire de Couci. Through their descendants the representation passed into the House of France: at the time of the accession of King James VI. to the throne of England, the senior coheir of Earl David and King Malcolm Canmore was Henri IV.; from Henri IV. it duly descended to the late Comte de Chambord, the Henri V. of French Legitimists, and on his death it passed to his nephew Robert, eldest son of Duke Charles III. of Parma, by Louisa, daughter of the Duc de Berry. Thus,

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on the principles of these new pseudo-Jacobites, the rightful sovereign, at all events of Scotland, "by the law of primogeniture," is the Duke of Parma. Well may we call them pseudo-Jacobites, since, while our reigning dynasty are unquestionably Stuarts in the female line, and reigning for that very reason, their iron rule of primogeniture would get rid of the Stuarts altogether. Grant the validity of their contention, and the Stuart kings in Scotland were usurpers from the very first.

The title of the present dynasty, they say, is "only Parliamentary," more than suggesting that a Parliamentary title is necessarily wanting in completeness and legitimacy. But an Act of Parliament is an Act of the King in Parliament, and is as much his act as his act out of Parliament. Do they hold that the concurrence of the Estates of the realm invalidates the royal pleasure, or do they fancy their modern principle of primogeniture so divinely indefeasible that not even the king could alter or suspend its operation? Either assumption is scarcely reconcilable with an exalted view of monarchy. The whole State is made dependent on the automatic working of a mathematical formula—deriving its authority from whom? Not certainly from history, English or Scottish. The first Scottish king who attempted to assert the indefeasible right of primogeniture—Duncan II.—was regarded by the majority of Scotsmen of his own day as an unnatural and impious usurper. For primogeniture was at first an illegal and unconstitutional innovation on the older system of tanistry—not peculiar to the Celts of Scotland and Ireland, but found also among the Teutons and the Slavs—by which brothers, as in Turkey, or sometimes two branches of the royal family, reigned in turn. The rule of primogeniture made its way by degrees on its own merits. It was adopted in the place of older systems of succession for reasons of practical convenience, and for the like reasons might be set aside.

Primogeniture gave Scotland King John Baliol, a *roi fainéant* who, after demonstrating his utter incapacity to protect the liberty and independence of the nation, finally

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resigned his realm into the hands of the public enemy, King Edward I. Naturally and necessarily, therefore, primogeniture and King John Baliol were set aside. The staunchest upholders of monarchical authority have never asserted a right in any sovereign to subject his people to a foreign foe.

"The title," say the Marians or "Carlists," "of the present dynasty is a Parliamentary title only," and, therefore, "the Hanoverian dynasty has no divine right." But if by "divine right" they mean to indicate their "principle of primogeniture," we have seen already that in Scotland the Stuarts never possessed any. Their whole title to the throne of Scotland was Parliamentary. They ascended the throne in virtue of one Act of Parliament, passed in the reign of Robert I., and no sooner had they ascended the throne in the person of Robert II. than they further regulated the succession to the throne by a new Act of Parliament. It was under that Act (of 1373) that every descendant in the male line of the first Stuart sovereign reigned, and it is more than doubtful whether without that Act they would have been considered to possess any right to the throne whatsoever. The king's three eldest sons were born out of wedlock, the children of a lady related in such a manner to the Steward that without a Papal dispensation it was impossible, in the prejudice of the time, for them to marry, and the terms of the dispensation were so ambiguous and obscure that it is not even now clearly established whether or not they were designed to confer legitimacy on the Steward's natural offspring. It was under the terms of that Act that Queen Mary, the common ancestress of King Edward VII. and Princess Louis of Bavaria, came to the throne, on the assumption of the legitimacy of her lineal male ancestor, for on the contrary hypothesis the person entitled to the throne would have been the heir of the line of David, Earl of Strathearn, the elder of King Robert II.'s two sons by his second and undoubtedly lawful marriage with Euphemia Ross. So much later on as the reign of Charles I. serious anxiety and even alarm was felt by the sovereign on the subject of this

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rival and unquestionably legitimate succession, which was then vested in the Earl of Airth and Menteith, and in the nineteenth century was in dispute between the family of Barclay-Allardice and that of Cunninghame-Grahame.

Thus—not to go into the case of earlier claimants to the Scottish Crown, such as Donald Bane, whose grand-daughter and heiress Hextilda carried his title, of whatever worth, to the ancestor of the Comyn slain in his wrath by Bruce, or Donald Bane Mac William, the reputed grandson of Duncan II., whose family claims kept the Highlands in turmoil as long as those of the Stuarts, or the still more ancient contest between the House of Moray, as the right heirs of Kenneth III., and the House of Atholl represented by Malcolm Canmore—it is surely sufficiently evident that, as regards Scotland and primogeniture, for the friends of the Stuarts the watchword must be "Least said soonest mended." Their title to the Scottish throne was primarily Parliamentary, although confirmed and strengthened by undisturbed possession, or prescription.

The real Jacobites of history, except perhaps the most ignorant and foolish members of the party, never declared that hereditary right was indefeasible, or that the king in Parliament could not lawfully alter the succession. It would have been impossible for them to maintain this in view of the repeated instances in English history, as familiar to them and to their adversaries as to us, in which this had actually happened. What they did say, through their accredited mouthpiece in the House of Commons, Sir Simon, afterwards Lord, Harcourt, was that the illegal violence of the Revolution invalidated the subsequent proceedings. A revolution was not then, and is not now, a constitutional expedient. But this plea, valid for their own time and for half a century later, has been disposed of, and dismissed for ever, by the manifest and unbroken acquiescence of the British nation in the rule of the House of Hanover ever since the accession of King George III. Whatever the original defects of the Act of Settlement, they have long since been made good by the force of undisturbed

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possession, and repeated acts of national assent, and it is with indignation, no less than with contempt, that every true admirer of the Jacobites of history must now behold the banner of a spurious Legitimism uplifted by a clique of Cockney "Carlists" against a dynasty as truly and perfectly legitimate as any race of kings that ever reigned anywhere.

The Jacobite of history was an idealistic politician, but an idealist is not the same thing as an idiot, nor could a party which had among its leaders such men as Bishop Atterbury, the third Earl of Strafford, and the second Duke of Ormonde, fall back on the excuse of ignorance. No Jacobite amongst them can have failed to know that Stephen, Henry II., John, Henry III., the House of Lancaster, Henry VII., all succeeded in defiance of strict primogenitary right, or that Mary Tudor and Elizabeth, both of them illegitimate, reigned in turn in virtue simply of the Parliamentary title which to the pseudo-Jacobite seems worse perhaps than no title at all.

The whole origin of the idea that primogenitary right is indefeasible must be discovered in the fact that King James VI. and I., the undoubted heir in point of blood to the Tudor dynasty, being without a Parliamentary title, nevertheless succeeded to the English throne. But the unfortunate absence in his case of a formal title was due entirely to the reluctance and refusal of Elizabeth to recognise any successor whatever. It is true, too, that under the will of Henry VIII., in accordance with the terms of an Act of Parliament, the crown should have devolved upon the descendants of his younger sister, Mary Tudor, wife of Charles Brandon, Duke of Suffolk—now represented by the Baroness Kinloss. But in this case the descent of the heir, Lord Beauchamp, was tainted through three generations. Charles Brandon was a bigamist, and had at least one wife still living when he married Mary Tudor. Henry Grey, third Marquess of Dorset, had repudiated his first wife, a Fitzalan, who survived the event by a score of years, in order to marry Frances Brandon, and the marriage of Lord Beauchamp's father, Edward Seymour, Earl of Hertford, with

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Lady Katharine Grey, the repudiated wife of Lord Herbert, was certainly private, and possibly illegal. Nevertheless, Lord Beauchamp, and other persons of still more questionable claims, were objects of constant interest and attention to the intriguing politicians of the period, lay and clerical, and the peaceful succession of King James, as a great measure of Imperial union and insular consolidation, must be put to the credit of the statesmanship of Cecil.

Queen Elizabeth was unquestionably illegitimate, and is so still in law to this day. She reigned only under the provisions of an Act of Parliament. Yet notwithstanding this circumstance, so shameful and shocking in the eyes of those who set up to be better Royalists than the Tudors or Stuarts, and the further fact that her mere human Parliamentary title barred the divinely indefeasible primogenitary right of Mary Stuart to the English throne, King James and his Stuart successors never disowned or stigmatised Elizabeth as a usurper. On the contrary she was placed among the constellations as "that bright Occidental Star," and James I., Charles I., and even James II., each of them bestowed her name upon a daughter. But if Queen Elizabeth, reigning only under a Parliamentary title, was a legitimate sovereign, and if the Stuarts in Scotland, reigning under a Parliamentary title, were likewise legitimate sovereigns, why should we be called upon to despise and reject the present dynasty, who also reign under a Parliamentary title, and one which for the last hundred and fifty years has not been so much as seriously questioned? Why should we be expected to receive on the unsupported assertion of its authors—these Perkin Warbecks of the White Rose, and Lambert Simnels of Legitimacy—a view of monarchy and royal succession rejected not only by our own country but by almost every other? Even in the view of these gentlemen, it may be presumed, Henry VIII. was a legitimate sovereign, and he has seldom been accused of belittling his office. Yet Henry on no less than three separate occasions sought and obtained the authority of Parliament for the settlement of the succession.

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Louis Quatorze, again, has not commonly been thought wanting in royal spirit, yet the *Roi Soleil*, the *Grand Monarque*, actually legitimised two of his natural children, the Duke of Maine and the Count of Toulouse, and placed them in the order of succession to the throne to the postponement of the House of Orleans.

And here it may be observed briefly in passing that these "Legitimists" who desire to disinherit the descendants of the great Queen and Empress who held her Stuart ancestors and kinsmen in especially affectionate and dutiful remembrance, would probably be not a little puzzled to frame a definition of "primogeniture" according with the facts of history. In mediæval Italy and Portugal and Spain, in Celtic Ireland and Anglo-Saxon Britain, among the Normans of Normandy and the Northmen of Norway, the hereditary right of natural, and in some cases even of adulterine and spurious issue, being acknowledged by their fathers, was at least as "indefeasible" as that of their brothers born in lawful wedlock. "I who by the will of Heaven am Emperor of Japan," exclaimed the Mikado at the time of the Satsuma rebellion, "descending in one unbroken line for ten thousand years." It is as easy to say ten as two, but the lineage of the Japanese Imperial family is beyond doubt incomparably older than that of any reigning House in Europe, though it has only been maintained by means which in Europe are no longer recognised as lawful. And the remembrance of this circumstance points directly to the obvious fact that the primogeniture of the pseudo-Jacobites is not really strict primogeniture, but only primogeniture qualified by the Christian law of marriage, a qualification sufficiently disclosing the modernity of the idea. In ancient Ireland, long after the nominal establishment of Christianity, a Monmouth would have been taken as his father's, or his uncle's, heir as a matter of course, nor would Alfred the Great have felt in the least degree dismayed at a proposal that Berwick should succeed King James II.

The neo-Legitimist idea of "indefeasible primogeniture" is

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one that arose, and could only have arisen, in the later Western middle ages. The requirement of canonical legitimacy, is due, of course, to the influence of the Church, while the insistence upon primogeniture springs from the doctrine of the impartibility of the fief, inculcated for their own ends by feudal kings and lawyers. That the office of king itself is of divine right was declared in noble language by Lord Bolingbroke, and has been believed in all ages and countries. It is a glorious and inspiring faith, deep-rooted in man's innate moral sentiments, and part and parcel, not only of Christianity, but of natural religion. The religious character and sanctity of kingship is its primary and universal and inseparable attribute. But this sense of the solemnity and sublimity of monarchy is in no wise dependent on a mere legal theory based on the false analogy of feudal fiefs, and monarchical sentiment has been and still is at its highest, precisely with those peoples to whom the pretended principle of indefeasible primogenitary right is either abhorrent or unknown.

Neither Henry VIII. nor Louis XIV. was a Legitimist of a type that would have satisfied the somewhat exacting standard of the English "Carlist." But Mary Stuart, the ancestress of all possible pretenders to the British throne—pretensions may be perfectly well-founded—was not a Legitimist of any sort. In her will she disinherited her son for heresy, and bequeathed Great Britain and Ireland to Philip of Spain. Nor again was Victor Amadeus of Savoy, King of Sicily, and afterwards of Sardinia—the husband of the lady from whom the Princess Louis of Bavaria derives her "right"—much more of a Legitimist than William of Orange, or quite so much of one as George I. The Duke of Savoy busily intrigued for his son Charles Emmanuel, and was perfectly willing that he should renounce Romanism in order to qualify for our throne, while George I., for reasons probably both good and bad, was extremely reluctant to come over. The Duke's wife, Anne, daughter of Henrietta of Orleans, was apparently as eager in the matter as her husband, and not less ready to cut

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out their unfortunate cousin. To claim, therefore, an "indefeasible" right for a descendant of this couple is, morally, something like claiming the same right in France for a descendant of Philippe Égalité.

The "English Legitimists" who half despise, and yet assume the name of Jacobite—in coolest disregard of the fact that the clans and families best entitled to adhere to it have been for generations past devoutly loyal to King George III. and his successors—assure us, in language even more emphatic than that which has been quoted, of their identity in sentiment and principle with the Continental Carlists. They do not appear to be aware, or at least to realise that if hereditary right is really indefeasible, the House of Bourbon has no *locus standi* either in France or Spain. The House of Hanover, at the worst, had a closer connection with the House of Stuart than the Capets with the Carolingians. For although attempts have been made to affiliate the later French House to the earlier, these can be ranked only with such genealogical pleasantries as the derivation of the first Napoleon from the Man in the Iron Mask—the elder brother, naturally, of Louis XIV. If primogeniture is really indefeasible, "Philippe VII." is as much a *parvenu* imposture as President Loubet, the Duke of Madrid as fraudulent a pretender as the Duke of Orleans, and the true sovereign of every French Legitimist the Emperor-King Francis-Joseph. The House of Lorraine claim descent from Charles the Great, and before the accession of the first Bourbon their kinsmen and cadets of Guise had made play with their Carolingian lineage against the last of the Valois.

So again in Spain our Carlists of the old rock have no right to content themselves with the modern, pinchbeck, semi-rational "legitimacy" of Don Carlos while there is a La Cerda available. To be put off with a Duke of Madrid in place of a Duke of Medina Celi is to allow a Bonaparte to do duty for a Bourbon. For the Dukes of Medina Celi are descended from Ferdinand De La Cerda, the rights of whose infant sons—if, indeed, they had any right according to then prevailing custom

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—were ignored in his own favour by their father's younger brother, Sancho IV. of Castile. In former centuries at the accession of each sovereign the then Duke of Medina Celi went through the ceremony of formally protesting his claims, though this time-honoured pageant did not prevent them from subsequently serving the "usurper" as Viceroy or Minister of State, or even in his royal household. Nevertheless their "indefeasible" primogenitary rights were defeated chiefly through their own lethargy. At the time of the disputed Spanish succession the first Lord Stanhope, British Ambassador at Madrid, mentions the Duke of Medina Celi, then Viceroy of Naples, as a possible but incapable pretender.

The mention of Naples at once calls to mind that there also Bourbon Legitimism is, strictly speaking, illegitimate. Not the House of France in any of its branches, but the French family of La Tremoïlle, Dukes of Thouars, are really entitled to the sympathy of "English Legitimists." Their very title of Prince de Tarente commemorates the claims—derived through Charlotte of Aragon from Frederick, King of Naples—which they asserted unsuccessfully so lately as the Treaty of Áix-la-Chapelle. But the legitimism of the "English Legitimist" and his *Legitimist Kalendar* is of so resolutely and rigorously an unhistorical character that, while he bows down before Augustin Yturbide, a Mexican rebel, who assumed the Imperial style in 1822, and was shot by his subjects two years later—a military adventurer only at one remove from Faustin I., Emperor of Hayti—he yet has no eyes for the Duke of Montezuma, the principal, but not the only Spanish descendant in the female line of the Aztec sovereigns.

In Northern Europe the neo-Legitimist is not less arbitrary and capricious. He makes a great to-do over the fallen House of "Vasa" in Sweden, although Queen Christina herself, in conversation with Bulstrode Whitelocke, Cromwell's envoy, compared the founder of her revolutionary dynasty with "your General," and although they ceased to be Vasa in the male

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line on Christina's abdication. Their best blood was really derived from their German marriages. Yet with all this strained sentiment of Swedish "Legitimism"—the more ludicrous since the ancestors of these kings in exile owed their royalty to the expulsion of a Roman Catholic branch of the real Vasa, a pretty close parallel to the case of the Stuarts—the "English Legitimist" finds nothing amiss (on his principles) with Russia. In the whole Empire, with all its mediatised princely families, he selects for his romantic sympathy the family calling themselves Lusignan, whose late representative, the claimant King of Cyprus, Armenia and Jerusalem, offered to part with all his rights—divine and indefeasible—for a lump sum of twenty millions sterling—unhappily before the rise of Mr. Pierpont Morgan. And perhaps the "English Legitimist" does well to keep silence about Russia. For the most monarchical in sentiment of European countries is precisely that which presents the most complete and signal contradiction of his "principles." The reigning house owe their throne originally to popular election, the descent of the Crown has been the most eccentric on historic record, and, while the Imperial family are wholly unconnected in blood with the preceding dynasty, the direct lineal male legitimate descendants, titled and untitled, of Rurik, as also of the Lithuanian Ghedymin, are innumerable. No country in the world, or at all events in Europe, demonstrates quite so clearly the entire lack of connection between real reverence for monarchy and the untenable and unhistoric theories—unlearned pedantry—with which the pseudo-Jacobite would shackle and encumber it.

But all who have followed us thus far must have convinced themselves that his Royalism is a Royalism *pour rire*, his Jacobitism a coarse and clumsy caricature worthy of a member of the Calfhead's Club, his "Legitimism," if not quite that of the Tichborne Claimant, at least belonging to the same order of ideas. It is marvellous, indeed, that he should not take up the case of the Cantacuzenes, the Palæologi, or the Giustiniani, as heirs of the Eastern Roman Empire, that he should refrain

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in his moderation from pushing the claims of King Menelek to the throne as well as to "the seal" of Solomon, or that he should content himself with "Mary IV. and III.," when he might demand the British Empire for the Athelstan-Huddlestons or the Caractacus-Craddocks. To take his "Legitimism" for a moment seriously, it would be interesting to know on what principle he excludes the undoubted descendants of the kings of Ireland from the benefit of his liberal interpretation of the maxim, *Nullum tempus occurrit regi*. In Celtic Ireland, as in heroic Greece, and the Scandinavia of the Vikings, the word "king" was employed more lavishly than modern usage justifies. But the provincial kings of Ulster, Meath, Leinster, Munster, and Connaught were real kings, as real as the modern kings of Denmark, Greece, or Wurtemberg, and recognised as such in English treaties and the like State documents. In three cases their descendants survive, though only in one case—for Lord O'Neill is in the male line a Chichester—have they been incorporated in the Peerage. If hereditary right is indefeasible for the Stuarts in "the senior female line," it seems a little hard that it should be totally ignored in the case of gentlemen whose lineal male ancestors, like those of Mr. Kavanagh of Borris, Lord Inchiquin, and the O'Conor Don, were most unquestionably royal centuries before a Stuart or Plantagenet set foot in Great Britain. Then, too, there are the "royal tribes" of Wales, doubtless tracing their descent, though the mysteries of Cymric genealogy are not easily fathomed, from their renowned "Brennin" Coel Hen—better known, perhaps, to most of us as "Old King Cole."

The authors of the amazing manifesto graciously tendered as a tribute to the Queen's Diamond Jubilee expressed a pleasant confidence that the "restoration" of the House of Wittelsbach would federate the British Empire. It may be allowed to them that the restoration of the House of Stuart might, and most likely would, have prevented the loss of the American colonies. For the reign of Charles II., as no less a

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personage than the late Mr. Gladstone long ago proclaimed, was "the time of the greatest colonial freedom," and the reign of Charles III. might have been equally fortunate and free. Charles II., by the way, would scarcely have agreed with our pseudo-Jacobites that "democracy is an accursed condition," and himself expressly described members of colonial legislatures as "delegates" of the people. A second restoration of the Stuarts would undoubtedly have checked the growing predominance of the Parliament of Great Britain in colonial affairs, and, with it, "that baleful spirit of commerce which sought to govern great nations with the maxims of the counter," and these were the principal causes of colonial separation. Every genuine Royalist must also sympathise with the loyal sentiment of the old song, "The King shall enjoy his own again." But the Stuarts, let alone the Wittelsbachs, never enjoyed Canada, Australia, New Zealand, or South Africa. Only Cardinal York can have so much as known that Australia existed. Though the Stuarts laid the foundations of the Indian Empire, the greater part of the existing transmarine dominion of the British crown was acquired after their time. Only Newfoundland and some of the West Indian islands are pre-Hanoverian. On the principle of indefeasible hereditary right, whoever might be entitled to the throne of the British Isles, or any portion of them, the person entitled to the throne of the British Empire is clearly the heir-at-law of Queen Victoria and King George III. But to the hopeless and glaring inconsistencies of the pseudo-Jacobite there is no end.

"I will venture to affirm," wrote David Hume, "that it was not so much principle, or an opinion of indefeasible hereditary right, which attached the Tory party to the ancient royal family, as affection, or a certain love and esteem for their persons." This dictum undoubtedly holds good of the Tories in Scotland, who, as Hume observes, were there all Jacobites. In England the Tories were divided into Jacobite Tories and Hanoverian Tories. The Hanoverian Tories rejected the

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Chevalier de St. George on account of his Papal Nonconformity; the Jacobite Tories adhered to him, notwithstanding his Nonconformity; but no person or party of any weight or standing adhered to him on account of his Nonconformity. The obstinate or conscientious resolution of the old Chevalier "to adhere to Popery" was what really prevented his restoration. In Great Britain the Roman Catholics were a negligible quantity, and in Ireland they were for the time being powerless. The real strength of the Stuart cause lay actually in the Highland clans, and potentially also in the English Tories and High Churchmen. But the Chevalier was a rigid, and perhaps fantastically punctilious, Romanist. Bolingbroke tells us that he objected to describe his grandfather, the first Charles, as "the royal martyr." "I conversed," he adds, "with very few among the Roman Catholics themselves who did not think him too much a Papist." James III. was no more willing to become the Papist King of Tory idealism, *ex hypothesi* not only a Briton but an Anglican, than George I., being a foreigner, was able to assume that *rôle*. So soon as the Hanoverian Tories realised the dogged impracticability of "the Pretender," they reluctantly acquiesced in the partisan potentate imported by the Whigs as being, on their principles, the less serious of two great evils.

The constitutional changes effected by the Revolution have been made the subject of gross exaggeration. The most important result practically was the temporary depression of the crown due to the alienism of those who wore it, but this, from the nature of the case, was only temporary. The lasting change of greatest consequence was the requirement from all monarchs in the future of strict conformity to the Established Church. But this, so far from inferring any degradation of the monarchy, is only what is usually required in law or fact of sovereigns everywhere. Every Byzantine Emperor on his accession handed the Œcumenical Patriarch a formal declaration of assent to the Nicene Creed and the decrees of the Seven General Councils. John Palæologus, and his brother

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Constantine XIII., hastened the fall of Constantinople by their submission to the Roman Curia. A Tsar, who accepted for himself, let alone his Church and people, the Pope's claim to supremacy, would probably find it impossible to maintain himself in Russia. No Russian Grand Duke would be allowed to marry a Roman Catholic. Bernadotte was obliged to profess Lutheranism as a condition of his succession to the Swedish throne. Henry IV. could not obtain the French Crown without renouncing Calvinism. The titles of the "Most Christian" King of France, the "Catholic" of Spain, the "Faithful" of Portugal, the "Apostolic" of Hungary, the "Orthodox" of Poland, proclaim their conformity to the national religion. In our day the reception of the infant Prince Boris of Bulgaria into the autocephalous National Church was an event of international significance. In Protestant Saxony, one of the few exceptions to the general rule, the reigning family is Roman Catholic only because the Elector Augustus the Strong adopted that form of Christianity in order to qualify himself for King of Poland.

And this all but universal requirement is in itself pre-eminently reasonable, since in all countries, of whatever "confession," the sovereign stands in personal relation to the Established Church. In all German Protestant States the sovereign is officially *Summus Episcopus*. In no Continental country does the Pope exercise such free, full, and unfettered power over his spiritual subjects as in the British Empire. In all Roman Catholic countries the Pope's ecclesiastical supremacy is strictly limited, controlled and regulated, both by the local law and by express agreement with the Vatican. Except perhaps in modern Italy, all European sovereigns are "heads" of their respective national churches in the same sense as the monarch of Great Britain, and exercise at least as much practical influence on ecclesiastical administration. So far from being exceptional, much less unique, the position of a British sovereign in relation to the Church of England represents only the normal condition of affairs.

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Viewed by itself, the condition imposed by the Act of Settlement that all future sovereigns should join in communion with the Church of England cannot be deemed exacting or unjust. And in our case especially the regulation was well warranted, seeing that the actual course of public events under King James II. and VII. had largely extenuated, and had gone far to justify, the policy of the Exclusion Bill.

The adherents, on paper, of "Queen Mary IV. and III.," who decry the Revolution and the introduction of the House of Hanover as "democratic," when, in point of fact, both were the work of the High Whig nobility, effected over the heads, and against the wishes, of the people, deprecate "No Popery sentiment" and advocate the removal of all "religious disabilities." But if there is the noisy and ignorant "No Popery of Puritan fanaticism, blatant, blind, bawling, and brawling there is also the sober and serious, legal and historical "No Popery," calm and quiet in the consciousness of its impregnable position, of national patriotism and loyalty and constitutional Church principle. "No Popery" was as powerful a force at Christian Constantinople as in Elizabethan England, and is as flourishing to-day in orthodox Russia as in Orange Ulster. The Highland Jacobites, few of whom were Roman Catholics, and most of whom were Presbyterians, fought for the Stuarts as their fellow countrymen despite a circumstance which most of them unfeignedly regretted. But none of them could have been persuaded to unsheath their claymores in the cause of princes who lay under the double disadvantage of being both Roman Catholics and foreigners.

To attempt to represent the real Jacobites, the fighting Jacobites, as moved by enthusiasm for the Church of Rome, though only of a piece with the general attitude of the English "Carlists," is an outrage upon history, the more inexcusable inasmuch as no institution has ever displayed a more constant and callous disregard for hereditary right than the Papacy itself. It was indeed largely from the political doctrine of the

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Jesuits that the English Roundheads of the seventeenth century derived their unavowed but very real inspiration.

If these "earnest Legitimists" intend to take up the challenge of the King's Champion at his Majesty's forthcoming coronation, it may be hoped, for their own sake, that they will provide themselves with better weapons than they have hitherto seen proper to employ. They complain of "the crass stupidity of the man in the street," who "dubs every Legitimist a lunatic," but to those who have followed with a not unnecessary patience the examination of their "principles," it may perhaps appear that in this matter at all events that perpetual subject of pitiless depreciation, the unhappy person on the king's highway, notwithstanding his deplorable discourtesy, is not quite so crassly stupid after all.

WILLIAM C. MACPHERSON.

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THE EDUCATION BILL

THE Government appear to have been roused at last to the gravity of the educational crisis, and have produced a really comprehensive Bill. The wicked fairies in the Cabinet (some have even gone so far as to give them a local habitation and a name) have managed, however, seriously to disable it at birth by making the adoption of the elementary portion permissive and not obligatory. Still there is good reason to believe that this defect may be cured by private treatment in the Cabinet. Otherwise the necessary operation will have to be performed in the Commons. Without the excision of this contracting-out clause, the elementary portion of the Bill is valueless. A more remote yet probably more real peril to the survival of the Bill is suggested by the past history of the present Government in their dealings with education. It may be truthfully said that no Ministry have acquired a worse record. Their promising project of 1896 was fatally maimed in the Commons through the negligence of those in charge of it. The twin Bills of 1898 were stillborn. The Act of 1899 was little better than a living skeleton, which, despite official coddling and cossetting has not yet got much flesh on its bones. The educational bantling of 1900 was born on the last expiring days of the session which gave it birth. Then came last year's short-lived measure which was quickly suppressed, and the little Cockerton Bill that has been happily described as "an afterbirth."[1] The

[1] *Cf.* "National Education." Preface by Laurie Magnus. John Murray.

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concentration camps can hardly show a higher death-rate. One is irresistibly reminded of the old woman who protested she knew how to bring up children because she had buried ten. If the Government in general and Mr. Balfour in particular still imagine they have some reputation to lose in the matter, they must certainly do their utmost to see that the present Bill does not figure among the "Innocents" that are usually put to the sword towards the end of July.

The supreme merit of the present Bill is its adoption, with certain reservations, of one local authority for all grades of education. This authority is to be the County Council or County Borough Council, acting through an Education Committee. Devolution is provided for by allowing Borough Councils with a population of over 10,000, and urban districts with a population of over 20,000 the right to become the local authority for elementary education. These authorities can further give limited assistance to the other branches of education, but they nevertheless remain under the suzerainty of the County Council for secondary education, though they may receive exclusive powers of delegation from the latter authority. Elasticity is further introduced into the Bill by the permission to form joint committees by combinations between counties, county boroughs, or districts. In this way the dangers of uniformity are avoided, and it will be possible to constitute educational authorities to suit every variety of local requirements instead of splitting up agglomerations of common educational interests through the adoption of a cast-iron form of local control mapped out exclusively on geographical lines. London indeed is excluded from the elementary part of the Bill. Time would scarcely have allowed of a thorough-going settlement of the London problem which is quite *sui generis*, and in fact nothing would have been more fatal to the chances of the passing of the Bill than the solution that the Government were supposed to favour. The glorified form of Bumbledom, represented by a central body consisting of delegates from the various borough councils, would have borne too close a likeness to the

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discredited Metropolitan Board of Works to have stood any real chance of adoption.

School Boards and attendance committees are wiped out under the Bill. In the case of the schools connected with them the new local authority will appoint bodies of managers. These, most probably, will largely consist of present members of the School Boards. Evicted as lords and masters they will be reinstated as caretakers under the new *régime*. No doubt the School Boards will vehemently protest as heretofore. But their power of resistance does not threaten to be very formidable. When their fire was drawn by the Bill of last year, the numerical weakness of their stage-like army of supporters was painfully apparent. This does not mean that the Bill will not be bitterly attacked. Behind the thin screen of the skeleton brigades of the School Boards will be found the train-bands of the more militant Nonconformists. Already the fiery cross is being sent round and a holy war proclaimed by the solemn league and covenant of the Free Churches. It is clear that one of the great issues in the forthcoming campaign will be the religious question. Only a careful examination of the topography of the battlefield can give us a clear idea whether the Government have pitched their camp in the best position for defending the true interests of national education against those who appear to desire to perpetuate division and disruption, and those who might be held to be aiming, in the picturesque words of the *Daily News*, at making education "the tool of the Church."

The Government's task is, indeed, no easy one. As honest brokers they have had to try and hold the balance fair between the denominational and undenominational schools. Many people are anxious to see substantial justice meted out to the denominationalists, but they are very disinclined to aggrandise clericalism, and while redressing the undoubted grievances of churchmen, they do not wish to imperil the legitimate rights of the Dissenters and Nonconformists. They recognise that the two types of schools represent two

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ideals, two streams of thought, which have worn their way deep into national life. The attempt to dam up the one has been a failure. As Mr. Balfour pointed out, after thirty years of School Boards there are still in the country 14,000 voluntary schools against some 5700 Board schools, while the number of children under religious instruction is 3,000,000 against 2,600,000. The attempt to dam up the other would be equally futile. From the national point alone is it possible to get a bird's-eye view of the function and sphere of both. The State wants all-round efficiency, or in other terms, as many intelligent and honest citizens as possible, and it is broad-minded enough to believe that both systems are capable of turning them out. The State again knows that a house divided against itself, whether educationally or otherwise, is weakened. Its whole aim must therefore be to reduce conflict and competition between the two to a minimum and to make them co-operate in the sense of working side by side to promote the general welfare.

The difficulties of arbitration are always very great when neither party puts forward accredited representatives. But in justice to the denominational party it must be admitted that Convocation and the National Society have managed to bring their adherents more or less into line. As regards buildings, they offered to provide for their up-keep and repair in return for equality of financial treatment in other matters. The Government have apparently considered their offer a fair one, as they have practically embodied its terms in their own Bill. They have not gone so far as some people thought they would, as to demand that a body of denominational managers should be compelled to enlarge their school at their own expense, if it became too small for the needs of the district. It is probable they have adopted here the juster course. A denominational school could hardly be called on to enlarge its premises because of a sudden influx of new-comers into the district. It could, and no doubt would, be prevented by the local authority from allowing its premises to be overcrowded. In this way it

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might be induced to build. But there would be no direct compulsion.

Local aid means, however, local control. Here again the Church party as a whole frankly faced the situation and proposed to allow of the addition of a certain number of external managers to be appointed by the local authority to the extent of one third of the whole body. The principle of local control thus formulated by convocation has been adopted by the Government. It has already stood the test of experience. It has been tried on a large scale by the London County Council in dealing with the numerous schools it subsidises and has proved a thorough success. To any one who is not suffering from the fallacies of political arithmetic it is clear that efficient control is not so much a question of counting heads as of the power of the purse. In this case the County Council will be in a far stronger position than even the London Technical Education Board, for not only must all rate aid come from them, but the entire income of most of the schools, which has hitherto been derived from Imperial sources, will be henceforth paid over to them. If the one or two representatives of the public authority are not satisfied with the proceedings of the Board of managers, the superior body will withhold supplies. The offending members can have as sweeping a majority as they like. They will be as impotent as a Government with a unanimous House of Lords in their favour in face of a bare majority in the Commons refusing to vote supplies. Of course they have open to them an appeal to the Board of Education, but they will have to have a very strong case if they expect to convince the central authority of the justice of their claims. To guard against any remissness on the part of the managers appointed from outside, the local authority, in virtue of their over-lordship, have also the right not only to control the secular instruction in these schools but also to require the school managers to carry out any reasonable repairs; to secure these precautions from becoming a dead letter, they further possess the right of inspection. Surely to the plain man who is not a violent

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adherent of either party the allocation of rate aid to voluntary schools seems sufficiently "tied up."

The next point of importance is the position of the teacher under the new *régime*. Convocation practically proposed that the teachers' salaries should be paid by the local authorities, and this proposal has been adopted by the Government. In its present form it is certainly open to the criticism of denominational instruction being paid for out of the rates. This difficulty has been felt in some quarters and it has been proposed in place of equality of treatment for voluntary schools to accord them a dole out of the rates, leaving these schools to receive the central grants as before. The chief objection to the suggestion is that it lacks finality and after all the criticism is rather one *de forme* than *de fond*, as the French say. To satisfy those who stickle over such points, although *seventy-seven* per cent. of the cost of the entire maintenance of these schools has hitherto come out of the public purse, the teachers' salaries should be made a first charge on the grants from the central authority, which have hitherto been available for this purpose. The whole of the religious and part of the secular instruction they impart would therefore be paid out of the same sources as heretofore. Any difference that would have to be made up to them out of the rates could then be regarded as a payment for the balance of the secular instruction.

Under the new Bill the consent of the local authority is needed for the appointment of teachers, but consent can only be withheld on educational grounds. The latter clause may in some districts lead to a diminution of "Article 68," whose chief qualification for inoculating the youthful mind with a love of learning is having been successfully vaccinated. As, however, the local authority will have to pay a higher salary, if it wants a superior article, say of articled-pupil-teacher type, it is probable that at first things will go on much as before in a good many places and the rural districts will continue to be inadequately staffed. Reform, however, is certain in the long run.

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Once the Bill has become law, the claims of teachers in the Church schools for equality of salary will be well nigh irresistible. The same authority cannot go on paying the denominational teachers on a different scale to the undenominational because the former happen to have been underpaid before. The whole system of salaries depending upon local caprice will be swept away and some sort of method of classifying teachers according to merit and years of service will probably be adopted. Only twelve years ago the French dealt most successfully with a similar problem, by making salaries an entirely non-local question except in so far as the cost of living enters into the accounts. The task in England would be far easier, as each locality would have to fix its own minimum in matters of salary, and so the problem could be worked out gradually instead of having to be solved forthwith for the whole country, as in France.

An obvious flaw in the Bill is the lack of any provision to guard against cases of unjust dismissal. As the Bill stands the managers apparently possess as heretofore the absolute right of dismissal. There is no appeal either to the Board of Education or the local authority. This should certainly be remedied. Of the two courts of appeal the local authority would be the more preferable, because they would be best able to judge of each case according to its merits. After having heard and decided the case, they could either uphold the teacher, or move him on to a similar post while contributing to his moving expenses, or else, as a sign of punishment, allow him to meet them himself. Of course, in extreme cases, they might dismiss him altogether, and in this instance an appeal might perhaps be allowed to the central authority.

But if the Church schools are everywhere maintained, we at once come across the standing grievance of the rural Nonconformist—that there is only one school within hail of his home, and that school is a Church of England school. No doubt the Conscience Clause goes a good way towards mitigating this grievance, but, as Mr. Balfour showed in his

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speech, there is still need of devising a scheme to meet exceptional cases.

Now on this point both Convocation and the National Society made a very remarkable suggestion. As the latter have just passed a resolution approving of the Bill in the main, but expressing regret at the non-adoption of their proposal, in view of future discussion in the House it is probably worth while giving a rapid survey of it, in order to institute a comparison between it and that set forward by the Government. The denominational proposal may be broadly defined as reciprocity in religious teaching. According to it, Board schools should at certain times be open for distinctive religious teaching, in the event of a reasonable number of parents requiring it, in return for which the voluntary schools were also to be open at stated hours to the teachers of other religious persuasions. No doubt the bottom reason of this proposal was the honest desire that all children should receive, if possible, a religious training. On the face of it such a scheme seems remarkably fair, and the form in which it is couched unimpeachable. But would it work in practice? How would the High Church clergy stomach the idea of Baptists, Ranters, and other (to them) schismatics having the free *entrée* to their schools? Then there is the practical difficulty which would arise in the case of schools possessing only a single class-room. In such instances the local authority would have to build a sort of *annexe* to serve as an extra synagogue to those outside the orthodox pale. It would surely be impossible to have two sets of religious exercises going on at different ends of the room. The "happy family" plan ignores the vital point that it is not so much the dogmatic teaching given two or three times a week as the atmosphere of the school itself that produces its particular ethical cast. It is quite possible the Church would lose more in her own schools by weakening their atmosphere than she would gain by being allowed to teach *in partibus infidelium* once or twice a week. Certainly it would rouse the most serious hostility.

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The teachers in Board schools would oppose it from fear of being pressed in to give denominational teaching. The cry of proselytism would be raised. The hands of the opposition, as represented by the free churches, would be greatly strengthened. No better religious war-cry would be devised than that of the Temple-Cowper clause in danger! For the Temple-Cowper clause represents the ark of the covenant to the independent spirit, which is very far from being dead in England.

Yet there are others who would go still further. They desire to see all schools made undenominational, with the proviso that any denomination may have the right to use the school at certain times by paying for its own teaching. In place of reciprocity they would establish free trade in religious teaching. Such a scheme would be probably unworkable. Were the schools thus turned into religious clearing-houses, what is to prevent Christian scientists, to mention no other religious charlatans, from using them as a centre of propaganda for their peculiar doctrines.

It is probably the inherent difficulties in these suggestions, well backed as they were, which have induced the Government to formulate an entirely new set of proposals. At any rate they have attached the problem of safe-guarding the wishes of denominational or undenominational parents to the larger question of school supply. Hitherto neither School Boards nor voluntary bodies have been allowed to build a new school where the number of existing places in the schools were sufficient to accommodate the number of children in the district. On the one hand there might be a large body of parents desiring secular or undenominational religious teaching, on the other there might be a number of Church of England or Catholic parents who were anxious to see their children brought up in the tenets of their belief. In each case the minority were helpless—the Catholic or Church of England minority might indeed build a school, but they could not look for a farthing of public money for its support. The Government have therefore

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proposed to widen the definition of the word "necessary." Henceforth it will not only depend on the needs of the district as far as the mere number of places go, but also on the wishes of the parents for denominational or undenominational teaching. When a minority feels strongly enough on the matter to ask for a separate school—say a Catholic enclave in the midst of a Protestant area—the Bill provides them with the requisite machinery for formulating their demand. Similarly if the local authority propose to force a school on the district that the inhabitants or even a small fraction of them deem unnecessary, the right of protest to the Board of Education is given and the two parties can interplead one another. The obvious danger of the Government's proposal is the unnecessary multiplication of small schools. But this no doubt will be largely averted by "common sense, the needs of economy, and the difficulty of finding the necessary funds," inasmuch as the cost of building the new school will have to be met either by the parish or the denominational body who require a school after their own heart. Only where a real grievance exists will a minority be strong enough to carry through their demand for a separate school. The undoubted advantage of the present proposal is that each case will have to be dealt with on its merits. Certainly it seems just that the district itself, or even a minority of persons in it should possess at least an equal right to move in the matter.

On the other hand, it is clear that the building of such a school must fall on the parties concerned, otherwise the parishes would be duplicating their denominational schools all over the place, if the cost fell in the first case on the county authority. The Government have adopted the same principle in proposing to make the cost of improvements on public elementary schools chargeable on the parish or parishes concerned, as well as the liquidation of the existing liabilities of the School Boards they take over. They have even extended it to any exceptional expenses incurred for higher education in any particular area. Some persons appear to object to the idea of making the district

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liable for everything connected with bricks and mortar. But it is exactly similar to that which has worked very well in France, where the erection and upkeep of a school falls on the budget of the commune.

The extreme cleverness of this proposal lies in the fact that it not only goes far to alleviate the religious difficulty, but also meets what promised to be a very formidable attack on the Bill from the county members, who view with distrust any sudden large automatic additions to the rates. The fact of the district being directly liable for buildings and improvements will remove the chief ground for alarm. An increase of the rate can only come from an increase in teachers' salaries, which can always be calculated in advance, so that the local authority will always know beforehand the cost of any change and will never be committed to any expenditure, the limits of which they cannot foresee.

The exact composition of the Education Committee is likely to cause no inconsiderable stir in Parliament. Adverse critics have not been slow to fasten on the fact that, though the Council are obliged to select and appoint the majority of the Education Committee, they are not tied down by the Bill to exclusively choose their nominees from members of their own body. No doubt the utmost capital will be made out of this slight deviation from the sacrosanct principle of popular control. But such elasticity of choice seems necessary to provide for those comparatively rare cases in which a County Council feels it has already enough to do, or for some reason or other is indisposed to take up the work. Judging by the niggardly way in which County Councils have exercised their powers of co-opting outsiders on to the Technical Education Committees, the chance of a council only appointing a minority of its own members seems in most cases distinctly remote. In making these nominations they will be well aware that the eyes of their constituency will be upon them. The practical danger of the committees being "packed" is therefore infinitesimal. In any case the nominees of the Council will naturally represent

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the opinions of the majority who nominate them. If they make themselves unpopular, the majority will have to bear the brunt of their unpopularity. The special scheme under which they are appointed will decide the term of office allotted to them. To prevent any abuse of power on the part of these representatives of indirect election, their appointment might be renewable from year to year.

The second sub-section of the same clause provides for the appointment, either by the Council on its own initiation or on the nomination of other bodies in the district, of persons of educational experience or of persons acquainted with the needs of the locality. The proposal marks a great step forward. Hitherto England has been the only first-rate power which has tried to do without the expert, and the chaos she has got herself into all round, both locally and at the centre, is ample proof of the need of remedying this deficiency. It is astonishing to think that Germany called in the expert nearly a hundred years ago, and has been consulting him perpetually ever since. The success of primary education in France is largely due to the system having been built up by men who were thoroughly *au fait* with the problems inside and outside the schools. Its continued prosperity is maintained by the high standard of educational science among those who administer it. The United States is a still more striking object-lesson. In what may be described in some ways as the most democratic State the world has ever seen, the expert enjoys a reputation and a prestige unknown in many more autocratic countries. He has been evolved as the chief shield and protection of democracy against itself, and may with truth be described as the control of popular control. Several speakers on the Bill gave vent to their fear of the power the Bill might give to the permanent local officials. The presence of the expert on the Education Committee is the only way of keeping the official in his place. Not but what we need a far more efficient type of local official than we possess at present, especially in London where we have a population exceeding that of many of the small

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European countries. The development and extension of local government demands all round a more efficient local executive.

One great blot there is on the proposal as it stands. No word is said about the presence of women on these committees. Eligible they undoubtedly are; but to ensure their appointment, in all cases councils should be compelled to nominate at least one or two to represent female education in the locality. This, however, is an omission that can be easily rectified by a simple amendment in the House.

The secondary proper part of the Bill has been cut down to very narrow dimensions. It practically represents the abortive Bill of last year with one or two improvements and omissions, some of which may be remedied in Committee. Secondary education is indirectly defined by a clause limiting elementary education to scholars under fifteen according to the higher elementary education minute. No doubt the higher grade schools will make some show of protest through their various spokesmen, but the publication of the Anson return last year sadly discounted their claims to be reckoned as "secondary." With only 2198 scholars above the standards out of 21,657 pupils in the London higher grade schools, it is clear that there are many of these institutions which do not even fulfil the functions of acting as a proper crown to primary education, to which sphere they have recently been confined. Another necessary delimitation will be vainly looked for in the Bill: the drawing of a line of demarcation between those secondary schools which should come under the new local authority, and those which should remain independent as heretofore. The latter, of which Eton may be taken as a type, cater more for the nation at large than for the locality in which they are situate. As such they should be placed under the direct control of the Board of Education, for which, however, no provision is made in the Bill. The Duke of Devonshire has indeed attempted to discriminate between these local and non-local schools by proposing to draw a line between assisted and

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non-assisted schools, and to place the former category under local control. Unfortunately the financial test will not prove in all cases a satisfactory means of discrimination. Judged by its standard, such essentially local schools as Clifton and Cheltenham will be ruled out altogether, although their *clientèle* of day boys is very large. The most satisfactory course perhaps would be to leave the decision to the Board of Education on the understanding that it constituted a "court of claims" to try each school that appealed to be considered non-local. A very large number would not appeal at all. For such essentially *écoles nationales* as Eton and Harrow the application would be a very simple formality. The number of schools on the line is very limited.

It would have been highly desirable to find in the Bill some proviso that local and non-local schools alike should be subjected to compulsory inspection at the desire of the particular authority under which they may be placed. In either case the schools might be allowed to choose whether they would be inspected by the Board of Education or the Universities. Had the Bill dealt as fully with secondary education as it does with primary, it would have made definite provision for the creation of a regular inspectorate of secondary education. What is still more remarkable is the absence of any proposal for providing increased facilities for the training of teachers, especially as Mr. Balfour had harped on this gaping joint in our educational armour. Another small blot on the Bill is that it is still left optional to the counties whether they should apply the whisky money to educational or general purposes. The money ought forthwith to be "ear-marked" for education. This, however, is a point which can be set right in Committee.

Yet in spite of the way in which the secondary education portion of the Bill has been "scamped," the Bill on the whole is a remarkable Bill, assuming of course that the permissive clause, as indeed seems probable, will be sooner or later deleted. It is indeed a notable feat to have cut down to twenty clauses a measure that covers so wide a field. The Act of 1870 which

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dealt exclusively with primary education contained over ninety clauses. Perfect the Bill is not, and cannot be, yet it is probably as good a one as can be expected under the circumstances. Unlike its patchwork and piecemeal predecessors it makes a resolute attempt to remove the two great stumbling-blocks in the way of organising any coherent system of national education in the country, by putting an end to the semi-detached isolation of the denominational schools, and by setting up one single paramount authority for all grades of education in England and Wales.

The best way, however, to appreciate its merits, is to examine into the possibilities and desirability of other alternatives. Firstly as Mr. Balfour has pointed out, we may leave things as they are with secondary education in the hands of the County Councils, and primary education partially under the School Boards, and partially under the management of voluntary agencies, but with no organic connection between the two. Yet if there is one point on which all parties and all sects are agreed, it is the need of organising a real national system of education, however much they may differ on means and methods. Educational efficiency can alone enable us to withstand the inroads of foreign competition by increasing the output of national brain-power, and efficiency alone can come by making the supply of schools adequate, and by rendering existing ones more effective. A more rigid division of labour can alone confine each school to the work for which it is intended, while at the same time it facilitates the closer connection between lower and higher education by bringing to light how each should interlock with the other. But all this is absolutely impossible as long as our schools remain under rival authorities or in comparative isolation. The scheme favoured by the Member for Newcastle does indeed mitigate the isolation of the voluntary schools by permitting the County Councils to aid and manage these schools. But such a palliative is no remedy from the national point of view. It would only intensify existing differences and by setting every local body politic by

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the ears produce a sort of political schism of a kind hitherto unknown in English public life.

The creation of one paramount authority is essential to any truly comprehensive federation of English education. Universal School Boards are not only undesirable but impossible. Universal *ad hoc* bodies are likewise outside the range of practical politics. The Tories are committed to the County Council plan. Even the Liberal party, however much they may coquet with the *ad hoc* fad, contains a not inconsiderable number of ardent admirers of the municipal idea. What, however, is absolutely fatal to the Parliamentary chances of any scheme for a directly elected body is the fact that the Welshmen to a man are all County Council partisans, owing to the success of the Welsh intermediate system, while the Irish members, who are pledged to the principle of rate aid for Catholic schools, would vote solid against any such like proposal. Concede the principle of one authority and the County Council follows as the only possible solution. Those who are agitating for the rejection of the present Bill are therefore deliberately incurring a heavy responsibility for the future of their country. They are opposing the adoption of the only workable solution of the problem, and by hanging up all chances of reform are condemning us indefinitely to all the dangers of the existing chaos. For the opposition of the conscientious Nonconformist, however mistaken, one cannot but feel a certain respect. But one cannot extend it to that small knot of noisy self-advertising Little Englanders, who not content with doing their best to let and hinder the Federation of the Empire abroad, are busily trying to foment and foster those smouldering separatist tendencies in religion and education which are most calculated to divide and disunite their countrymen at home.

CLOUDESLEY BRERETON.

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THE AUSTRO-GERMAN PRESS

FOREIGN politics are a matter wherein we may congratulate ourselves on a partial if delayed awakening from the intellectual apathy which is one of our national characteristics. We have made a meritorious effort, though the results are still lame and superficial, and we are still content with information, indefinite in character, collected scrappily and indiscriminately, invariably at second hand and consequently more often than not untrustworthy. In spite of our assumption of haughty superiority in connection with all that is connoted by the term "foreign," there are no people who are more sensitive to outside criticism, a tendency which, indiscreetly followed, may lead to futile bursts of anger as well as puerile manifestations of joy.. Our meaning was illustrated on a recent occasion when a Parisian pictorial "torchon" was thought of sufficient importance to be made the subject of a Ministerial address in the Imperial Parliament—while, more recently still, certain cuttings from Berlin journals, carelessly selected by our sub-editors, and in many cases more than carelessly translated, roused a chorus of chauvinist indignation in our midst which was by no means in keeping with the stoical impassibility that we usually affect. Many a wave of popular excitement might never have arisen had we, instead of blindly trusting to sensational travesties casually or deliberately issued and prompted by interest, prejudice, or ignorance, ourselves

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gone to the original sources and tested the accuracy of the quoted reports, especially had we weighed the relative importance of the views enunciated, which would naturally depend on the standing in their own country of the journals in question.

Unfortunately, although the average educated Englishman has sufficient acquaintance with the French language to venture without much hesitation into the labyrinth of literary sewage opened in the class of novels which have been labelled "rosse," there are comparatively few Englishmen who have more than elementary knowledge of the harsh beauties of the language of harmonious Goethe. Accordingly, when I read the other day the terms of Mr. Cecil Rhodes's will, so catholic in their pride of generosity, I found myself regretting that no portion of the academic scholarships, which are destined to ameliorate Anglo-Germanic relations, has been devoted to the maintenance of some English students at the universities of Germany. Even among those of us who would appear to be equipped, thanks to exceptional familiarity with German, for the task, there are few who dare to face the thankless deciphering of Gothic letters, row after row, rendered no more accessible by frequently faulty punctuation and paper that is without exception abominable. The hurried reader is confronted with a formidable obstacle in the absence of any sufficient headings which would permit him to pass at once without search or delay to the article or subject which interests him. That is the spirit of tradition carried to excess, and it is the less intelligible among a people who are so practical in their methods of intellectual and material expansion that for a long time now their scientific books have been printed in Latin type, and in many papers a similar concession has been made in the financial and industrial columns. It is curious that up to now neither the merchant nor the artisan in Germany has come to feel the inconvenience, and they continue, in these days of excessive competition and over-exertion, to plod their daily way through the congested paragraphs of the leading article. For to the German, in what-

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ever grade of society, as, in a less degree, to the Frenchman, the leading article has been and remains the body and soul of his particular newspaper. The Frenchman, however, with his educational polish, is an individualist by nature and a hero-worshipper; he is roused to enthusiasm by the signed article, and, reading the *Intransigeant* for the sake of M. Rochefort, would immediately forsake the *Intransigeant* for *La Lanterne* if it happened that M. Rochefort were to return to his former organ. The citizen of the Fatherland, on the other hand, endowed with solid learning, inspired with the corporate feeling and with a quite peculiarly developed sense of his civic responsibilities, looks to the limits of his chosen column expecting there to find, condensed and methodically arranged by superior intelligence and reinforced by the support of fellow citizens of a similar way of thinking, the more or less definite and co-ordinated ideas of his own individual brain. The resulting consistency in the editor and constancy in the reader are without precedent or parallel. The editor when, not content with synthetising the tendencies of his public, he wishes to assume the *rôle* of director towards them, must have recourse to the same means as a wife whose object it is to win her husband to her views; to the reader on the patriotic plane the choice of a daily paper is as all absorbing as the selection of her first ball dress to the society *débutante*. I should add, that as a rule family tradition puts an end to all uncertainty, which is also effectually removed for the future by the home-paid subscription. If we except the people of Berlin and the large towns whose old-time regular habits have been corrupted by the 5-pfennig Press, the German seldom buys single copies. From what has been said it can be readily understood that the service of late news is, to speak generally, very inadequately supplied by poorly appointed agencies and particularly by wholesale "lifting" from the London Press, whose truthfulness the borrowers, with cheerful inconsistency, then proceed to question. In small provincial centres an ingenious method of advertisement has been discovered by the innumerable *Lokal-*

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Anzeiger in the occasional gratuitous distribution through the town of little squares of paper on which are modestly displayed the few lines of some extraordinary despatch just to hand.

The *Berliner Lokal-Anzeiger*, a paper with a colossal circulation, which heads the list of the halfpenny Press, represents a notable success which is unique in Germany. It is a newspaper in all the modern comprehensiveness of the term, and deserves a place by the side of our own leading dailies for its up-to-date system of illustrated interviews, its telegraphic and telephonic correspondence, and its mobile staff of special correspondents. Its concisely accurate accounts of the most recent campaigns and military operations, among others, of the Chinese campaign, have gained for it a distinction, from the international point of view, which is enhanced by an absolute independence of party feeling.

In diplomatic circles, however, the illustrious and magisterial *Koelnische Zeitung* maintains unchallenged supremacy. This is the result partly of the profundity of its general outlook, partly of the literary and encyclopædic acquirements of its foreign and provincial representatives, the lowest of whom starts at a salary of about £400, quite an exceptional sum for a German journalist; but especially is it the result of its semi-official character. This semi-official Press is one of the most important factors in the Ministerial policy of Germany. Without receiving any direct subsidy from the Government, it profits by this patronage in high quarters to increase its circulation and its advertisements indefinitely. The Cabinet are at the same time provided with an instrument for sounding and inciting the disposition of the public with regard to the measures which are intended to be brought before the Reichstag, and with the opportunity of saying what could hardly be declared in the Parliamentary tribune. The *Norddeutsche Allgemeine Zeitung*, whose policy is elastically entitled "nationalism," a thin disguise for servile obedience to orders, and the *Post*, whose enigmatic label of *frei-Conservativ* reduces it to the rank of a respectable fossil, are hardly read outside the public

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libraries and offices. The *Cologne Gazette*, on the other hand, boasting fairly decided principles of "national Liberalism," and consequently comparative independence of its protectors, displays in our eyes some moral superiority over its rivals. We do not suggest that the authoritative source from which this journal occasionally derives some unexpected information is not to be found on the Chancellor's table, or even now and then on the Imperial desk. It will be sufficient to refer to its recent changes of front on the subject of the Von Bülow-Chamberlain incident, and to the studied moderation which has marked the paper's tone since the beginning of the war in South Africa.

The *Koelnische Zeitung* furnishes additional evidence of the striking fact that Germany, unlike the rest of Europe, has so far escaped provincial decentralisation. This, however, evidently does not prevent the capital from contributing the most powerful contingent of the journalistic legion, among whom the Liberal group in particular form an imposing spectacle. At the head of the line, by virtue of its overwhelming circulation, comes the *Berliner Tageblatt*. It is, of all others, the pet organ of the moneyed middle-class, of high and middle commerce and industry, and accordingly, as the Jewish names of publisher and editor would at once suggest, in financial resources it yields to none. From another point of view the sympathies of men of the world are elicited by the variety and smartness of its literary, theatrical, and artistic departments, which are embellished with the signatures of the most famous novelists, critics, and travellers of the day. It may be remarked that the Anglophobe attacks which have appeared in this paper during the present campaign of the Boer War seem, if we consider the interests which its capitalist readers have in common with us, to be explicable only by the excusable desire to maintain a lucrative popularity.

The *Vossische Zeitung*, on a more austere and scholarly platform, occupies, in spite of a limited circulation, a position apart by reason of the intellectual quality of its contents and

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its public, who are for the most part men of learning, science, or economics. Beyond the somewhat solemn and doctrinal entry of its leader columns, we breathe the generous inspiration of the ethics of the venerable Virchow. Every Sunday the *Vossische Zeitung* publishes a literary and scientific supplement, and its book reviews are unrivalled. It forms a page, always admirable if sometimes dry, in the philosophy of contemporary history, and was described to me quite justly by a German one day as a "political *Athenæum*." Genuine Liberalism is further honourably represented at Berlin by *Die Freisinnige*, owned and edited by the well-known leader, Herr Richter, and by the *National Zeitung*, to which the Liberalism with the Bismarckian traditions opposes the *Berliner Neueste Nachrichten*. On the other hand, Conservatism, properly so called, apart from the semi-official papers quoted above, which rather depend on the royalist or Kaiserliche party, has no pre-eminent organ to exhibit, because it is out of favour in the capital.

But mention must be made of the evil influence of the *Neue Preussische* or *Kreuz Zeitung*, the direct successor of the old particular Prussian party, formerly the greatest obstacle perhaps that Bismarck and the Crown Prince met with in the realisation of German unity. The hereditary tendency to Anglophobia has lately had an opportunity to assert itself again. The virulent bigotry displayed by this journal under the influence of the notorious Hofprediger Stöcker during the whole of the *Kulturkampf* is to-day reproduced to a similar degree in the ferocity of its anti-Semitic denunciations, so little in harmony with the gospel principles which we have a right to expect from a standard of Christian Conservatism. The socialism of Berlin, remarkable because it monopolises in a way the municipal council of the metropolis, is divided between the daring invectives of the popular *Vorwaerts* and the more scientific and constructive democracy of the *Volkszeitung*.'

Passing now to the great provincial centres, we find, in the first place, at Hamburg, outside the *Hamburgischer Correspon-*

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dent, a print politically colourless but fairly well informed, the expression of broad Liberalism in the *Hamburger Fremdenblatt* and in the *Hamburgischer Nachrichten*, which has somewhat narrowed and aged since the death of the Iron Chancellor. Leipzig is distinguished by the anti-Semitic tone of its *Neueste-Nachrichten*, and Rhenish Prussia, that backbone of German Vaticanism, by the ultramontane principles of the *Koelnische Volkszeitung*, the mouth-piece of the Reichstag Centre. In the flourishing and active town that lies in the basin of the Rhine, we find the *Frankfurter Zeitung*, the admirably edited but very dangerous organ of the intellectual democracy, and the very respectable, if old-fashioned, *Frankfurter Journal*, which is distinguished by national Liberal politics, and a literary supplement entitled *Didaskalia*. Finally, in the district of Munich, by the side of a Press so fearlessly particularist as to be the despair of Prussian Chancellors, appears the *Münchener Allgemeine Zeitung*, setting in relief the dignified though modest tone in which the academic senates of Germany venture to criticise the acts of the Ministry, finding themselves anon reduced to silence by the Kaiser's educational heresies.

We now arrive at the German section of the Austro-Hungarian Press, and must lay stress on the tone there adopted throughout the events in the Transvaal, which shows a marked difference from the tone of the Press in Germany. The latter abandoned itself to wholesale indulgence in jealous passion, but the former, while in unanimous agreement on our initial errors, has passed its strictures more in sorrow than in anger, recalling rather the reproaches of an affectionate father to an erring son. This correctness of attitude may be attributed, if you like, to the absence of economic and colonial rivalry; I prefer to regard it mainly as a signal manifestation of the innate courtesy of the Austrian, and in particular of the Viennese. All these qualities of intellectual and social politeness characterise the world-famous *Neue Freie Presse* which is, at Vienna, what the *Tageblatt* is at Berlin, with all

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the superiority of taste conferred by residence on the banks of the Danube instead of the Spree. Like the *Tageblatt* again and in company with nearly all the Liberal Press in Austria, this paper is in the hands of the Israelitish plutocracy; its circulation rivals that of its contemporary at Berlin. This is due, no doubt, to the well-deserved prestige it enjoys abroad, as much from the excellence and certainty of its news and political notes, and the intrinsic worth of its feuilletons, as from the wide studies contributed by the most eminent specialists in sociology, art, and letters, which render it one of the most cosmopolitan of European journals. I cannot leave it without mention of the venerable musical critic Dr. E. Hauslick, a veteran of the Brahms-Wagner dispute, when he showed himself a disciple and a stalwart champion of the former, or of the learned dramatic critic, Herr Speidel, whose philosophic thought never fails to draw from a Shakespearean representation some psychological lessons hitherto unobserved, and whose erudition in the department of Shakespearean bibliography would put some of our native scholars to shame.

The Liberal programme of the Manchester school, of which the *Freie Presse* is the influential representative, may be recognised under a slightly more democratic aspect and under less obligations to the capitalist in the *Wiener Allgemeine Zeitung* and the *Wiener Fremdenblatt*, while the official *Wiener Zeitung* and, in particular, its semi-official evening edition or *Abendblatt*, forms a happy medium in which the dry style of the Ministerial or municipal gazette is blended with the varieties of late news and serial articles.

The *Extrablatt* is a journal which hardly does credit to the democracy; it is read only by the working classes and ought not to be quoted as an authority by our too confiding editors. In the provincial centres the loyalist liberalism of the *Pester Lloyd* sets itself to counteract the extravagant and metropolitan Pan-German principles of the *Ostdeutsche Rundschau*, directed by that turbulent spirit, K. H. Wolf. This latter journal is a lamentable echo of the distressing scenes which disgrace the

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political assemblies of Austria-Hungary. At the extreme opposite pole is found the old particular Press which is published in the indigenous language; among such journals the *Pesti-Napló* and the *Magyarország* may be named as most prominent. A whole essay might be written on the influence exerted in provincial and municipal elections by the local papers, which regularly receive, from a special staff established in the head-quarters of the various parties, their leader and their general instructions. The example of the party organisations has been followed by the Government, and every little town can boast its official journal bearing the Imperial and royal arms. The local party editors, in return for work that embraces a little of every branch of journalism and is consequently very exacting, receive salaries varying from something like £80 to £130 a year. The editor of the Imperial or royal journal is very liberally remunerated by the Treasury; his duties, which can hardly be considered burdensome, are never to miss any meeting or banquet held in honour of the good cause of the ruling Ministry. Such duties he seldom fails to discharge, because he thus succeeds in putting himself constantly before the public, and we must not apply to a man who hardly writes at all, contenting himself with the lofty oversight of his underlings, the phrase so often accompanied with a contemptuous smile: "Oh! he is a writer for the papers."

MAURICE A. GEROTHWOHL.

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JOSEPH JOACHIM: MAKER OF MUSIC

IN the language of their own age the greatest artists speak for all time; which is as much as to say that they do not speak merely for posterity, and that they may be as far beyond the comprehension of a later age as they were beyond that of their own. The works of Palestrina and Shakespeare (to take the most widely different examples) were greeted by their contemporaries with an intelligent sympathy of which hardly a trace appeared in posterity until comparatively recent times; and even in cases like that of Beethoven, where there seems to have been a century of steady progress in the understanding of his work, it is rather humiliating to reflect how much of our superiority over our ancestors is merely negative. Beethoven was surrounded by brilliant musicians who worked for their own time and had not a word to say to us. Our ancestors had to single Beethoven out from that dazzling crowd; but we have little more than vague ideas as to who was in the musical world a hundred years ago besides the venerable Haydn, then penning his last compositions, and Schubert, Weber, Cherubini, Spohr; in short, precisely those men who are too great and typical to be compared with each other. And in so far as we are thus incapable of realising what it was in these great artists that was too new for their contemporaries to understand, we lose a certain insight which their comparatively few intelligent supporters possessed in an eminent degree, and we fall

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into the error of greatly under-estimating the difficulty of classical art for ourselves. Indeed, an intelligent sympathy with great art is a privilege that is in all ages hardly won and easily lost. It is not the privilege of experts, nor even of remarkably clever people; it probably needs nothing beyond the sensibilities necessary for the enjoyment of the art, controlled by such clearness of mind as will save us from the unconscious error of setting ourselves above the greatest artists of the present and past. It is astonishing how many disguises this error assumes; and it often has no more connection with conceit than bad logic has with fraud. The expert is always in danger of reasoning as if his fund of recent technical and æsthetic knowledge had raised his intellect to a higher plane than that of the great men of an earlier generation; the student is constantly mistaking the limitations of his own *technique* for laws of art, and doubting whether this or that in a great work is justifiable when he ought simply to realise that it is a thing he cannot possibly do himself; and (most insidious of all such confusions of thought) many persons of broad general culture allow their own legitimate pleasure in a work of art to be spoilt by the consciousness that there is so much that they do not understand; as if it were an insult to their intelligence to suppose that any work of art should be too great for them to grasp at once.

These very obvious considerations seem to be more neglected in the criticism of performances than in that of compositions; yet it would seem that the very great performer must be almost as far beyond his own age as the very great composer, with the disadvantage that his playing cannot survive him to meet with more justice from posterity. The object of the present sketch is to describe the permanent element in the life-work of one whom most persons of reasonably wide musical culture and knowledge believe to be probably the greatest interpreter of music the world has ever seen. It may seem a strained figure of speech to call the greatness of Joachim's playing a permanent quality, except in the sense that it has more than stood the

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test of time as measured by his own career of over sixty years of unbroken triumph; but there can be no doubt that the influence of such playing on subsequent art, both creative and interpretive, must continue to be profound and vital long after the general public can trace it to its source in the personality of the great artist who originated it. The immortality for which the greatest artists work is a thing of fact rather than of fame. Bach wrote his two hundred odd cantatas, sparing no pains to make them as beautiful as only he could understand music to be; yet he not only knew that there was no prospect of their becoming known outside his own circle during his life-time, but he cannot even have consoled himself with the hope of an immortality of fame for them afterwards; unless we are to suppose that he foresaw such a glaringly improbable thing as their publication by the Bach-Gesellschaft on the centenary of his death! To such minds facts are facts even if the world forgets them, the artist aims at nothing but the perfection and growth of his art. He cheerfully uses it to earn an honest living, and nothing of human interest is too remote to be material for his art; but he remains undeterred by all that does not affect the matter in hand. The desire for fame, contemporary or posthumous, as an end in itself, can no more explain the cantatas of Bach or the playing of Joachim than the desire for wealth or popularity. All men desire these things, for ulterior purposes, and many great men attain them; but to an artist the actuality of artistic production will always override all considerations of what the world will say or do when the work is finished. In extreme cases the artist is even blameworthy in his indifference to the fate of his work, as when a great painter is heedless in the use of colours that are not permanent.

Joachim's unswerving devotion to the highest ideals of the interpretation of classical music is a striking illustration of this rigorous actuality in the true artist's guiding principles. A composer must have more serious purpose than the normal man of talent if he persists in doing far more careful and

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copious work than practical purposes demand, while he is all the time convinced, as Bach must have been, that this work will never become known. And this is yet more obviously true of a player; even if it be happily the case, as it certainly is with Joachim, that his efforts have met with the warm gratitude of the public throughout the whole musical world. Indeed, Joachim's success is as severe a test as his playing could possibly have had; for popular success cannot encourage an artist not absorbed in the realisation of pure artistic ideals to maintain his playing at a height of spiritual excellence far beyond the capacity of popular intelligence. At the present day it is as true as it always has been, that a student of music can measure his progress by the increase in his capacity to enjoy and learn from the performances of the Joachim Quartet: just as a scholar can measure his progress by his capacity to appreciate Milton. Here, then, we have work perfected for its own sake; work that must have been even so perfected if it had never been rewarded as it has been, for surely of all roads to popularity that which Joachim chose—the road of Bach and Brahms—was the most unpromising. The immortality of fact, not of name, is the only principle which will explain Joachim's career; indeed, it is the only explanation of his popular success. For, as is sometimes pointed out with unnecessary emphasis, he has attained his threescore years and ten; so that it is absurd to suppose that his present popularity can still spring either from the novelty of scope, which was once the distinguishing feature of his as of other remarkable young players' *technique*, or from that capacity for following the fashion which he never had and never wanted. It is the permanent and spiritual element that makes his playing as profoundly moving now as it was in his youth, and that would remain as evident to all that have ears to hear, even if what is sometimes said of his advancing age were ten times true. As a matter of fact, Joachim's energy is that of many a strong man in his prime. I believe it cannot be generally known in England what an enormous amount of

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work he continues to do every day, apart from his concert-playing. As the original director of the great musical Hoch-Schule in Berlin, he continues to fill out his working-day with teaching, conducting, administering, and examining; while his numerous concerts, which we in England are apt to regard as the chief, if not the only, demand on his energy, are given in the intervals of this colossal work of teaching by which he has become a maker of minds no less than of music. His concert season in England—those few weeks crowded with engagements that leave barely time to travel from town to town to fulfil them—is in one sense his holiday; and while there are no doubt plenty of young artists who would be very glad of a fixed position in a great musical academy as a kind of base of operations for occasional concert tours, there are probably few who would not shrink from devoting themselves in old age to both these occupations as Joachim continues to devote himself at the present day. And his vigour seems, to those who have followed his work during the last eighteen months or so, to have increased afresh; certainly nothing can be less like the failing powers and narrowing sympathies of old age than his constant readiness to help young artists not only with advice and encouragement, but by infinite patience in taking part with them in their concerts. If all that he has done in such acts of generosity could be translated into musical compositions, the result would be like Bach's "fünf Jahrgänge Kirchen-cantaten," five works of art for every day in the year. In the presence of such an age it is the failings of youth that seem crabbed and unsympathetic. In boyhood the friend of Mendelssohn, whose wonderful pianoforte playing he can at this day describe to his friends as vividly as he can interpret Mendelssohn's violin concerto to the world at large; in youth the friend of Schumann, to whom he introduced his younger friend, Brahms; throughout life the friend of Brahms, whom he influenced as profoundly as Brahms influenced him; and in middle age one of the very first and most energetic in obtaining a hearing for the works of

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Dvoràk: a man of such experience might rather be expected to become in the end a *laudator temporis acti*, with little heart to encourage the young. But Joachim was not born in 1881 that his experience might be useless to those who begin their work in the twentieth century: and there is no man living whose personal influence on all young artists who come into contact with him is more powerful or leaves the impression of a deeper sympathy.

It is not my intention to repeat here the glorious story o Joachim's career; his leading part in the building up of practically the whole present wide-spread public familiarity with classical chamber-music, including that of Schumann and Brahms; the remarkable history of his early relations with Liszt and Wagner at Weimar, so well set forth in Herr Moser's recent biography of Joachim, and so entirely different from the crude misunderstandings of the typical anti-Wagnerian; or even the list of illustrious pupils who prove that Joachim's labour of love in the Hoch-Schule is not in vain. On the other hand, of Joachim the composer I have something to say, more especially as that is a capacity in which he has met with very scanty recognition; perhaps chiefly because his works are as few as they are beautiful, for music is not, like precious stones, famed in proportion to its rarity. Three concertos, five orchestral overtures (of which two are still unpublished, while the exquisitely humorous and fantastic Overture to a Comedy by Gozzi, though composed in 1856, has only just now appeared); these, with a moderately large volume of smaller pieces, such as the rich and thoughtful Variations for viola, and the later set for violin and orchestra, and several groups of pieces in lyric forms, are a body of work that is more likely to escape the preoccupied attention of the present age than that of the posterity that will judge of our art by its organisation rather than by its tendencies. Perhaps we may hope for a more immediate recognition of the beauty of the newly published Overture to a Comedy by Gozzi; for its humour and lightness are a new revelation to the warmest admirers of

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Joachim's compositions, while it is second to none in perfection of form.

But let us turn from this subject for a moment to consider what is the real attitude of that public with whom Joachim as an interpreter is so popular. It is absurd to suppose that the public can completely understand the greatest instrumental music; that there is not much in the works of the great classical composers that is at least so far puzzling to them that they will prefer a coarse or one-sided interpretation to such a complete realisation of the composer's meaning as Joachim gives. But fortunately the typical representative of the intelligent public is not the nervous and irritable man of culture who is always distressing himself because he cannot grasp the whole meaning of a great work of art. The inexpert, common-sense lover of music, who represents the best of the concert-going public, never supposed that he could. All that he demands is that on the whole he shall be able to enjoy his music, and, unless it is exceptionally unfamiliar to him, he can generally enjoy a great part of it almost as intelligently as a trained musician, and often far more keenly, since he is less likely to suffer from over-familiarity with those artistic devices that mean intense emotion in great art and mere technical convenience in ordinary work. No doubt, the ordinary inexpert listener often fails to understand what is at once great and specially new to him; otherwise Bach would have been recognised from the outset as a profoundly emotional and popular composer. And, on the other hand, without the experience of constantly hearing the finest music even an intelligent man may easily be deceived into admiring what is thoroughly bad: indeed, it is a commonplace of pessimistic critics to point out that the audience that crowds a great hall to hear Joachim has been known in the very same concert to encore songs of a character altogether beneath criticism. But we often over-rate the importance of such things. The public does not claim to be able to tell good from bad; it simply takes considerable trouble to enjoy what it can, being in that respect far more

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energetic and straightforward than many of those who would improve its taste. And if it often shows that it enjoys many things merely because it has not found out how horribly false they are, that is no proof whatever that its enjoyment of great art is spurious. No doubt it is sad to be victimised by false sentiment; but surely it is good to be stirred by true enthusiasm; and that the public can be so stirred without the smallest concession being made either to its ignorance or its sentimentality the whole of Joachim's career triumphantly testifies. Since the time of Handel it is probable that no musician devoting himself exclusively to the most serious work in his art has approached Joachim's record of a continuous popularity rising yet, after more than sixty years, to new triumphs that excite the wonder of many whose interest in music is of too recent growth for them to remember the enormous influence he has always had on his contemporaries and juniors, or to realise that many things now regarded as of quite a new and even anti-academic school owe their vitality to the tradition which he has established. Surely the public that has learnt so well to recognise and testify to the greatness of such a life deserves forgiveness for many temporary errors of taste. It is more important to love good art than never to be deceived by bad.

In the face of Joachim's universal popularity, the accusations of "cold intellectuality" which have been every now and then directed against him by those whose ideal of art is the greatest astonishment of the greatest number, are not only signs of second-rate criticism but libels on the public. If there is one thing in which the public is almost infallible in the long run, it is in detecting a lack of warmth in work that claims to be serious and solid. No assault on the public's feelings is too brutal (as Stevenson said of "Home, sweet Home!"), in other words, no sentiment is too false for popular success; but on the other hand no apathetic solidity is imposing enough to interest the public which suspects that it has not interested the artist himself. Indeed, the public is severe in

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its sensitiveness to the difference between things done as the direct result of an intimate knowledge and love of the work in hand and the very same things as done simply because So-and-so does them. But, on the other hand, it does not readily fall into the error of demanding that no two artists shall have the same "reading" of a composition. When a man of good sense without musical training troubles to think about "readings" at all, the idea that a "reading" is the worse for occurring to a dozen great artists in different generations is the last thing to enter his head. There is no reason why pupils should fail to become great artists because they have learnt all that they know of the interpretation of great music from such a man as Joachim; what art needs, and what the public has the sense to demand, is that they shall so play because they so understand and feel. It does not then always follow that the public will give such work its due; but it is certain that where the artist has not thus made his master's knowledge and feeling his own, the public will not be deluded into believing that he has. Even the mere virtuoso must have some pleasure in his own virtuosity, or the public will have none. And it is probably sheer tenderness of conscience that causes the universal popularity of false sentiment; no one feels comfortable in refusing to respond when his feelings are appealed to by those whose claims he has no means of refuting, and this is precisely the position of the inexpert listener with regard to sentimental music.

Much has been written in praise and illustration of Joachim's playing and that of his quartet; and from most points of view it has been so well and so recently described, both in England and abroad, that to say more here would be impertinent. One point of view has, however, been somewhat neglected. I am not aware that Joachim's playing has been expressly reviewed as the playing of a composer; and I therefore propose to devote the rest of this sketch to a few observations on the largest and best known of his works, the Hungarian Concerto, drawing some parallels

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between it and his playing, and thus illustrating how his sympathy with the great composers has come from a share in their creative experience.

The concerto is on an enormous scale; the first and last movements are, if I am not mistaken, the longest extant examples of well-constructed classical concerto form. And that the form is of classical perfection no one who has carefully studied the work can deny; indeed, so convincing and natural is the flow, and so just are the contrasts, that the length of the work remains quite unsuspected by the attentive listener, and would probably never be discovered at all but for the necessity of sometimes timing the items of concert programmes. One may imagine that the composer who shows such colossal mastery of form, would see to it that his playing of classical music revealed the proportions of all that he played, and that he would never dream of "bringing out the beauty" of this or that passage by playing it as slowly as if it belonged to quite a different movement from that in which it occurs. This is, indeed, a tempting short cut to impressiveness of effect; in fact, many fine artists have spared no pains or thought in the search for fresh passages in classical music that can be so revealed to the public; and at all times there has been a definite school of criticism that regards such a method as the true way of artistic progress. It must also be candidly confessed that the higher criticism ruins its own cause when it accuses such artists of false sentiment or vulgarity, or anything more reprehensible than the failure to recognise how much of the greatness of art lies in proportion and design. A sense of form, such as is shown in the Hungarian Concerto, is almost the rarest thing in art, and is incomparably the highest of technical faculties. If Joachim had not been capable of composing a work thus worthy to take a place among the great classical concertos, he would not have been able as a player to found that great tradition of interpretation that has made the last quartets of Beethoven on the whole better understood by the musical public than Shakespeare is by the average reader. The tradition, once founded, can be

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nobly carried on by players who have no thoughts of composition; but to originate such a work requires an essentially creative mind. No amount of exploration from point to point, or loving care in the delivery of each phrase, no genius for breadth and dignity of musical declamation would ever have sufficed to make these works, so unfathomable in detail, grandly intelligible as wholes. And unless the whole is grasped, the details remain undiscovered.

Of course this grand quality of form is not directly recognisable by the public, either in compositions or in performances. It is a cause rather than an effect, and it is absolutely unattainable by mere imitation. Nor is a school-knowledge of the general facts of classical form equivalent to this true grasp of musical organisation, either in playing or in composition; for these general facts, just in so far as they are general, are accurately true of no one classical work. They are not the principles that make classical music what it is; they are the average phenomena that enable us to define and classify art-forms: and that kind of playing that carves the music joint by joint, that treats a fugue as if nothing but the fugue-subject were fit for the public ear, and that always plays a specially beautiful phrase louder and slower than its context,—such playing is as far removed from Joachim's method of interpretation as the form of a bad degree-exercise is from that of the Hungarian Concerto.

There is nothing scholastic or inorganic in Joachim's form; perhaps in the first movement one has a temporary impression of rather cautious symmetry of rhythm, just as one has with the first movement of Beethoven's Concerto in C minor, a work that in formal *technique* and proportions is remarkably akin to Joachim's, and probably influenced it more powerfully than the entire absence of resemblances in external style and theme would suggest. But, like the Beethoven C minor, the Hungarian Concerto soon shows that it is not of such matter as can be cast in a merely academic mould. Though in both works the opening *tutti*, with its deliberate transition from first

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subject to second, is more like the beginning of a symphony than either Beethoven or Brahms allowed the *tuttis* of their later concertos to be, yet the treatment of the solo instrument, its relation to the orchestra, and the grouping and development of the themes, are in both works as mature and highly organised as possible, and as surely the work of a great composer in Joachim's case as in Beethoven's. The very outset of Joachim's first solo, where the violin passes from the impressive first theme to allude to the tender sequel of the second subject, a phrase originally uttered in the major mode by the oboe in its poignant upper register, but now given in the minor mode with the solemn tones of the violin's G-string; this is just such a freedom of form as only a true tone-poet can invent. Classical music is full of such things; ordinary formal analysis cannot explain them, since, as we have seen, it is concerned with averages, not with organic principles; and these passages have no external peculiarity to call the attention of the inexperienced to their significance. If there is much of this kind in classical music that is now of common knowledge, if it is possible to point out such things here, this is mainly due to the fact that the most influential musical interpreter of modern times can reveal the meaning of such traits because he has experienced them in his own creative work.

All that has been said here as to the form of the Hungarian Concerto and its analogy with the architectonic quality of Joachim's playing may be repeated in different terms as to the more detailed aspects of the work. The score is so full of detail that it is very difficult to read; not that there is anything startlingly "modern" about it; those who would seek in it the "latest improvements of modern orchestration" are doomed to disappointment. For one thing, it was written within two years of Schumann's death, eighteen years before the appearance of Brahms' first symphony, and twenty years before Dvorák came to his own (largely through the united efforts of Brahms and Joachim themselves). The only modern influence that could possibly affect a work in so classical a form at the date

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of this concerto was to be found in Brahms, to whom, in fact, the work is dedicated. But at that time Brahms was twenty-four and Joachim was twenty-six; and the history of the opening of Brahms' B♭ sextet and many things in his first pianoforte concerto will bear witness that the influence was about equally strong on both sides. However, all such historical matters are beside the mark. Joachim, both as composer and player, is an immortal whose work is so truly for all time that it cannot be measured in terms of the present or any age. The Hungarian Concerto may perhaps seem, to some who put their trust in symphonic poems, almost as antiquated as Bach's arias and recitatives seemed to most musicians in the 'fifties just a century after Bach's death; but a time always comes, even though centuries late, when it is recognised that in art all "effects" must have their causes no less than in logic and nature; and that the work in which the effects come from sufficient and deep-rooted causes has more vitality than that which depends merely on brilliant allusions to the latest artistic discoveries of its day.

When the time comes for the verdict of history as to the instrumental music of the last sixty years, Joachim will still be known as a purifying and ennobling influence of a power and extent unparalleled in the history of reproductive art; but I cannot believe that historians will ascribe this influence merely to the violinist; they will surely turn to the few compositions of Joachim, and they will see in the enormous wealth of harmonious detail that crowds the score of the Hungarian Concerto that very completeness and justness that we know so well in his playing. When they admire the art with which the solo violin is made to penetrate the richest scoring with ease, they will understand, perhaps better than ourselves, that true balance of tone and perfection of *ensemble* with which the Joachim Quartet quietly and simply discloses all essential points without reducing the accompaniment to a dull, disorganised mumble. When they see the wonderful burst of florid figuration that accompanies the return of the theme of

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the slow movement, or the freedom and subtlety of its coda, they will hear what it was in Joachim's playing that showed us the true depth of expression in Bach's elaborately ornate melody, which our fathers thought so antiquated and rococo. And they will long to have heard Joachim's violin-playing as we long to have heard Bach at his organ: not from curiosity to verify an old record of technical prowess, but from the desire to recover the unrecorded manifestations of a creative mind.

DONALD FRANCIS TOVEY.

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SPEAKING TO THE PSALTERY

I

I HAVE always known that there was something I disliked about singing, and I naturally dislike print and paper, but now at last I understand why, for I have found something better. I have just heard a poem spoken with so delicate a sense of its rhythm, with so perfect a respect for its meaning, that if I were a wise man and could persuade a few people to learn the art I would never open a book of verses again. A friend, who was here a few minutes ago, has sat with a beautiful stringed instrument upon her knee, her fingers passing over the strings, and has spoken to me some of my own poems and some verses from Shelley's "Skylark" and Sir Ector's lamentation over the dead Launcelot out of the "Morte d'Arthur." Wherever the rhythm was most delicate, wherever the emotion was most ecstatic, her art was the most beautiful, and yet, although she sometimes spoke to a little tune, it was never singing, never anything but speech. A singing note, a word chanted as they chant in churches, would have spoiled everything; nor was it reciting, for she spoke to a notation as definite as that of song, using the instrument, which murmured sweetly and faintly, under the spoken sounds, to give her the changing notes. Another speaker could have repeated all her effects, except those which came from her own beautiful voice, that would have given her fame if the only art that gives the speaking voice its perfect opportunity were as well known among us as it was known in the ancient world.

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II

Since I was a boy I have always longed to hear poems spoken to a harp, as I imagined Homer to have spoken his, for it is not natural to enjoy an art only when one is by oneself. Whenever one finds a fine verse one wants to read it to somebody, and it would be much less trouble and much pleasanter if we could all listen, friend by friend, lover by beloved. Images used to rise up before me, as I am sure they have arisen before nearly everybody else who cares for poetry, of wild-eyed men speaking harmoniously to murmuring wires while audiences in many-coloured robes listened, hushed and excited. Whenever I spoke of my desire to anybody they said I should write for music, but when I heard anything sung I did not hear the words, or if I did their natural pronunciation was altered and their natural music was altered, or it was drowned in another music which I did not understand. What was the good of writing a love-song if the singer pronounced love, "lo-o-o-o-o-ve," or even if he said "love," but did not give it its exact place and weight in the rhythm? Like every other poet, I spoke verses in a kind of chant when I was making them, and sometimes, when I was alone on a country road, I would speak them in a loud chanting voice, and feel that if I dared I would speak them in that way to other people. One day I was walking through a Dublin street with "The Visionary" I have written about in "The Celtic Twilight," and he began speaking his verses out aloud with the confidence of those who have the inner light. He did not mind that people stopped and looked after him even on the far side of the road, but went on through poem after poem. Like myself, he knew nothing of music, but was certain that he had written them to a manner of music, and he had once asked somebody who played on a wind instrument of some kind, and then a violinist, to write out the music and play it. The man with the wind instrument had played it, or something like it, but had not written it down; but the violinist said it could not be played because it contained quarter-tones

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and would be out of tune. We were not at all convinced by this, and one day, when we were staying with a Galway friend who is a learned musician, I asked him to listen to our verses and to the way we spoke them. "The Visionary" found to his surprise that he did not make every poem to a different tune, and to the surprise of the musician that he did make them all to two quite definite tunes, which are, it seems, like very simple Arabic music. It was, perhaps, to some such music, I thought, that Blake sang his "Songs of Innocence" in Mrs. Williams' drawing-room, and perhaps he, too, spoke rather than sang. I, on the other hand, did not compose to a tune, but still to notes that, if one neglected a few quarter-tones, could be written down and played on my friend's organ, or turned into something like a Gregorian hymn if one sang it in the ordinary way. I varied more than "The Visionary," who never forgot his two tunes, one for long and one for short lines, and, could not always speak a poem in the same way, but always felt that certain ways were right and that I would know one of them if I remembered the way I first spoke the poem. When I got to London I gave the notation, as it had been played on the organ, to the friend who has just gone out, and she spoke it to me, giving my words a new quality by the beauty of her voice.

III

Then we began to wander through the wood of error; we tried speaking through music in the ordinary way under I know not whose evil influence, until we got to hate the two competing tunes and rhythms that were so often at discord with one another, the tune and rhythm of the verse and the tune and rhythm of the music. Then we tried, persuaded by somebody who thought quarter-tones and less intervals the especial mark of speech as distinct from singing, to write out what we did in wavy lines. On finding something like these lines in Tibetan music, we became so confident that we covered a large piece of pasteboard, which now blows up my fire in the morning, with a notation in wavy lines as a demonstration for a

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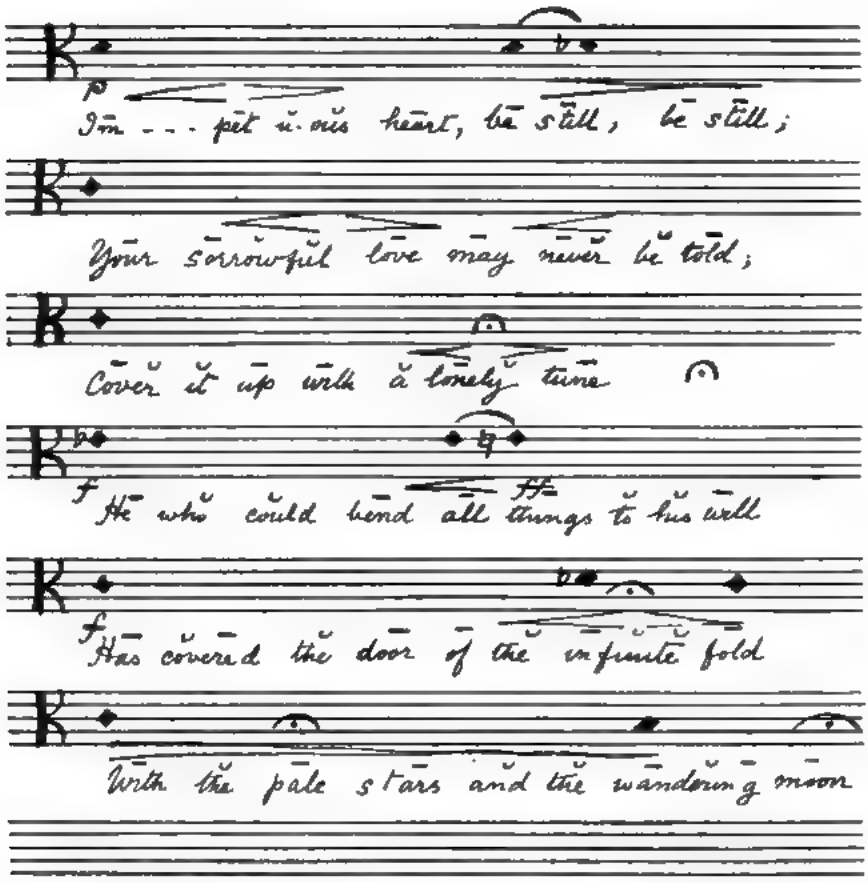
p
Im - - - pēt ŭ · oŭs heart, bē stĭll, bē stĭll;
Your sŏrrŏwfŭl lŏve may nĕvĕr bĕ tōld;
Cŏvĕr ĭt ŭp ŭith ă lōnely tŭne
f
Hē who cŏuld bĕnd all thŭngs tŏ hŭs ŭill
f
Hās cŏvĕrĕd thĕ dŏor ŏf thĕ ŭnfŭnitĕ fōld
With thĕ pāle stārs ănd thĕ wāndĕrĭng mŏon

Lines from *The Countess Cathleen* with Mr. A. Dolmetsch's notes for musical reading to the psaltery

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lecture; but at last Mr. Dolmetsch put us back to our first thought. He made us a beautiful instrument half psaltery half lyre which contains, I understand, all the chromatic intervals within the range of the speaking voice; and he taught us to regulate our speech by the ordinary musical notes.

The notations he taught us are all much like this facsimile of a song out of the first Act of the "Countess Cathleen."

It is written, I am told, in the old C clef — the most reasonable way to write it, for it would be below the stave on the treble clef or above it on the bass clef. The central line of the stave corresponds to the middle C of the piano; the first note of the poem is therefore D. The marks of long and short over the syllables are not marks of scansion, but show the syllables one makes the voice hurry or linger over. One needs, of course, a far less complicated notation than a singer, and one is even permitted slight modifications of the fixed note when dramatic expression demands it and the instrument is not sounding. The notation which regulates the general form of the sound leaves it free to add a complexity of dramatic expression from its own incommunicable genius which compensates the lover of speech for the lack of complex musical expression. Ordinary speech is formless, and its variety is like the variety which separates bad prose from the regulated speech of Milton, or anything that is formless and void from anything that has form and beauty. The orator, the speaker who has some little of the great tradition of his craft, differs from the debater very largely because he understands how to assume that subtle monotony of voice which runs through the nerves like fire. Even when one is speaking to a single note sounded faintly on the Psaltery, if one is sufficiently practised to speak on it without thinking about it one can get an endless variety of expression. All art is, indeed, a monotony in external things for the sake of an interior variety, a sacrifice of gross effects to subtle effects, an ascetism of the imagination. But this new art, new in modern life I mean, will have to train its hearers as well as its speakers, for it takes time to surrender gladly the

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gross efforts one is accustomed to, and one may well find mere monotony at first where one soon learns to find a variety as incalculable as in the outline of faces or in the expression of eyes. Modern acting and recitation have taught us to fix our attention on the gross effects till we have come to think gesture and the intonation that copies the accidental surface of life more important than the rhythm; and yet we understand theoretically that it is precisely this rhythm that separates good writing from bad, that is the glimmer, the fragrance, the spirit of all intense literature. I do not say that we should speak our plays to musical notes, for dramatic verse will need its own method, and I have hitherto experimented with short lyric poems alone; but I am certain that, if people would listen for a while to lyrical verse spoken to notes, they would soon find it impossible to listen without indignation to verse as it is spoken in our leading theatres. They would get a subtlety of hearing that would demand new effects from actors and even from public speakers, and they might, it may be, begin even to notice one another's voices till poetry and rhythm had come nearer to common life.

I cannot tell what changes this new art is to go through, or to what greatness or littleness of fortune; but I can imagine little stories in prose with their dialogues in metre going pleasantly to the strings. I am not certain that I shall not see some Order naming itself from the Golden Violet of the Troubadours or the like, and having among its members none but well-taught and well-mannered speakers who will keep the new art from disrepute. They will know how to keep from singing notes and from prosaic lifeless intonations, and they will always understand, however far they push their experiments, that poetry and not music is their object; and they will have by heart, like the Irish File, so many poems and notations that they will never have to bend their heads over the book to the ruin of dramatic expression and of that wild air the bard had always about him in my boyish imagination. They will go here and there speaking their verses and their little stories wherever they can find a

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score or two of poetical-minded people in a big room, or a couple of poetical-minded friends sitting by the hearth, and poets will write them poems and little stories to the confounding of print and paper. I, at any rate, from this out mean to write all my longer poems for the stage, and all my shorter ones for the Psaltery, if only a strong angel keep me to my good resolutions.

W. B. YEATS.

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THE SHELL OF LEONARDO

BEING AN ESSAY ON SPIRAL FORMATION IN NATURE AND IN ART

Part II

§ 5

IN my last article I attempted to give some explanation of the beautiful spiral lines upon the columella of such a shell as that shown in Fig. 38, which is the fourth in a series of which *Telescopium telescopium* with its single spiral (Fig. 20), is the beginning. In Fig. 28 I reproduce the photograph of an old staircase in the Château of Blois, built long before Leonardo da Vinci came to France. The origin of the architectural lines in such a staircase as this is more easily explained than the structure either of a *Telescopium*, or of a *Voluta*.

When the first great square or circular feudal fortresses or keeps were built, the walls were of such enormous thickness that the space for the living rooms was very considerably curtailed, and a staircase after the usual London pattern would have left hardly any room at all either for the owner's family or for his garrison. Yet it was necessary to get access quickly and easily—in some cases secretly—from one floor to another; and when a lady was living in the same building with a number of soldiers, she might desire, even in those rough times when dignity counted for more than decency, to have a separate

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FIG. 28.—Staircase in the old wing of the Château of Blois showing single right-handed spiral

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staircase to herself, leading perhaps from her boudoir to the dais of the hall, while a different stairway, at the opposite angle of the room, admitted the crowd of men-at-arms who sat below the salt. To manage these separate approaches by means of two "London staircases" would have meant a waste of room even more fatal than our own modern cramped arrangements. The problem was first solved, I imagine, by providing a shaft in the thickness of the wall from one floor to another, the entrances of which opened in the corner of each room. But it would be impossible to drop a man down this shaft like a parcel, still less to climb up without help; and a ladder, whether of wood or rope, would necessarily be at a dangerously acute angle. So they began by inserting a brick at the bottom of a shaft, just where my piece of string was attached to the base of the cylinder in my first illustration (*see* Fig. 2) of an upward dextral helix; only you must now imagine that the cylinder has become a long hole in a solid body, and that into this containing circular body a slab of stone large enough to tread upon has been placed a foot above the floor. Continuing your natural spiral movement to the right, you must then place another stone in position, a foot higher than the other, and further forward—that is to say, further round this internal shaft up which you wish to ascend. Continuing in this way, you will gradually fix your slabs of stone to the inside of the shaft in constantly ascending spiral curves until you reach the top; and with a little practice you will be able so to adjust the angle of the spiral that the end of it exactly reaches the upper doorway. The wall will always be on your right as some support, but there is a dismal cavity on the left hand, and a false step would hurl you headlong through the middle of the brick-bristling shaft to the bottom. To avoid this, in your next experiment you take rather longer slabs of stone and diminish the danger; but a time arrives when you cannot increase their length owing to the fact that, though one end is firmly inserted in the wall, the other stretches out into emptiness, and a heavy weight

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might entirely displace it. This would have been a critical moment for the builder whose shaft was of a large diameter.

When Charles V. of France built the grand staircase of the Louvre (since destroyed), Raymond du Temple found that the Paris quarries of 1365 could not furnish big enough slabs in time, for over six feet in length was what he needed. So a selection of tombstones from the Churchyard of the Innocents was made; and I can conceive no stranger material than this "derangement of epitaphs." Surely the Devil upon Notre Dame must have chuckled; for of what else are made the steps which lead to Hell, even if the paving-stones are—on good authority—of a different substance?

But as the first of these primitive connecting shafts was probably quite small, I think the true solution of the whole problem rapidly made its appearance. In the case of a shaft, for instance, of six feet in diameter, if all the slabs of stepping stones projected 3 ft. 6 in. from the wall they would overlap. The first case of overlapping may have been an accident; but, at any rate, it was soon found that this method entirely covered up that dangerous hole in the middle which I mentioned; and as soon as this was effected the greatest discovery of all came simultaneously to light. For as the stairway rose, a central column was seen to be rising with it on the left hand of any person ascending the dextral helix of the stairs; and by degrees the masons learnt so to cut their stepping-stones that this central column was not only built up by these stones but also in its turn supported them, for they now overlapped both at their ends and at their edges. And now at last the outer wall on the right hand side fell into its true position of a mere protective shell, while the essential feature of the whole was the central column round which the fanlike steps revolved.

To explain this first development of the real spiral staircase (instances of which may be found in most lighthouses and in the Tower of London), I reproduce here a drawing by Viollet-le-Duc, which shows one entire revolution of the steps

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and also gives the drawing (Fig. 20) of a single step which contains its own portion of the central pillar, as will be found to be the case in the example I reproduced in Fig. 14 of the Palazzo Contarini. It will be noticed that the architect has not yet reached the idea of a handrail, and is merely producing the simplest necessity for internal communication without any idea of decorative effect. Some kind of handrail for the left hand soon became necessary and the first was probably a rope which was firmly attached to an iron ring at the top of the stairway and followed its curves down to the bottom, being kept at the right height by an occasional staple on the way. By degrees the stone of the central column got worn into a regular groove by the constant pressure of this rope, and it soon became evident that the handrail might become not merely an integral part of the stonework of the staircase but a very definite addition to the beauty of its decoration. Such spiral staircases were known to the Romans, who left the rough screws they hied out among the ashes of Pompeii, though they had not advanced sufficiently in mechanics to be able to make a nut that would accurately correspond. But the conditions of mediæval life made spiral staircases peculiarly valuable to the feudal architect, for doors could open into them at any height in their spiral upward course, they were easily lighted and at first, of simple and rapid construction which could be easily repaired. They could be held by a few men against a hundred foes, they joined the very top of the building with the very bottom, and the slope of their ascent could be made gentle or steep at will. We have, of course, long ago rejected such useful and

Fig. 20. The primitive spiral staircase, showing the shape of each step.

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beautiful possibilities in London houses, which are as narrow and lofty as a feudal keep, perhaps because we could not easily get our furniture and other cumbrous living-apparatus up and down a spiral, yet with these methods it would be possible to construct two interior spirals where there is now scarce room for one narrow stairway and a set of useless landings. The danger of fire would certainly be reduced if one of these spirals were constructed of unin flammable materials, or even built outside the main walls of the building. At Hertford College, Oxford, the architect seems to have remembered a sixteenth-century model, but to have been unable to find workmen capable of carrying out a sixteenth-century design. At any rate the result is a somewhat inelegant compromise between the old and new. One of the largest "Newel Staircases" in the United Kingdom is at Fyvie in Scotland.

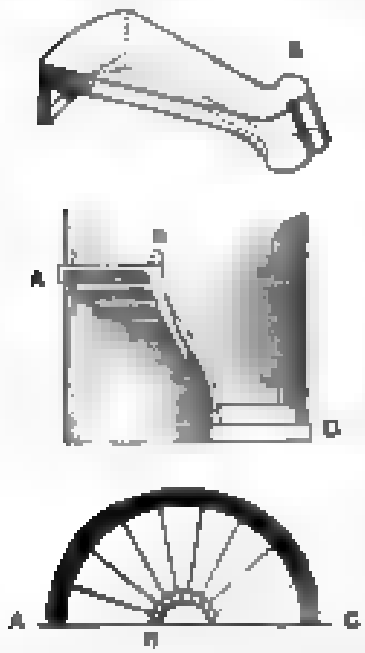

Fig. 38. An elaborate spiral staircase, showing improved plan of steps-work.

It was soon found that spiral staircases could not only be built into the interior of a house, as in the example at Blois already quoted (Fig. 28), but that there was a distinct gain both in freedom of access and in methods of lighting when the whole staircase was placed outside the walls, which thus secured an admirable additional adornment, as is the case in the Escalier d'honneur of the newer wing of Francis I at the same château (Fig. 43). By the time this idea was realised the architect had made a very distinct advance, and the mason who built for him had attained a skill which is completely lost in his profession nowadays. The delicacy of measurement implied, for instance, in the single stone and in the completed spiral of the next stairway I reproduce from Viollet-le-Duc (see Fig. 39), can scarcely be

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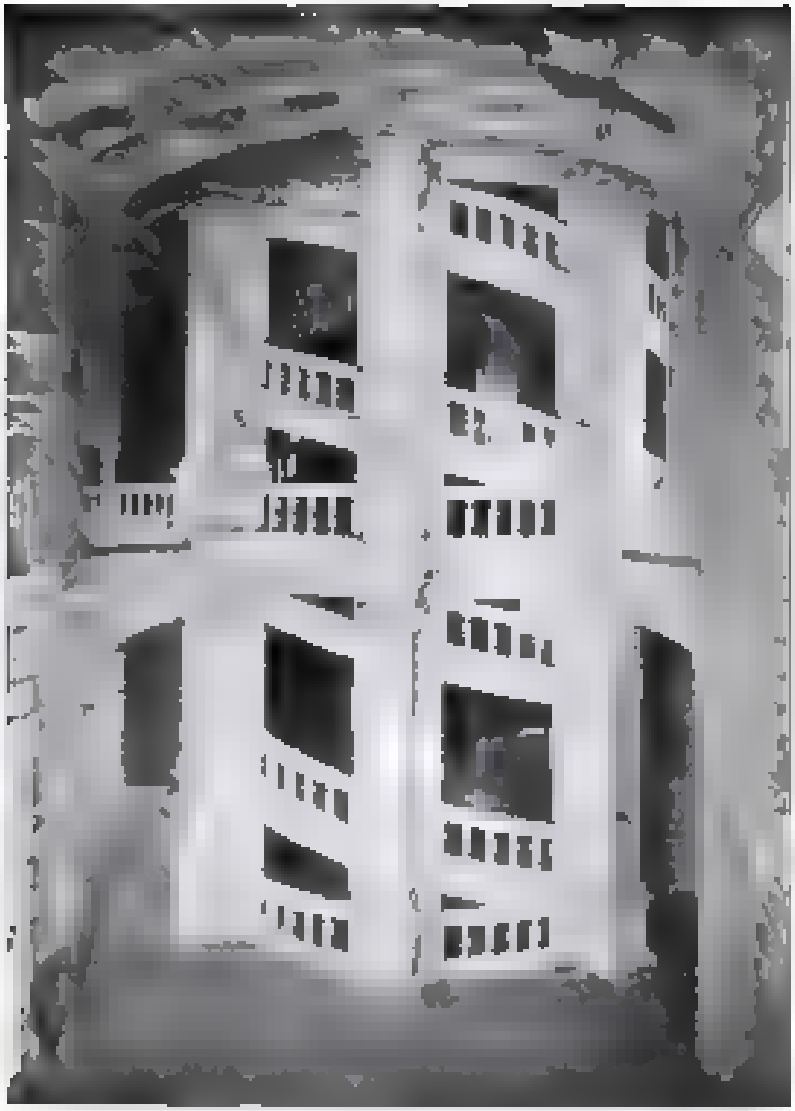

Fig. 31. Two floors of the Château of Chambord, showing interlacing spirals of the double staircase

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appreciated by any one who has not endeavoured to do what is here accomplished. For it will be observed that each step is light yet strong, and carries with it not only the central spiral but the handrail as well, while the construction is so artfully managed that the solid central column becomes lighter and stronger as a hollow cylinder, and, though every step is firmly balanced in its place, yet a stone dropped from the top of this staircase would fall to the bottom without touching anything.

The beautiful possibilities of this method of construction were in fact soon discovered, and, as is so often the case in other matters, men went to extremes of geometrical enthusiasm which would be the despair of modern workmen. This may partly be explained by the fact that life in a feudal castle must have been very dull at best, and a tricky staircase like the one just mentioned may have been a godsend. Not enough of them are still in existence for me to give as many examples as I should like; but at Chambord in Touraine there is still a *tour de force* in the way of spiral staircases which would be very difficult to beat (*see* Fig. 81). It contains two spirals, one within the other, so arranged that a man may ascend from the bottom, while the lady is tripping downwards from the top; yet they will never meet or see each other, though their steps and voices are perfectly audible. The thing is a delight to generations and armies of tourists at the present day, and the pleasure it gave the courtiers of Francis I. in that Gargantuan Abbey of Thelema in which he combined fortress, hunting-seat, and pleasure-palace, after the dark days of Madrid, may better be described in the pleasant tales of a Brantôme or the picturesque exaggerations of a Rabelais. It is not my present purpose to go more into detail concerning such *jeux d'esprit*, for I am in search rather of the beautiful in construction than of the merely *bizarre;* but they serve to show some of the possibilities of a spiral, and of the attractions which it exerted upon a constructively imaginative mind. In the parallel which I am seeking between the lines of architectural construction and the lines of Nature's workmanship,

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the central column of a spiral staircase is an integral factor, and in the older Blois staircase (Fig. 28) you will observe that the decoration of this central pillar, and the carving of the single spiral line that forms its handrail, have already reached a degree of beauty which enhances the exquisite masonry of the curved flight of steps; and the colonnettes carved upon its surface give just the same pleasing contrast that we noticed in the "Prentice Pillar" (Fig. 3). This style of decoration was in use earlier still in the fifteenth century, and, in the last illustration I shall borrow from Viollet-le-Duc, the wooden shaft of the now vanished Collège de Montaigu in Paris provides an excellent example, not merely of this kind of pillar, but of the rare sinistral helix (*see* Fig. 32). It is worth observing, however, at this stage of our inquiry, that while it was easier and more natural for a right-handed architect to draw plans for a staircase with a right-handed spiral, this "leiotropic" formation is not invariably better; for a man ascending it and turning perpetually to the left (*see* Fig. 28) would always have his right hand free to attack the defenders, and the garrison coming down would expose their left hands on the outside. A left-handed spiral will fit into any place where a right-handed spiral will go as a staircase, because a door can be pierced at any point in its course, and I think it is therefore probable that right-handed spirals are more common in staircases because architects are usually right-handed and "build up" more naturally in that formation, not because such spirals are structurally more convenient.

FIG 32. — Central wooden shaft from the Collège de Montaigu in Paris, now destroyed.

Evolved architecturally somewhat after the fashion I have roughly sketched, was the staircase (Fig. 28) already long in use at Blois in that older wing of Louis XII., which Leonardo da Vinci saw when he first visited the château. I have now to

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try and imagine with what thoughts he saw it, and what effects it may have had upon his busy and speculative mind at the moment when the various problems were just being considered of that new wing in the castle for which Francis I. had ordered plans and drawings to be submitted.

§ 6

With the circumstances of Leonardo's sojourn in France I must not concern myself too much. Within the shadow of the lime trees on the terraced garden of Amboise (some thirty kilomètres down the Loire from Blois) there is set a bust of the great Italian, and an epitaph upon the tombstone near at hand painfully records that underneath it are ashes "amongst which are supposed to be the remains of Leonardo da Vinci." It was at Amboise, at any rate, that he died on May 2, 1519; and the myth of those last moments in the arms of his royal patron at Fontainebleau becomes as shadowy and unreal as the artistic reputation of Francis I., a reputation which I have always thought to be much exaggerated. That miscellaneous grave is not calculated to increase it.

Leonardo had certainly lived in the Loire valley some time before June 1518, for a letter from him exists of that date written at Amboise; and he may well have reached there in the year before. His genius was of so universal a quality that I feel no necessity for proving over again that he had turned his attention, among many other studies, to those of architecture. The researches of J. P. Richter produce more than sufficient evidence of this, though no building has come down to us which has yet been recognised and agreed to have been built by him. "In peace-time," he wrote to the Duke of Milan in 1490, "I shall be of as much service to you as any one in whatever concerns the construction of buildings"; about the same time the Vice-General of the Carmelites writes to Isabella d'Este, concerning Leonardo, that "his mathematical studies have so drawn his tastes away from painting that he will scarcely hold a brush," and Sabba da Castiglione

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says also that "when he should have wholly consecrated himself to painting, in which he would, no doubt, have become another Apelles, he entirely surrendered himself to the study of geometry, architecture, and anatomy"; and it is significant that between 1472 and 1499 we find many important buildings in Lombardy by unknown architects which are so good that the tradition of collaboration between Leonardo and Bramante may well be true. At Pavia Cathedral, and in the church of Santa Maria delle Grazie at Milan, this tradition was so strong that the corroboration of it lately found in Leonardo's manuscripts, preserved in Milan, was only to be expected.

By Baron Henry de Geymüller all the known architectural studies and writings of Leonardo have been collected, and among them may be pointed out his design for draining "Romolontino" (the Romorantin of Francis I.) and his sketches for a new royal residence at Amboise, "with a moat 40 braccia wide, and to the right of the castle a large basin for jousting in boats."

Already the best minds of his day had tried to grasp the problems of a proportion in architecture which should reflect the laws of construction and growth exemplified throughout organic life in Nature. Leonardo took up that inquiry in his usual original and thorough manner, and the investigations embodied in my former paper were all suggested by materials in his manuscripts. He has left sketches of columns with archivolts shaped like twisted cords, copied from interlacing branches. He has left drawings of flowers, such as eglantine, or cyclamen, of a delicate tenderness that is only surpassed by the loving accuracy with which he analyses and depicts the growth and structure of trees or of mountains; accumulating this infinity of observation not for its own sake merely, but in order to combine, and to create afresh; to invent with knowledge, and to design without disorder. "In this," he wrote, "the eye," that is, the imaginative insight of the artist, "surpasses nature, for natural things are finite, but the works which the eye can order of the hand are infinite." He studied

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deeply the strength and resisting-power of various materials, and was the first to produce an exhaustive theory of the fissures in walls. He wrote much upon the nature of the arch, and the results of pressure upon it. There was no problem of construction that came within his ken which he did not grapple and attempt to solve. The traffic in a crowded city was a difficulty in Italy long before London had become overgrown. He proposed to solve it with a system of high and low-level streets, such as may be seen to-day at Chester, and as has been suggested in these last months for the new streets near the Strand.

His notes and drawings of anatomy were highly praised by so great an authority as William Hunter, and the downward stroke of a bird's wing, which is supposed to be so new a revelation of the instantaneous camera, was noted independently by Leonardo, as it had been drawn by the quick-sighted Japanese of his own time. He observed, too, that as the tips of a bird's wings in flight go up and down as well as onwards, they make a spiral in the air (Fig. 33) which is adapted to the strength of wind-resistance it has to encounter; and he made use of this observation in his theory of flying machines. But in this figure it should be observed that if the straight line between *a* and *p* is the direction of the body of the bird in flight, its wing-tips would be approximately on a cylinder whose axis was *ap* and radius the length of a wing; so that a more correct description would be that the movement of each wing-tip in flight describes a line of which each portion is a portion of a spiral, though the whole line so described is not a spiral. In the Windsor collection of his drawings there are careful studies of flowers, of grass and reeds, showing the various spiral formations of their growth. Water, and the forms of water, and of mountains, seem to have attracted him very strongly, as is suggested in the blue hills and streams which are the back-

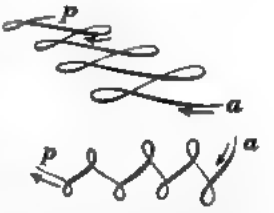

FIG. 33.—Spiral motion of the tips of a bird's wings.

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ground to "La Gioconda." The Windsor collection is full of extraordinary studies of waves for his representation of the Deluge. The great struggle of one element against another did not appeal to him merely as a Biblical dream. He examined currents, whirlpools, and ripples, until he had a host of actual facts with which to work; of true observations from which to create his vision; of laws and principles by which to guide his imagination. It was for the gardens at the château of Blois that he made sketches of further improvements for the conduit, with its syphon discharging into the Loire, which was built in 1505 by Fra Giocondo, the Veronese architect. Among his drawings are studies of the curves of waves, and of the effects of currents upon the banks of the mainland and of islands. The water system of the Cher and Loire he had thoroughly worked out, and recorded in a map which shows the relative positions of Tours, Amboise, Blois, Montrichard, and other places in Touraine. In this connection, too, he frequently expresses his admiration of Archimedes, and of that great inventor's famous screw which raised up water by the revolution of a pipe twisted in a dextral helix round a rod.

He even investigated the structure of intestines, and it may be noticed that the drawing in Fig. 85 of the section of a shark's intestine gives a peculiarly interesting example of a dextral helix, the prime use of which is to ensure that the food passes slowly round and round the tube in order that every atom of nourishment may be extracted. A very beautiful parallel to this exists in the internal formation of *Auricula auris midæ* (Fig. 86), and still more clearly in that of *Turritella lentiginosa* (Fig. 87), a shell in which you may easily imagine yourself going up that "little tower" on a continuous inclined plane without any steps at all.

It is curious, to say the least of it, that when Leonardo was living at Amboise there existed a staircase built in the great tower by Charles VIII. on exactly this model. You might drive a carriage and pair down its sloping circular curves

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to-day without meeting a single step in all the distance, and the Emperor Charles V did, as a matter of fact, ride up it on horseback by torchlight during one of his ceremonious visits to his rival Francis I.

After all this, shall I be accused of too much special pleading if I suggest that, to one who had thus investigated the secret principles of construction and of growth, this inclined plane of the spiral staircase at Amboise, and this single helix of the old stair at Blois, presented a greater attraction than

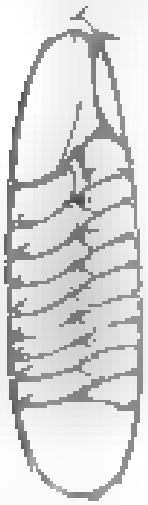

FIG. 33.—Longitudinal section of interior of *Nina*

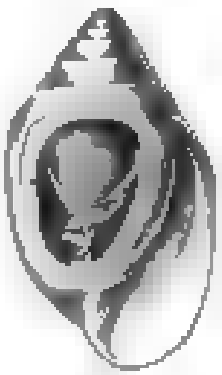

FIG. 34. *Turritella communis*

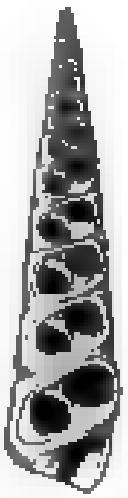

FIG. 35.—*Turritella terebra*

that of merely architectural problems skilfully surmounted? And is it too much to infer that for one who had so long striven to approximate the rules of Art to the axioms of Nature, the comparison of the Amboise building to *Turritella*, and of the Blois stair to *Telescopium*, was no impossibility? Those two Italian staircases already mentioned, built by unknown artists in Fiesole and Venice are both of such a period that, if Leonardo had ever studied the lines of a shell in connection with the architectural drawings for either, the names they both bear may well be the popular recognition of his skill in such works of constructive adaptation. It is

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interesting, too, to find a persistent tradition connecting the spiral at Venice with a French model, which is not without a certain suggestiveness as to the investigations of the great Italian exile in that valley of palaces which is Touraine.

In considering the possibility of such studies in parallelism of structure having occupied the leisure of a great designer, it will be only natural to look for the evidences of any practical result towards the end of a life in which busy activity would for the most part postpone such delicate imaginations until increasing years had brought more opportunities of investigation and research. When Leonardo reached Touraine he was nearing the end of a life that had been crowded with creative action. The full fruit of one of the most strenuous and original careers ever known was in the autumn of its ripeness. Many of the problems which that fertile brain attacked have never yet been solved, and if I finally trace to its marvellous inventiveness a creation that no recorded architect has yet been found worthy to claim, it is chiefly because the beauty of that creation of man's handiwork remains unparalleled outside the realm of Nature.

As I approach this last portion of my argument, I must again refer to that series of internal spirals in shells which I mentioned before, beginning with the single line of *Telescopium telescopium* (Fig. 20), or even further back with the mere inclined plane of *Turritella lentiginosa* (Fig. 37), and ending in the eightfold curves of *Voluta musica* (Fig. 24). In that series I wish now especially to emphasise *Voluta vespertilio* (Fig. 38) and the four particularly graceful lines of its dextral helix. But I must also point out the beautiful lines observable in its external shape (Fig. 41) which are not quite parallel, yet satisfy the eye completely in their gradual upward ascent. You will notice too that the main external walls of the shell are buttressed, as it were, with little out-standing columns which hold up the first of the ascending lines in a manner that would be at once suggestive to an architectural eye.

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We have already observed, both at Venice and at Chartres, the strange correspondence between the exterior arrangement of a staircase and the external shape of a shell. At Blois, in the old stairway, we have seen an internal single spiral closely corresponding to the internal single helix of the columella in a shell. I have now to point out an architectural example which combines both these correspondences, and does this although no one who only looked upon the exterior of the "Escalier à jour" at Blois (Fig. 48) would dream of what it contained within, any more than a person ignorant of biology who looked at the outside of *Voluta vespertilio* could imagine the existence of the quadruple helix inside it. When it was only the outside, or only the inside of a staircase that suggested the lines of a shell, the evidence may not have been sufficient to argue any connection between the one and the other in the builder's mind. But what if the external plan be the same in both a staircase and a shell, and if the internal spiral of the stair be an exact copy of the columella within the same shell, even to the number of its revolutions round the shaft? And what if, in addition, these arrangements are in each case carefully reversed in every detail?

§ 7

At Blois there is a staircase built later than the old example shown in Fig. 28, built just at a time when Leonardo's presence in Touraine might have enabled him to suggest its plan, built with its external lines corresponding to the outside of a shell, while its internal spiral reproduces the helix on the columella of that shell.

In the known examples of *Voluta vespertilio*, about one in a million contains a sinistral helix instead of the ordinary dextral curve. I have mentioned an instance where such a rare shell at Travancore was considered to have been a manifestation of the deity. It is therefore probable not only that travellers would try to select one of this kind to bring home, but also that in the case of shells common on the seaboard of a

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country, the chief reason for the presence of one of them in the cabinet of a collector would be that it was distinguished above its million fellows by the possession of this rare sinistral helix.

Compare the *Vulata* in Figs. 38 and 41 with that shown in Figs. 39 and 42, and in the two latter instances you will see that the spirals are reversed, that the "entrance" is on the left instead of on the right, and that the external lines slope down from left to right instead of from right to left. Figs. 38 and 41 show the ordinary leiotropic shell with a dextral spiral. Figs. 39

Fig. 38. Section of common *Valata vespertilio* (leiotropic) showing internal spiral to the right.

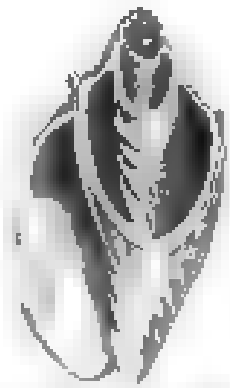

Fig. 39. Section of rare *Valata vespertilio* (dextrotropic) showing internal spiral to the left.

and 42 show the rare dextiotropic shell with a sinistral or left-handed helix.

With this exceptional formation in your mind, remembering that the ordinary ascending curve described by a right-handed man is to the right, compare the magnificent spiral within the staircase of the wing of Francis I. at Blois (Fig. 40) with the helix in the leiotropic *Valata vespertilio* (Fig. 38). It is identical in form, even in the fact that it is four times repeated, but it is reversed.

Then compare the external balustrades (Fig. 43) with the lines on the outside of the same shell (Fig. 41). They are arranged in the same way, they are similarly supported by slender columns, they show the same charming and curious irregularity, which seems inexplicable apart from their model, but they are reversed.

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Fig. 10.—Interior of Escalier à Jour, Château de Blois, Touraine, showing left-handed spirals of the central shaft

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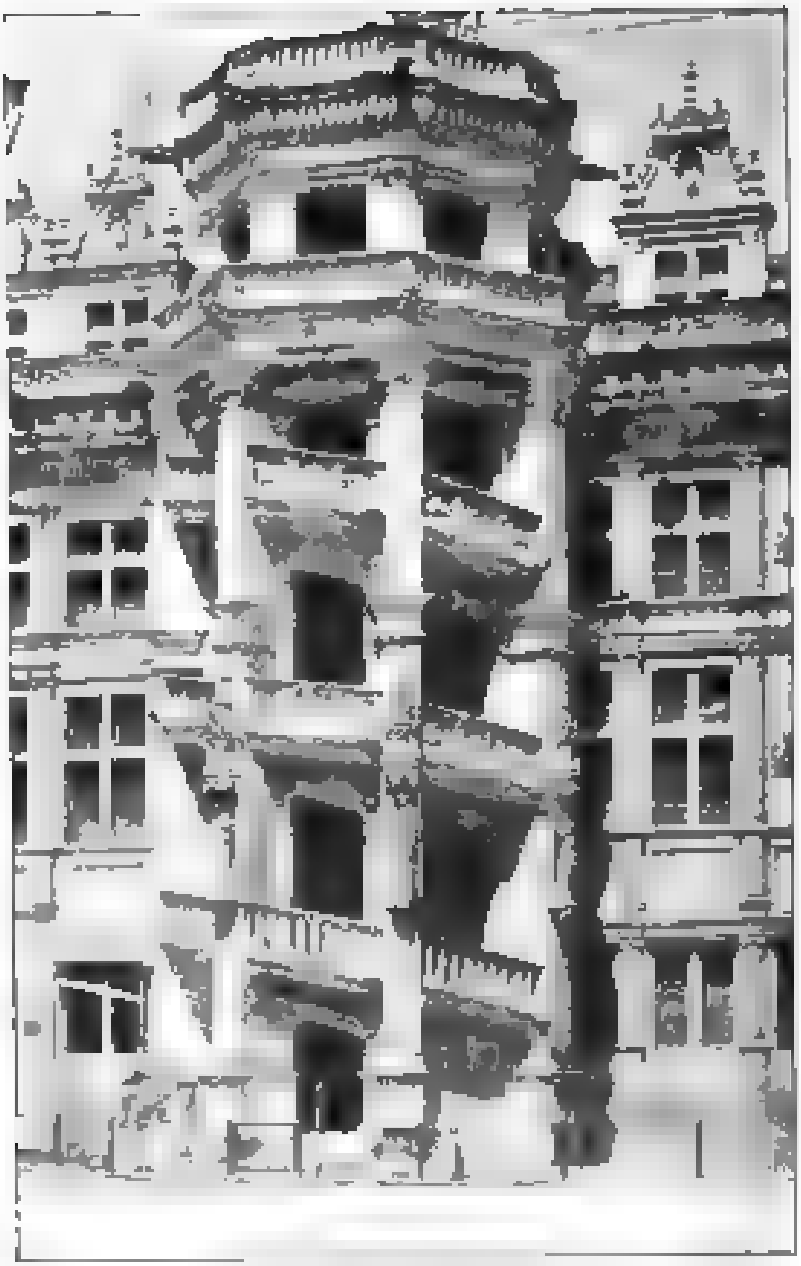

Fig. [illegible] Escalier à Jour Château de Blois, Touraine, showing arrangement of the external balustrades

Look at the doorway opening to the staircase from outside. It is in the same relative position as the "entrance" of the shell but it is reversed.

There are therefore no less than four instances of agreement with the common shell, though in any one of these four a trifling difference would not have mattered to the construction. And in all these four instances there is an invariable and exact reversal, although again there might have been trifling variations in plan made by any one who had not got the shell before him.

Can such agreements and such differences be chance alone?

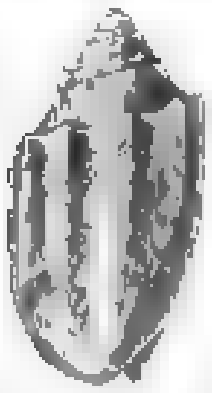

FIG. 47.—Common or sinistrorse *Voluta vespertilio*, showing exterior of the shell drawn in Fig. 38.

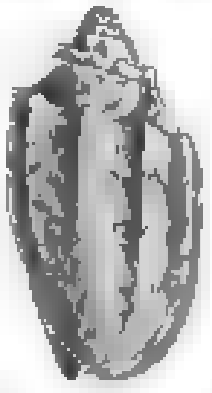

FIG. 48. Rare or dextrorse *Voluta vespertilio*, showing exterior of the shell drawn in Fig. 39.

Can such lines be the result of a merely architectural solution of the problem? Can they be merely one more example of what we have seen already of the fortuitous correspondence between perfect workmanship and the lines of Nature? Surely they must be a deliberate copy of the natural object they so closely imitate, yet not an ordinary copy, but a copy with the very striking and logical and persistent differences we have just noticed.[1]

This, in fact, must be an example of that greatest art which

[1] *It is with great pleasure that I here acknowledge my obligations to Messrs. Routledge, the publishers of "Old Furniture," a book in which I was first able to draw attention to this Staircase, and to indicate the line of possible investigation now carried on a little further.*

imitates the greatest models with a difference that reveals the strength and personality of the designer; which discards the trivial and preserves the essential; which loves knowledge much and is therefore unafraid of novelty; which realises the existence and the value of a studied exception here and there among all ordered things; which can unite design with fact, and originality with truthfulness.

Such a creation as this might well have been one of the few practical results of that philosophy which was expressed in the words: "Natural things are finite, but man's handiwork is infinite"; a saying which was not likely to have been uttered by one who could have permitted many such works to survive him. For this man had realised that in the perfection of Nature there is an end attained, unchanging, because perfect in its kind; but that we are "something better than the birds or bees," and in our best building, as in our best art, the confession of that superiority must always be found. Hence comes that nobler love of change which is the divine unrest of genius, which often leaves so little done behind it, because there is always so much still to do. Some faint suggestion of this feeling is to be found in the expression on the face of "Mona Lisa." Not of any mortal handiwork were the words written, "Behold, it was very good"; for labouring humanity is driven forward through the ages by the constant search for something higher that is ever hidden, yet ever to be revealed.

If then, as I believe, this staircase was copied from a shell, the man who owned the shell and used it so must have been not merely an architect but a master of construction, for the groin-work and vaulting of the stairs (Fig. 1) are not the least astounding part of the whole building; and he must have been a decorative artist, too, of the very highest order. Confining your attention for a moment to the inside of the staircase only (Fig. 1), you will see ample evidence of this in several directions. The stairs wind upwards, folding round that exquisite central shaft as the petals of a flower fold one within the other; and in the very lines of each step itself a strange and beautiful

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look of life and growth is produced by the double curve on which it is so subtly planned; for these steps are not straight as in the older staircase of the château, and in most ordinary instances, but are carved into a sudden little wave of outline just where each one springs out from the supporting pillar—from the supporting stalk, as it were, of these delicately encircling leaves. Though I am more concerned with constructive lines than with mere decorative detail, it is impossible also to overlook the set of those colonnettes that move upwards with the rising shaft, and the splendidly sculptural treatment of the shells which are set between the twisted capitals of each (Fig. 40). I would draw particular attention to these, because if they were placed here by the man who was inspired to take his original model from a shell, they would be treated very differently from any ornaments subsequently affixed by a lesser artist with a lesser inspiration. And this is, as a matter of fact, exactly what is to be found here. These shells are broadly carved, with light and shadow; not with a mere imitation of exact form but with a fine feeling for their effect in this exact position. Beneath them is a weakly conventional embroidery of later date, that is not merely meaningless, but is cut off at the bottom by the ascending spiral in a way which no one but a sculptor devoid of all structural adaptability could have permitted. They must be additions of about the same date as the statues set upon the exterior some fifteen years after the original structure had been built. They are repeated in the rooms of Catherine de Medicis above, and may be seen, in exactly the same setting, on the shaft of the great stairway of Chateaudun, a structure so complicated with archways and landings that the fine right-handed spiral of the central column almost loses its effect.

Yet it is the irresistible, spontaneous, uplifting movement of the whole that remains, after all, the main impression of this marvellous piece of work at Blois. To walk up those steps is to be borne along upon a breath of beauty, and not to feel the clogging feet of human clay at all. Those waving lines

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rush upwards like a flame blown strongly from beneath; for there is in them a touch of that spell which is elemental; of that same Nature's mystery which curves the tall shaft of the iris upwards from the pool in which it grows, or flings the wave in curving lines of foam upon the rocks the rising tide will cover.

He who made all this, and who owned the shell which first suggested it, must have been an architect of powerful originality, and an artist of extraordinary imagination, with a sense of harmonious proportion rarely equalled in the world, a sense which he had trained in many various arts and many branches of science, for he must have been a student of biology who collected natural objects with a determination to penetrate the secret of their beauty, just as one of the greatest of our modern sculptors, Gilbert, has studied the bony forms of fishes, and from them designed the most exquisitely curved armour, and the most fantastically beautiful ornaments. Learning and taste so universal as this seems to indicate have been rare at any period of the world's history; between 1500 and 1519 there was certainly but one man who possessed them, and that was Leonardo, the artist, architect, and biologist who devoted so much of his life to the study of the intercommunication between art and nature; who, in fact, did even more in this direction in the fifteenth century than Gilbert or any other artist did in the nineteenth; who gave this final manifestation of his constructive genius to France's ungrateful monarch just before he died; who came from those Mediterranean shores where *Voluta vespertilio* may be found. Professor W. R. Dunstan, F.R.S., has been kind enough to give me a *Voluta* from the Barton Beds of the Eocene Age on the coast of Hampshire, where there are a very large number of these shells to be found in so remarkable a state of preservation that they seem scarcely fossilised at all. In the days of Leonardo, and of course long before him, *Voluta* had vanished, as a living form, from waters that were colder than Italian seas. I have not reproduced the English specimen as it does not advance

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my argument, though its lines are even more beautiful than those of the Mediterranean shell known to Leonardo da Vinci.

His death occurred in May 1519, only some twenty miles from Blois, at that Amboise where he had been living for some time. The first payments recorded for the new wing at Blois containing this staircase were made by Baron de Joursanvault in July 1516. The most cursory inspection of the plan of the whole building will show that such an external feature may well have been completed after the main lines of the building had been laid. Its beauty is artfully thrown into relief by the comparative simplicity of the wall from which it springs. So perfect a whole as is the staircase may well have taken many years to finish, after Leonardo had given the first masterly sketches of its plan. Some stones in it have been left untouched until this day, and a few are only roughly chiselled out. Above and around the entrance are three statues which are very characteristic of a master of a much later period, Jean Goujon, who was carving at Ecouen in 1544. His help may well have been called in to put the finishing touches to a structure which a greater than he had originated. No subsequent adornments could alter or weaken the beauty of the main conception.

The sinistral curve within it is rare in any architecture, and, as I have pointed out, it is an exact reversal of the spiral contained within the ordinary *Voluta*. It would have suited the internal and external arrangements of the rest of the building just as well if the drawings for this staircase had been made on the plan of the ordinary dextral helix which is exhibited in its simplest form in the staircase built at Blois (Fig. 18) before Leonardo came to France. There is no constructive reason, therefore, for the reversal, and a probable reason for any designer beginning his sketches with a left-handed spiral would be that he was himself left-handed.

Leonardo da Vinci was left-handed.

It may be urged that having made his first rough sketch in the manner which came most natural to him, the architect

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could easily have changed it when once he had begun his working drawings. But Leonardo would not have considered the problem in that light. He was no mere slave to precedent. He had begun by drawing the left-handed spiral which came instinctively to the left-handed draughtsman. It interested him to notice the difference from the usual form, and he went on with his rarer form deliberately, carefully investigating whether it was better than the common style. As we look at the turn of the steps now, we realise that they move upward in the same direction as the hands of a watch move forward as it lies upon a table, "through the buttonhole," as they say in Lincolnshire. It is after this manner, too, that fashion has decreed we should deal a hand at cards, and that superstition has ordered us to pass the Port. In architecture also this arrangement produces an effect of hospitality in the curve, for a host could walk down it with welcoming right hand outstretched to the ascending guest, who was in his turn helped on his ascent by keeping his own right hand on the side-rail, just as you may see the modern athlete keep his right side inwards as he runs round the track at Queen's Club. Certainly, also, this stair is easier to walk up, a fact which may be verified by practical experience to-day. If you describe a circle on the ground with a walking-stick held in your right hand, the probability is that your curve will move towards the right when seen from above. But it should be noticed that the same curve seen from below would appear to be left-handed. In fact, the passing of wine, according to custom, would be in a right-handed direction as seen by all who still remained above the table, while guests upon the floor would only obtain an appropriately left-handed view of the solemn operation in which their interest had ceased. Right-handed spirals are not only more common in Nature, they occur more often in art, because the average right-handed architect had not cared to face the result that they involved a continual turning to the left; so he followed precedent, although on a left-handed spiral a man turns easily and naturally towards the right in his

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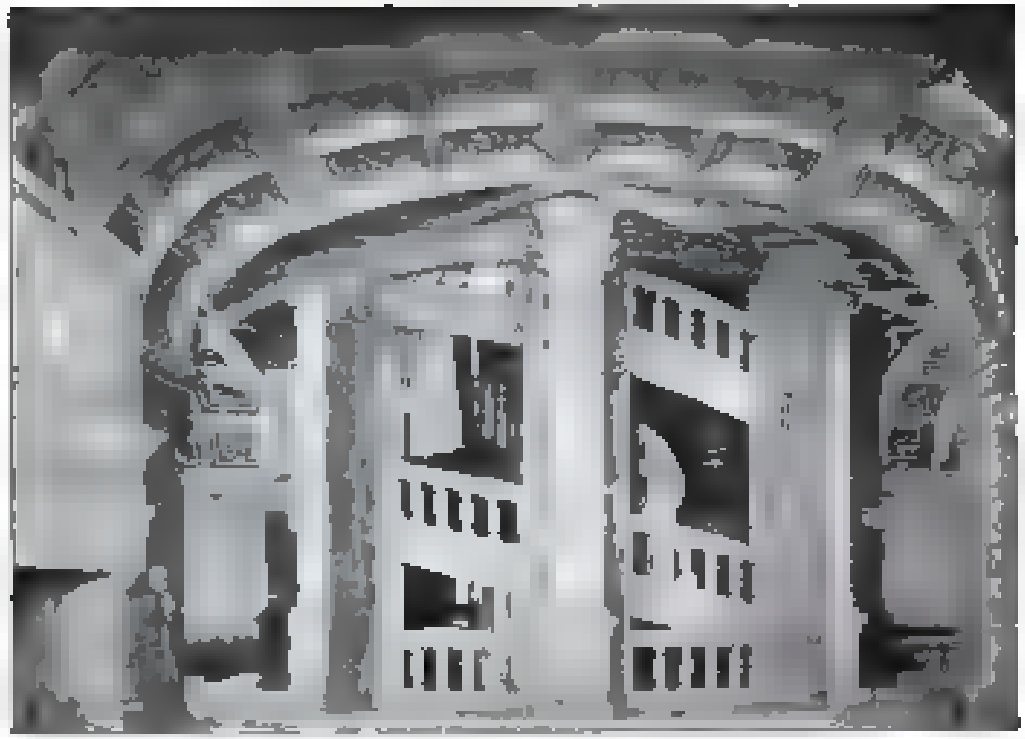

Fig. 41.—Staircase at Chambord, showing double spirals interlaced

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ascent. So far, then, this new arrangement must have satisfied Leonardo's practical sense of fitness. But it involved carrying out the same idea of reversal in its entirety, without the help of any previous examples in the district to guide him.

It is, perhaps, not too much to say that Leonardo was almost the only man then living who could have faced the intricacy of such a structural problem successfully. Certainly, if it was a shell before him of which he was thus reversing both the internal and external lines, he was the only architect then living who might have done so with the knowledge that Nature had, in one example out of every million, done the same before him. One of these rare examples he may have possessed and used, but it is more probable that he did not have before his eyes so uncommon a dexiotropic *Voluta* as that which I have reproduced in Figs. 39 and 42; and if he did not, this rare shell, shaped by some left-handed angel of the Ocean, and worshipped as the evidence of some supernatural presence, becomes a triumphant vindication of his skill; for when its reversed lines are compared with his staircase they will be found exactly to correspond in every case. Rare as the sinistral single spiral is in architecture, Leonardo's particular development of the fourfold sinistral spiral is unique; and it is significant that the double interlacing staircase built by Pierre Trinqueau in 1526, close at hand in Chambord (*see* Fig. 44), is also of this same rare sinistral form which had but just previously been built by the Loire; in tacit acknowledgment, as it seems to me, that no single stairway, even if it were similarly reversed, could ever compete for sheer beauty of construction with the older masterpiece at Blois.

To Leonardo the revelation of spirality thus so triumphantly manifested, its connection with religious doctrines, and the value of its symbolism, must strongly have appealed. As we know, he investigated many of the forms it took, and no doubt he knew far more of them than I have indicated here. He found it in such humble instances as the coil of the worm, the curve of the snailshell, the budding of the fern. Com-

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pleted in the Ionic capital, arrested at the bending-point of the acanthus-leaf in the Corinthian, it became, he saw, a primal element of architectural ornament, eloquent with many meanings, representing the power of his favourite waves and winds in Greek building, typifying the old Serpent of unending Sin in Gothic workmanship. This strange and strong formation is a final test of affinity in one great order of the animal kingdom; it regulates the beating of the human heart; it expresses the relation of those two great elementary forces, electricity and magnetism, and the study of it was naturally attractive to an intellect so keen that I should shrink from limiting its range by the discoveries which later workmen have unearthed and published in their four centuries of toil since that rare spirit fled.

From the fact that some acids and salts, when seen by a ray of polarised light, show spirals which turn either to the right or left, modern investigators have been inclined to take the occurrence of this formation as a test between organic and inorganic matter in the long argument as to the possibility of breaking down the distinction of vital force which is supposed to exist between the thing that has been "naturally" created and the thing which is "chemically made." In his laboratory a chemist can now make a compound, such as tartaric acid, which will be optically neutral, that is to say, it will exhibit a mixture of right-handed and of left-handed spirals, whereas in Nature we find these spirals are of one kind, either right-handed or left-handed in each case. In the laboratory the one kind can be separated from the other by biological means, for there is an organism which feeds upon one sort and rejects the other. Pasteur, however, devised a process by which no such biological assistance was necessary; for by crystallising the compound he was able to pick out those salt-crystals with their hemi-hedral face to the right from others which exhibited the left-handed formation, and in this way he approached very near the boundary which still guards the mysteries of organic life; and it was the spiral formation which enabled him to do so.

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To Leonardo science was the handmaid of the imitative and creative arts, the tool by which he gave reality to his imaginations. His work was the healthy manifestation of a strong and subtle intellect; the mixture, and the equipoise, of all that is best in the faculties of man; and this is why his creations show that elusive quality of naturalism mingled with the ideal, of analysis with emotion, of soul with body. In him the artist and the scientist dwelt harmoniously together, worked harmoniously. No one of his time had observed so keenly; no one could express his observations with a greater realism. But his art was no mere servile form of imitation. He could both imagine and create, because he had an inexhaustible material from which to mould fresh forms. "Non e creatore se non Iddio ed il poeta" ("God and the poet are the only creators") said Tasso. But only an intellect so comprehensive as was Leonardo's could have justified the greater saying: "Natural Things are finite, but the works which the Eye can order of the Hand are infinite." One of such "works" as these did he reserve for the close of his life, and for its expression he chose that "mistress-art," architecture, to which all the other arts he knew are handmaids.

Again and again has the same search for the subtle and elusive causes of beauty been taken up. It has attracted minds so different as Hume, Bernouilli, Burke, and Winckelmann, among many others. Hogarth left us his idea of it. Professor Goodsir adopted the logarithmic spiral as a kind of teleological chart in Nature's beautiful designs. Taking Canon Moseley's investigations as his text, he tried to illustrate their logical corollary that the form and law of growth of an organic body being known, its form at any future time might be made a matter of mathematical elucidation. Following out with astonishing fidelity the line of investigation laid out by Leonardo da Vinci three centuries before, Professor Goodsir asked when it would be possible, by ascertaining the accurate shape, form, and proportion between the parts, organs, and whole body of any animal, to advance anatomical

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study geometrically. One of his most enthusiastic disciples, D. R. Hay ("On the Human Figure," 1849; "Natural Principles of Beauty," 1852; "The Science of Beauty," 1856), examined the geometric outline of the human body, and produced a certain harmonic proportion, by following which a correct anatomical outline could be drawn from a mathematical diagram. What Goodsir sought for all his life was some physiological law ruling the form and growth of organisms as gravitation is held to prevail in the physical world. If from the geometric curves of the planets' orbits Newton deduced the law of the force, said he, may we not learn "the law of the force" in natural objects also when we have got their mathematical forms? It may be very long before we do so, because very few biologists are mathematicians as well. But if ever this does come to pass, Canon Moseley's paper will be taken as the beginning of a new epoch in natural science.

Professor Goodsir considered that biology owed its progress to the study of final causes, to the study of the remarkable adaptation of structures to particular functions. This is not the most fertile mode of procedure in physical or chemical investigations, owing to the difference between organised and inorganised bodies. For each individual organism forms a system in which the reason why its parts are adapted to each other may be studied. But it is impossible to put the Solar System under our eye and examine it in order to explain the Sun. It is noticeable, however, that Newton showed in his "Principia," that if attraction had generally varied as the inverse cube instead of as the inverse square of the distance, the heavenly bodies would revolve, not in ellipses but in logarithmic spirals, rapidly diffusing themselves and rushing off into space. If therefore, asked Goodsir, the law of the square is the law of attraction, is the law of the cube the law of production, and is the logarithmic spiral the manifestation of the law which is at work in the increase of organic bodies?

So strongly did Goodsir believe himself in the correctness

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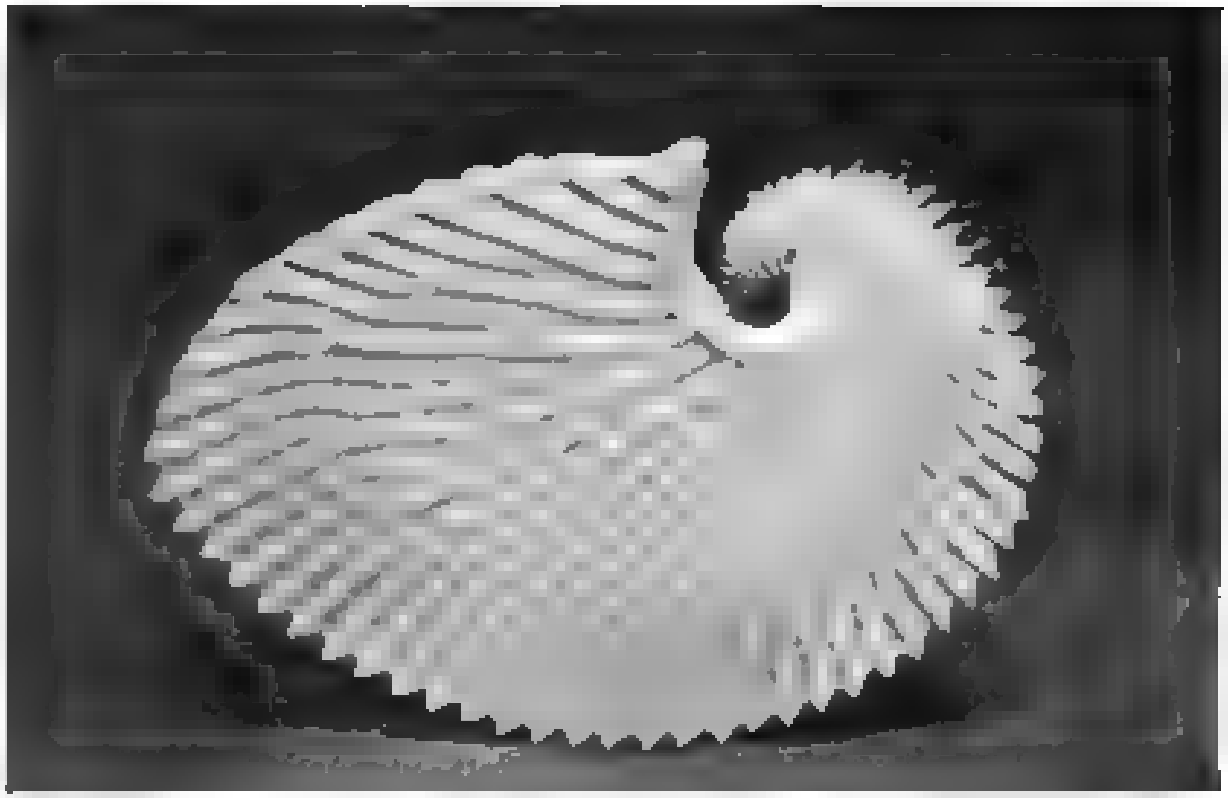

Fig. 12. Argonauta argo

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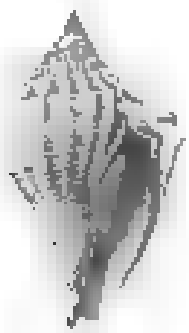
of his theory that on his grave in Edinburgh, where a medallion portrait is now fixed, he originally ordered the logarithmic spiral to be sculptured, which represented to him the fundamental principle of beauty and of growth in nature. Pettigrew and Francis Darwin have done much towards the investigation of spiral formations in Nature, and to many another besides Professor Goodsir's pupil has the same idea appealed. But not one of all of these has left such visible monuments of insight and creative power as the Leonardo who saw the same problems both in nature and in art so long before them.

"Majestati Naturae Par Ingenium." We have not yet said the last word on that theory of flight he studied from the wings of birds before the fifteenth century was gone. We know very little more than he has written of the mysterious forces which shape the structure of waves, of reeds, of animals, of shells. We are still groping after those fundamental laws he sought, which existed "before the fair flowers were seen, or ever the movable powers were established, before the innumerable multitude of angels were gathered together, or ever the heights of the air were lifted up." We, too, must look beyond, as he looked long ago, towards the stars moving in the sky "to their own natural home which they enter unannounced, as lords that are certainly expected, and yet there is a silent joy at their arrival."

THEODORE ANDREA COOK.



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ART AND RELIGION

ART has been called, until we are all perhaps a little wearied of the phrase, the handmaiden of religion. Permit me for a short time to consider the relationship from the other point of view, to consider religion—I will not say as the handmaiden of art, but from the point of view of the service it renders incidentally to art; to consider how far in the greatest period of European art the Church has furthered the love of ideal beauty, and how far it has, if at all, checked the expression of that love. Certainly the Church has always been on better terms with art than with science, and this, I suppose, because art has concerned itself either with immediate visual facts about which no ground of dispute could arise, or else with the presentment of an ideal world, the main lines of which she has been only too glad to receive from the teaching of the Church, whereas science has at various times set up a rival system of truth which could not fail to conflict with established dogma.

Personally I am convinced that art only attains its full development when it sets before itself the aim of presenting an ideal world, not merely repeating an actual. With the painting of turnips and saucepans, an excellent thing in its way, the Church is not likely to have much to say one way or another; but to the presentment of an ideal world she cannot altogether remain indifferent. She undoubtedly has need of the artist to embody her conceptions of the ideal truth in sensible form;

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but what interests us in our present inquiry is that that need gives the artist his great opportunity. In architecture this requires no proof; in all ages and all countries it is to religious architecture that we naturally turn to discover what were a nation's ideas and aspirations. But in painting, too, it is the same. To begin with one comparatively low consideration. The demand for such visible presentment of an ideal world made the artist's a genuine, honest profession, a straightforward, well-organised trade. He supplied a real want, and care was taken by the guild organisation that he supplied it honestly. We have changed all that. There is no real want to be met now, or, to be more accurate, the real demand is out of all proportion smaller than the supply, and it must be remembered that even this demand is very rarely due to a *want* of, a desire for, beauty, but rather to a hundred social necessities and conventions. One *must* have pictures for one's walls, especially if one is a dentist furnishing a consulting-room. But I need not enlarge on the painful condition of modern art as compared with that of the later Middle Ages and the Renaissance; suffice it to say that the modern artist paints for the exhibitions—that is, for the public, not for patrons; and even for the public not to possess, but to stare at his work for a few idle and distracted moments; and of all patrons at the period we are considering, the Church was the most constant and the most efficient in directing the artist's labours. The *Church* instead of the *exhibition!* What a difference for the artist is implied there! A definite space to fill and to beautify, a particular illumination which would never be materially altered; above all, a mood in his spectators of reverie and *recueillement*, a mood receptive of severer and more grandiose harmonies, of beauties that lie hidden and await a more patient eye and less preoccupied brain to reveal themselves.

But all these advantages were merely accessory to the one supreme advantage that the Church did not merely ask beauty of the artist in the abstract, it demanded the expression of certain definite ideal conceptions. It gave him a subject for his art;

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it restricted his choice of subjects; it confined his imagination within clearly marked limits. To minds that have accepted the modern conventional phrases about liberty and originality, these sound but dubious advantages; they were, nevertheless, immense. Great original geniuses, either by power of will or by the bias of a strong and narrow temperament, may at all times be able to use complete liberty. Most men are stupefied by it. Their creative faculties range impotently over the whole possible field of life. Whereas, if their imagination is forcibly arrested on a certain set of ideas, even a mediocre mind will strike out some personal and original conception. The waters which lay in stagnant marshes now flow between well-made embankments, and limitation becomes the source of power, the starting-point for originality and invention. You can see this in Italian art. Every one painted a Madonna and Child, and yet we feel, for that very reason, the personality of each artist—even the second and third-rate men—more clearly than we do now when every one paints just what strikes his fancy.

So much for limitation in the abstract; but when we consider what the subjects were to which the artist was limited, we see more clearly how advantageous the particular demands the Church made on the artist were to him. He was limited to the subjects of Christian mythology—that is to say, everything he treated of was supposed to be, if not actually supernatural, at least super-normal. Every event he depicted, even of the life of a saint so recently dead that he may have seen him, was supposed to have a significance deeper and profounder, and of a totally different order, to the events of common life. But in the majority of subjects the idea to be presented was actually that of supernatural, of divine beings.

And here again the Church's choice was singularly blessed for the artist, for the idea of divinity was intensely anthropomorphic. How much of the appeal of Egyptian and even Buddhist sacred art is lost to us by the fact that with them the idea of divinity was non-human and monstrous! A creature

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with a hundred arms or a dog's head can only represent divinity to a limited number of people, who have been brought up from their youth to be habituated to such a strange concept, while Apollo is still a notion which appeals to us æsthetically as divine. And Christianity growing up in the intensely humanised *milieu* of Græco-Roman thought was saved for the most part from the extravagance of Oriental fantasy.

Now an anthropomorphic conception of the supernatural was of immense consequence to the artist. I think it is not too much to say that it is impossible to the artist to understand the natural without reference to the supernatural. That it is impossible to give to the body its full expressiveness, to utilise all its characteristics without sublimating it. There remains in every part of nature something of primeval chaos, some crude *disjecta membra* imperfectly informed by the idea, some contradictory irrational qualities, something unintelligible and merely accidental. Now it has always been the aim of the highest art to eliminate the accidental, to make every part cohere in a perfectly apprehended and clearly consistent unity. And to aim thus is to aim at the supernatural in the sense that the work of art is more complete, more perfect, more inherently unified than nature. It is therefore all important that the artist's imagination should be riveted on the supernatural, but at the same time that he should conceive it as of the same kind as the natural, only more complete, the natural carried to its furthest point. And this aim of the artistic imagination the Church gave.

And yet more. For to our imperfect imaginations it is impossible to subsume all the varieties of nature in one single perfect type. The artist to stimulate his faculties to the full must have many supernatural types to which he can refer the infinitely various natures, both bodily and mental, of individual men. Those nations, like the Arabs, which have really kept the first commandment, have also kept the second, to the great detriment of their figurative art. Perhaps Protestant England may be counted among them. But the Church of the fifteenth

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century, in Italy, did not enforce the first commandment, and it therefore gave the artist what he needed, what was, for all purposes of the imagination at least, a polytheism. It gave him what was of an importance, not to be over-estimated, a *divine woman*, and it gave him in the saints a large and varied pantheon of demigods. I speak æsthetically and not doctrinally, though any one who knows modern Italy will allow that to the mass of the people, especially in the South, such a distinction is not even now apparent. In illustration of this point I may perhaps be allowed to quote from a sermon which a friend of mine heard preached in a church in the village of Ravello, where is practised with great fervour the cult of a comparatively obscure saint, St. Pantaleone:

> V'è ne son' molti santi, fratelli miei, molti santi, magnifichi, gloriosi, potenti. V'è per esempio il Sant Antonio di Padova, santo di gran' valore, chi ajuta ai poveri, v'è il San Francesco d'Assisi santo di vita esemplare e di grande carità, v'è il San Bernardino di Siena santo reverendissimo e molto facondioso, v'è il San Pietro di Roma santo celeberrimo e glorioso, v'è il San Gennaro di Napoli, santo di gran reputazione e molto rinommato,—ma il piu magnifico, il piu efficace, il piu potente, il santissimo di tutti i santi è il San Pantaleone di Ravello.

After all perhaps a local saint is a better rallying point for municipal public spirit than the most gorgeously emblazoned mayor.

But to return to my subject. Christian mythology then gave the artist a number of ideal types corresponding to almost all varieties of the human species at all ages and in all conditions. Where it failed him, as compared with the classic mythology it replaced, was in its imperfect idealisation of the forces of nature. It supplied him with no ideal concepts of the fruitful and life-giving earth, such as Demeter, or of the beneficent energy of the sun, such as Apollo. It isolated man's moral nature more completely from its surroundings. It gave but little scope for the expression of pantheistic conceptions, so that when, in the middle of the fifteenth century, men's imaginations were fired by such ideas, as they were again so strikingly in the nineteenth century, the

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artists were forced to turn to Pagan mythology to find forms in which to express their deepest emotions, and Botticelli, religious as he was, and intensely Christian as he became, found for a time in the Lucretian conception of Venus the fittest formula for his pantheistic notion of the universe.

Nevertheless, the Italian genius, with its inherited love of nature, and helped thereto by the teaching of its greatest saint, did find even in Christian mythology an outlet for its sense of the sympathy between humanity and the forces of nature. How much, one may see by their treatment of such subjects as St. Jerome in his lonely cave, as Mary Magdalene repentant and a solitary in desert places, or by Bellini's supremely poetical treatment of the Agony in the Garden, where the twilight landscape is almost more expressive of the supernatural moral tragedy than the figures themselves; or again in that most affecting *Pietà* by Buonconsigli, where the grey barred clouds on the steel-blue sky of dawn enforce the sentiment of more than mortal grief.

And even granted this want in Christian mythology as a complete expression of the imaginative needs of mankind, how much did it not give that Greek mythology had failed to give! Instead of the capricious, whimsical, and occasionally disreputable relations of the Olympian gods, Christianity made the central point of its whole system the idealisation and perfection of the most appealing, the most picturesque, of human relationships, that of the Mother and her child. If artists had been confined to a single theme, no other one could have been chosen which was so inexhaustible, so rich in pictorial and imaginative possibilities, allowing, as it does, each artist to express his own personal ideal of womanly beauty seen in a situation more central and fundamental than any other conceivable. Bellini repeated the subject twenty times without ever repeating himself. Each version was an entirely new and distinct ode to the divine Mother, his early ones tinged with a mysterious pathos, his latest filled with the pure joy of physical well-being.

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Or take again the *Annunciation*, and consider it merely for its pictorial advantages, for the stimulus it gave to the artist's powers of decorative design, as well as for his command of expressive pose and feature. A woman, the most beautiful imaginable, is startled at her devotions by the sudden inrush of a being of superhuman magnificence. At once the artist sees in his two figures the opportunity for a subtle balance of line, for that polarity which enters more or less into all beautiful design, while anything like a too rigid symmetry is avoided by the contrast of mood, and therefore of gesture, and so of line, between the angel whose rapid flight is brought to its gentle close, and the sudden movement of surprise, the start of awakening from reverie to a reality of incredible significance, which characterises the Virgin's movement. Here no powers the artist may have will be thrown away. The most elaborate and methodical technique, the finest chasing of gold patterns, the most translucent enamelling of colours, cannot go beyond the idea of the angel's celestial splendour. And here let me digress a moment to point out a curious and, I think, significant contrast. The modern notion holds that "mere technique" is something too mechanical, too base for the soaring flights of ideal imagination—that it smells of the workshop, is gross and material. In the fifteenth century you may almost pick out the intensely religious artists by the extraordinary perfection, the elaborate mechanism, and the methodical preparation of their technique. No splendour of transparent or opalescent colour patterned with burnished gold but would be appropriate to the idea of the angel. No observation could be too intimate, no psychological analysis too searching or too subtle, to express the conflicting emotions which would come and go on the Virgin's face as she gradually apprehended the divine message. Such a subject becomes the starting-point for infinitely varied trains of thought, for endless invention on the artist's part. Fra Angelico treated the subject again and again. He seems to have dwelt with peculiar delight, with something of a severe epicureanism, on the charm of Mary's early life, on the freshness

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and sweetness of her secluded home. In one of his earliest pictures at Cortona, he builds for her a portico in the new classic style, for Fra Angelico was no reactionary in matters of taste, and all around he spreads flowery meadows. In this he shows how far he could go in sumptuous decoration and resplendent glow of colour. He treats the Annunciation again in one of the frescoes at S. Marco, but in a simpler style, though with the same delight in suggesting a seductive simplicity and flowery austerity in her surroundings. But note the varied possibilities of the subject. Here the Virgin has not yet realised the meaning of the message. She gazes with a wrapt intensity of expression on the angel, with eyes fixed and features set as of one in a trance. If we turn to a third version of the story to be seen in one of the cells at S. Marco, we find that by choosing the scene a moment later Fra Angelico has created a totally new subject. Here the Virgin has understood the full meaning of the angel's word, and yields herself with awful humility to the divine will. And how significant for this deeper and more intensely passionate moment is the changed position and attitude of the angel and the Madonna, how emphatic is the empty bareness of the setting.

And here let me point out the immense advantage to art of having to treat of a comparatively small number of extremely well-known subjects. It is only when the artist can rely on the spectators having complete familiarity with the subject that he can proceed to the finer shades of expression. He knows that the spectator will recognise the subject at once, will not ask why the figures are doing what they do, will not be troubled in his understanding by curiosity or surprise. Having seen hundreds of pictures of the same subject before he will instantly look for those points in which this artist's treatment differs from them; will accept readily the slightest accentuation of a particular idea in the pose or expression; will, in fact, enjoy at once the essential artistic qualities of the work and not its accessories. The desire for novelty is indeed profoundly opposed to the acceptance of originality. It

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was by a like instinct that the Greek dramatists, instead of inventing new plots, treated again and again a few stories which all their audience knew by heart, and the effects of irony which they were able thus to rely on have their counterpart in the subtle shades of psychological expression which Italian artists introduced into the renderings of Christian mythology.

I have considered so far subjects which demanded great imaginative insight and great powers of idealisation. But Christian mythology provided others in which the most secularly minded artist might find his account. The *Adoration of the Magi* was an excuse for the display of all the splendid chivalry of contemporary court life. The story of St. Nicholas of Bari provided the painter of genre scenes with delightful episodes, and it became immensely popular about the year 1480 for twenty years on; then, with an increased interest in landscape, *Tobias and the Angel* took its place; and the Church fortunately extended its tolerant welcome to the expression of every kind of beauty; the anecdotal garrulity of a Gozzoli or a Carpaccio, the sensuous charm of a Filippo Lippi, the scientific curiosity of a Paolo Uccello, all took their place in a system which was wide enough to embrace every genuine impulse towards the harmonious interpretation of life. Later on, with the Catholic reaction and the introduction of a Pharisaical notion of piety as a negation of life, and not as a passionate activity, all this was changed, and Paolo Veronese was actually called to account by the Inquisition for giving to his religious pictures the sumptuous accessories of contemporary life.

But I have not yet touched on what seems to me to have been the most striking effect on art of Christian mythology. With its insistence on the moral and spiritual nature of man as opposed to the more physical view of Greek mythology, the Church forced the artist to intensify his powers of expression, to search out what in the human figure becomes indicative of spiritual states, of moods and emotions, and to develop to its highest point the language of gesture and facial expression, so that as compared to Greek painting which, so far as one

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can judge, was mainly lyrical, Christian art became, in its highest and most characteristic forms, a dramatic art.

At the very origin of Italian art there arose two geniuses who at once discovered the possibilities of dramatic expression, and gave full effect to the new beauties it implied—Giotto and Giovanni Pisano. To discuss their work would carry us too far. I need only remind you how Giotto, by the depth of his sympathy, by the width of his experience as a man of the world, and by his genial humour, was enabled at once to give visible external form to those strongly marked moral and spiritual situations of which the Christian myths gave numerous examples. Coming as he did so soon after St. Francis of Assisi, he embodied in the traditions of Italian art the spirit of St. Francis' teaching.

It was indeed another of the many fortunate circumstances of Christian art in Italy that the artist accepted the Christian ideals as they were interpreted by St. Francis and his immediate followers. And the essence of St. Francis' teaching was its humanity and its naturalism. It was he that made the love of beauty, and the love of natural things, of animals and birds, of sunlight and flowers, a prominent part of the Christian attitude, so that the Italian artist had not only a supernatural ideal to aim at, which implied, as I have said, that generalising and idealising faculty which is necessary to a great art, but it was what one may term a naturalistic and a human supernaturalism. St. Francis accentuated yet more that anthropomorphism which was already characteristic of the Christian conception. If one studies Italian art with a view to discover how the artists came to visualise their presentments as they did, one finds that they generally had in their minds St. Bonaventura's version of the New Testament history rather than the authorised version. In the Bible the relation of Mary to her son is given only in outline; in St. Bonaventura it becomes the centre of gravity, as it were, of the whole story. And such it certainly was in Italian art with incalculable advantages in its increased appeal to the emotions of actual life.

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With the disillusionment and disaster that followed in the fourteenth century Italian art fell somewhat from the elevated humanity of Giotto's creations. The monstrous, the fabulous, and the crudely miraculous element of Christian mythology again came into favour, and with it a lessening of the artist's hold on life and nature. But with the opening of the fifteenth century there came a revival. And here we find what at first sight seems a paradox. It is among the revolutionaries, the enthusiasts for scientific principles and classical example, and not among the reactionaries and belated Gothic designers, that we find once more a return to the serious dramatic art of Giotto. It is to Masaccio and Donatello, not to Ghiberti and Spinello Aretino, that we must turn to find an art expressive of spiritual situations. During the course of the fifteenth century, however, an increasing worldliness makes itself manifest in art; with Filippo Lippi the Madonna becomes the centre for a picturesque interior; with Ghirlandajo the subjects of Bible history become the pegs on which to hang his brilliant portraits of patrons; with Gozzoli they are an excuse for fashionable display.

Yet once again with Verrocchio the dramatic ideal asserts itself, bound up with a new conception of the possibilities of psychological expression due to the increased power of representation which art had gradually acquired. With Verrocchio's pupil, Leonardo da Vinci, Christian dramatic art reached its culminating point, and nothing is more instructive than his attitude to Christian mythology. For Leonardo was the first scientific sceptic, the first rationalist, the first to deny the possibility of miracles on the ground of the universality of natural law, and yet no artist of the time adhered more strictly to the Christian cycle of subjects, and none rendered with such penetrating insight their spiritual essence. No other *Adoration of the Magi* conveys as his does the sense of a revelation of light shining for the first time upon the thought-tormented features of antique wisdom; no other *St. Jerome* realises as his an access of penitence, an agony of devotional yearning, and that

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without the slightest taint of sentimental insincerity. Other "Madonnas" may be more lovable and more humble, but no other impresses us as does this with the sense of having penetrated the veil of phenomenal life to the secret sources of all existence. Finally, no other artist came within measurable distance of an adequate representation of the Last Supper. This was, indeed, one of the few subjects dictated by the Church which was really refractory to pictorial treatment. The mere problem of composing the thirteen figures, so that each should be seen, without undue monotony, and yet with a sense of balance, was almost insoluble, and one after another the artists of the Renaissance tried it and signally failed. But Leonardo succeeded, and the result, so far as can be judged by what remains, was the greatest dramatic composition of Christian Europe. Here each figure is a completely realised individual type, each reacts to the situation in a manner which accords perfectly with his personal character, while all are combined into a whole not only by a subtle rhythm of line, but by a gradation in dramatic intensity from the centre to the extremities.

We see then that the *sine quâ non* of a great religious art is not so much an intense actual conviction of the metaphysical truth of dogma as a conviction of its imaginative appropriateness. We see that the Church could still stimulate and control the imagination even of so revolutionary a thinker as Leonardo without insisting on dogmatic uniformity. And it is perhaps along these lines that the Church of to-day might once more supply what I am convinced is the greatest want of our civilisation and our race, the want of an imaginative life to sanctify and ennoble the life of every day.

It is true that religion has become purer than it was in the fifteenth century, and has been purged of much gross superstition, but like everything else it has become specialised; it is no longer conterminous with life and thought; it no longer is the central stimulus, the guide and moderator of the imaginative life of the people. And in the expression of such

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imaginative life as exists it cannot be said that the Church of to-day sets a particularly noble example. I do not wish to digress into the much larger subject of the Church patronage of the present time, but I may say in passing that of all the degraded and commercial substitutes for beauty which afflict modern life, not the least revolting are the decorations with which some devoted people cover the walls of their churches. The cheap stencils of bad design which creep over the walls, the trumpery brass work for altar rails which can be bought at the stores, and, worst of all, the windows executed by our most celebrated firms, whose names carry conviction to the subscriber, and who will provide something almost indistinguishable from the work of a real artist, but in fact absolutely dead or enlivened only by a pernicious sentimentality,—such things are neither edifying nor ennobling; it may be doubted whether they are more harmful to devotion or to art.

I am suggesting here a much larger work for the Church to undertake; but the first and most obvious thing, and one that should not be difficult, is that she should see that as a patron she is at least on a level with the best private patrons of the day; that she should lend no countenance, whatever the temptation to do so, to the dishonest counterfeits of commercial firms,—dishonest not in intention but in effect, since they pretend to a beauty which no competent authority would allow them to possess. And let us remember that the choice is often between a picturesque or a vividly dramatic presentment of ideal truth, and an absolute negation of the idealising and imaginative faculty, a crass and dull-witted materialism, a crafty and unenlightened commercialism. And if the Church could again find forms for the expression of an imaginative view of even the trivial things of life, could make it once more related even by an exoteric symbolism with the infinities which it implies, I for one, not only as an artist but as a man, should feel more hopeful for the future. It may be that it neither can nor ought to do this; obviously the claims of dogma rest on different grounds to those I have been considering.

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Eternal truths must not be distorted even to make life beautiful once more; and if to clothe the abstract truth in exoteric symbols means to lose sight of the truth itself, then we must be content to go on in the sordid and revoltingly ugly surroundings which are the distinguishing characteristics of the past hundred years of our civilisation.

ROGER E. FRY.

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AN UNKNOWN HUMORIST

I MAKE no apology for the excessive proportion of quotation in the following pages, for when (in a world given to dulness) a new humorist is brought to light, it is hard for the gag to be used at all; and in "Country Conversations," the book from which I quote, we have, I think, a humorist in the best sense of the word, and one of very high quality. Not exactly new, for this little book was written between 1845 and 1864, and printed privately in 1886; but new probably to almost all, if not quite all, readers of the present article. The author's name is not known, and her book cannot have been read, in its sixteen years of existence, by as many persons as ask for the novel of the hour at Mudie's in a single morning. I wonder, by the way, if it is the collection of "Country Conversations" to which Sir M. E. Grant Duff refers in his "Diary," as having so pleased Mr. Gladstone. Very likely, I think. It is pleasant to picture those noble features relaxing over the author's agreeable cynical humour—cynical in its uncompromising realism, and yet full of kindly understanding too. To have won so much confidence argues a very sweet and sympathetic nature.

Rather than apologise for the amount of quotation, I could express the wish that this article were nothing else; because the passages which I have omitted are often as good as those that have been chosen, and are sometimes better; while, as I have hinted, the book from which they have been taken is so

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uncommon that stimulated readers, excited to know more of it by these foretastes, will have the greatest difficulty in acquiring it. My own endeavours during eight years have yielded no result. Very modestly privately printed books that make their appeal only to friends soon vanish, even if there is genius in them.

Genius I think there is in "Country Conversations." Not exactly the genius of creation, but the genius of fidelity to fact, fortified by the humour aforesaid and a very choice sense of form; though I fancy that few things would so have disturbed their author as to be told of it. All that I know of the author—of Miss G. as she calls herself in the dialogue—is told in the Preface and between the lines of the work itself. She was an invalid lady living in the Peak country in the fifties and sixties; she "cultivated habits of the most friendly intimacy with her neighbours; her sole object was to preserve the exact expressions of those whose histories of themselves and of their affairs she had found so interesting." In doing this "she scrupulously avoided making any additions or changes, though she sometimes omitted trifling details, and recorded as little as possible of her own share in the dialogue." Thus her editor; but he understates the case a little, I think. Miss G. did not alter words, but either she brought a consummate art to bear upon the arrangement of her reports, or she so influenced her neighbours when in a communicative mood that they talked their native best all the time, and unconsciously obeyed the laws of form. After all, to make one's neighbours talk their best is one kind of genius.

Miss G. begins in the true vein of comedy. The motive of the first sketch, told in a series of conversations ranging from 1857 to 1864, is one with that of *The Egoist*, the greatest of modern comedies—the choice of a mate. The hesitant here is Mary Harland (daughter of a Peak country dairy farmer), whose mother, Mrs. Harland, unfolds the plot.

"Mary is a very good, prudent girl. She says to me, one day as she was breaking the curd, 'Mother, I will never let loose my affections on no man till

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I have proven him to be pious and in good circumstances.' For you know, Miss G., one will not do without the other; but indeed, men is so crafty one can't find out what their circumstances really is. Why, there's my daughter Anne's husband; I never could fancy him. He has too low a mind for me And such a big unmannerly fellow! Why, Anne did not reach above his elbow; and a cast in his eye and all! But I thought his circumstances were good. He said he killed twice a week; and that looked well. So I persuaded my husband to give his consent to the marriage; but the very first time as I went to see them, Anne says to me, 'Mother, we're worsening in money every week; and if you can't help us, I shall soon be in the 'sylum.'

"Eh, dear! I thought I should have fainted; and I says to Anne, 'This comes of pushing past your father.' So I goes back to my husband, and tells him all that had passed; but he set his face like a stone against me, and never spoke so much as one word. Well! I tried him again, night and day, twenty times; but never a word could I get. So I says to myself, 'I'll just turn it over to the Lord'; and before I had prayed to him a week that He would open a path for me, my husband was thrown out of a gig and broke his leg all to pieces, and I soon perceived that this would be the means of softening his heart.

"So one day, when he was a bit better, I says to him, 'Hught, you'll never be the man you have been, and you had better give up the malt-kin to Goodman, for that's what the Lord means by this misfortune.' And he said, 'Mary, you're right'; just so."

The whole Harland family, by the way, was given to difficulties with the affections. George succeeded in getting himself engaged to two sisters "at onst," and nothing but his mother extricated him. Tom had a grievous disappointment. In his mother's words:

"My son Tom, Miss G., has met with a disappointment about getting married. You know he's got that nice farm at Hallwood; so he met a young lady at a dance as he was very much took up with, and she seemed quite agreeable; so as he heard she had five hundred he wrote next day to purshue the acquaintance, and her father wrote and asked Tom to come over to Southwick. Eh, dear! Poor fellow! He went off in such sperrits, and he looked so spruce in his best clothes, with a new tie and all. So next day, when I heard him come to the gate, I ran out as pleased as could be; but I see in a moment he was sadly cast down. 'Why, Tom, my lad,' says I, 'what is it?' 'Why, mother,' says he, 'she'd understood mine was—was a harable, and she *will not* marry to a dairy.'"

As for George, it would have been better had he adhered to

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the wrong Miss Thornton. A year later Mrs. Harland admitted as much:

"Do you know, Miss G., I do believe I caused my son to make the wrong chice betwixt the two sisters. He'd better have stuck to Caroline, for she's been making two cheeses a day ever since she was married, and I hear them very well spoken of. Now, Jane's cheese, in my judgment, won't hit our Factor's fancy. I said to her when she was first married, 'Jane,' says I, 'the cheeses off our pastures cannot be put together in the same form as they're done on the other side the country, so you had better watch and see how our old Martha does them.' Eh! how I did affront her. 'She wasn't come here to be learnt by a servant indeed.' But the Thorntons have all been brought up to look at servants as beasts of labour. And Jane has hurt my feelings in another way, too, Miss G. You see, I'd put myself about all roads before the wedding to make things comfortable for her at Hallwood. I'd gone there two or three times a day in the heat of the sun with fithers for the beds, and bits of bedside carpets and maccassars for the parlour chairs, and two or three chaney ornaments as I could spare. Well, and when Jane came she never took notice of nothing—no more than if she'd stepped into an empty barn! When Caroline came over to see her, I took her on one side, and I said, 'Caroline, I'm afraid Jane's not content; at least, if she is, she makes no acknowledgment.' 'Mrs. Harland,' said Caroline, 'Jane is a Thornton, and Thorntons never acknowledges nothing.'"

But these are interruptions: it is Mary's comedy. Here is Mary, three years later—in 1860—on her suitors (she calls them shuitors):

"I'll tell you, Miss G., how I serve them. I wish to show them every respect, so I get a right down good envelope—not one of them flimsy things—and I put the gentleman's letter in it, with these words, 'Mary Harland is much obliged, but she is engaged.' I used to put 'but she's too young' before I was turned twenty-one; but one of them wrote again twice, and then I was forced to explain my sentiments. I told him he was high church (he never misses morning and evening), and I'd been brought up to the chapel. I shouldn't mind a bit changing to the church, Miss G., if other things were agreeable, but I couldn't tell him the real cause for laying him on one side; I'd heard he'd had a touch of the rheumatics two springs together, and you know, Miss G., a farmer as couldn't go out in all weathers would make but a poor profit."

Mary's mind, as her mother said, being "set on a family haltar" it followed that "a pious man was the first consideration,

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though I must own," she added, "that the one of 'em as I likes best is not a bit pious." "Who is it?" asks Miss G. "Well, ma'am, if you must know, it is Robert Thornton, Jane's brother, him with the rheumatics."

Another year passed and Mary was still single. Her explanation ran thus:

"I'm as undecided as ever, though I've been partly engaged since last August was a twelvemonth. Robert had paid me a vast of attention for five years, but he never came out and out till then. He said, 'Mary, you and me have been acquainted long enough, and I don't see why we should not get married.' So I says, 'Robert, I cannot say as I've any objections to you, only I've always built myself up that I'd marry a pious man, and a pious man I will have.' 'Well, says he, 'I'm not pious for certain, but I've always striven to do what is right.' 'Maybe you have,' says I, 'but that's nothing at all to the purpose; I must have a man that has set himself fully to serve the Lord.' So, of course, he could not say he had; but he went on writing the beautifullest of letters, mentioning his soul pretty often; and just before Christmas he came over, and there was a class meeting; you know we all as belongs to the class tells one another our experiences, so after we had done there was a long silence, and then Mr. Green shouted out ever so many times, 'Who'll be on the Lord's side?' and nobody answered—we rather expected my youngest brother to speak, but I suppose he didn't feel fully ripe—so the preacher bawled out louder than ever, till at last Robert jumped up and shouted, 'I will!' Eh! I was astonished above a bit."

Miss G. "I suppose you were mush pleased, Mary?"

Mary H. "I can't say as I was altogether, for I knew I should have to put him off with something else."

Mary's "something else" consisted in solicitude for her mother's health. Robert arrived, smiling and triumphant, the next morning, radiant that his conversion had removed the last obstacle; but only to be met by this depressing filial concern. After a tearful scene with Mrs. Harland, he accepted his fate. That was in 1861. In 1862 he became urgent again, and this time it was Hemily's health that intervened, and her need for hedication. Again Robert bowed to fate.

In 1863 Mary exclaims:

"Oh, this marrying, Miss G., it's a harder job than ever. I fully thought it was all coming to a finish last February, for Robert was dangerously ill.

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I can't say I was not grieved, but I made myself comfortable in this way. You know I've been praying all along to the Lord to interpose with something of a sign; so I thought maybe his death was to be it. He didn't seem quite pleased when I told him how I felt—he hasn't gained that much faith yet—and he drove me fairly into a corner about getting married in May, till, indeed, we came to have a little unpleasantness."

Mrs. H "Yes, I was obliged to sit me down betwixt them, and deliver my mind first to one and then to the other. 'Mary,' I said, 'Robert is in a debilitated condition, and he must not be put about.' Then I spoke quite collected to Robert. 'Robert,' says I, 'if Mary's not worth waiting for she's not worth having; young women is not reared to be given to young men just for the asking. When May was fixed on, how could we forecast that Hemily's liver would be so disranged as to prevent her turning even the shabbiest-sized cheese? and no one can say as our cheeses are shabby.'"

But the end came. In 1864 Mrs. Harland tells the story:

"Though it is a many months since Mary's wedding, it's not over with my sorrowing, Miss G. Our house has never been the same—everything was in the right place when Mary was here. The week before she was married I said I could not go through with it; but my husband and sons were both on Robert's side, and the flys were ordered (and there were seven of them), so I was forced to give way; but I always will keep to it, Miss G., that I am as deserving of my daughter as any gentleman in all England. Before ever Robert took her to the church, I says to him, 'Now, Robert, you go down on your knees and thank me for letting you have her'; and he went down as composed as could be. Mary was married in a bridal fall and wreath, that came quite as cheap as a bonnet, and a worked muslin dress that I must own had been washed. She has left that behind for Hemily; but, indeed, I say we can have no more weddings at Bewley; indeed, Hemily is disposed quite the other way, though there are two or three that would be glad to have her, especially since we got such a good price for our cheese. I am happy to say Mary has given the greatest of satisfactions with her cheese at Green Hayes. Before she went away her father said to her, 'Now, Mary, you be sure to do your duty to your cheese, and then you'll put your husband in a persition that he cannot deny you anything in reason that'll make you comfortable.' When I had put my daughter into the fly (they had a pair of white horses), I felt she had set out on the journey of life away from me, and I could not do with my husband's trying to pass it off with bits of jokes, such as 'Mother' (that's me) 'looks the most stylish of the party,' Miss G. Mary had a cross laid before the door of her new house; the old lady, you see, is a bit given to drink, and old Mr. Thornton has been obliged to spend four pounds for a partition in the lobby, so that Mary's visitors shan't catch sight of the old lady when she is unsettled."

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I have omitted quite as many scenes of the Comedy of Mary Harland (now Mary Thornton) as have been quoted, but enough is given to show the reader how perfect a thing it is. There is not a word too many or too few, and not a word misplaced. Character emerges from every syllable.

From Mary Harland we pass over several villagers and come to Mary King. Mary King was a labourer's wife in the same district. We meet her first replying to Miss G.'s question, "How have you and John agreed together since I left Bewley?"

"Well, ma'am, those words of yours when we parted have acted very well. 'Mary,' says you, 'when John's in a bad temper you be in a good 'un; for it's both on you being a bad temper together as does the mischief.' So mony a time when he's contraried me I've said to myself, 'Now I'll be on Miss G.'s plan'; and we've had nothing but bits of huts since—never no fighting—and a very good thing we've left it hoff. For, ye see, a man's hand falls very heavy on a woman, and mony a time I've been black and blue; only he was a deal more careful where he hit me at after he had that seven and sixpence to pay for them leeches to my side. You remember it, don't you, ma'am? I'd been saying summat again his mother—he calls her all to pieces himself, only he wunna let me—so he knocked me hoff the chair, and it caused himplamation; and fine and foolish John looked when the doctor shook his head at him."

Two years later Miss G. asked the same question again.

"Pretty well; indeed, I darana fly into them passions; the doctor says it'll be present death if I do. Mine is the white passions as drives the blood hinwards and causes bad palpulation at the heart. Mr. Walker, the doctor, come in one day just as I'd knocked John back'ards at the door for coming in with dirty shoes just when I'd been two hours on my hands and knees cleaning the floor; but you know, Miss G., a hot temper is naterally grounded in me. My mother had a hawful temper; I've seen her empty a shovel full of hot ashes on my father's head. Now, I won't say but what I've thrown a ash or two at John, but they've been cold 'uns; and one day my mother snatched up a gown as I had been buying for myself, and put it on the fire, and her said, 'There, now; and next time I'll put you on the fire, too, if you buy finery without my jurydiction.' Eh! how I cried when I see'd them beautiful pink and yellow stripes kindling; but her was a good mother at the root for all her was so strict; and when I sees girls nowadays fithered and flounched up, and pomped out so as when they comes swelling along one's obliged to get out of the road, I often thinks to myself, it's a pity there's not some mothers

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in Bewley like mine. John often says to me, 'Thou'rt the very model of thy mother, Mary, temper and all.' 'Yes, John,' says I, 'and didn't her warn thee that I'd a foul temper; and didn't thee say, like a big fool, "'I will have her, temper and all?'" Thous conceitedst thou couldst master me, but thou hast larnt different.' 'I have that,' said John."

Mary King is the most indignantly human of all these good folk. Here are some of her casual remarks:

"I couldna for shame go to church in my milking cloak; you know, it was that as made Parson Taylor axe if I was a Hirishwoman. I shall never forgive him for them words; maybe I should if I'd iver had a chance to give it him back again. I watch'd my hopportunity sharp enough, but I never cotched him. Think of a parson calling a decent woman by such titles!

"Mary Harrisoin come in one day last week, and her was bragging that Samuel got up of a Sunday morning and lit the fire, and milked cow, and cleaned shoes fore her and Hemily was up, and her says, 'If I was you, Mary King, I'd mak John do the same for you.' So says I, 'John was never brocken to such work when he was a lad'; and you know, ma'am, men's just like the young things—calbes—that one rares, they must be brocken.

"John's mother is dead at last, but she lay a long while; you know, sick folks canna go hoff unless they're kept nice and clean. I'll be bound her'd have died a deal sooner if I'd had the tending of her, because I should always have been fettling and washing of her.

"I hates them Methodists, Miss G.; but still old William Smith made a fine finish of it, and was buried, too, very respectable, with hat-bands at five and sixpence a yard, and funeral cards with hurns and willers. I'm thinking of getting mine framed against the wall."

Anne Berrisford, another labourer's wife, was one of the dissenters whom Mary King despised. Her contrary view of noisy spiritual manifestation is expressed at the end of this conversation:

"I should like you to see my youngest girl; she's not out o' the way handsome, for you know, ma'am, I'm hard-featured, and Daniel is long-featured (though he looks pretty well when he's tidied up a bit), but she was the loveliest tongue for a child of two-and-a-half as ever anybody heard. Whatever we say, long or short, she has it in a minute, and specially if there's a bad word said she's sure not to miss it; and then, if I hoffer to beat her, her'll cry out, 'If mother beats Hemma, Hemma 'll tell daddy, and then daddy 'll beat mother;' really I say such an admyrable little creatur is more than nateral. I shall be taking her with me to chapel by-and-by; we attends the Primities."

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Miss G. "Are those the Ranters?"

Anne B. "Oh! no, ma'am, the Ranters jump, and the Primities only shouts. I don't hold with jumping myself, though to be sure wasn't it St. Paul —oh, no, it was King David—as danced before the ark? The shouting is a reality, depend upon it, Miss G., for you know when the facts of the Lord works into one's inside one cannot help but shout."

The monologue of Mrs. Ward, another unlucky wife, must be quoted in full:

"I'm very poorly, ladies; the doctor says I've got a skin on my longs, and I'm troubled with them nightly prespirations; they come through nervousness, I think. You see, my husband is sadly given to rambling in his head; he can't sleep for the feelings of his thoughts, and it's very awkward for me, ladies, when I've been toiling and moiling all day to be kept awake all night discoursing about salvation, and nonsensicle things, too; for John says, sometimes, 'I'm going to die, and then thou'lt be sure to be marrying again, for thou'st handsomer every day.' Did you ever know such conceit, ladies, and me nigh sixty years old? It's all come through that catastroph as befell my husband with a crowbar (maybe, ladies, you're not apprehensive what a crowbar is), and when the wound in his hand was nigh as deep as a well, the doctor neglected to give him the medicine shuitable for distracting the implimation away from his head; but I don't wish to blame the doctor neither, for he's as tender-hearted a gentleman as need to be; he left off being a surgeon because he could not bear to notomize dead folks; he didn't so much mind the men, but he said it always turned him sick to notomize a female. I'm expecting my daughter and her husband from Australia; they've been gone six years, and they'd four children there and they all died, so as it cost them £3 when they was born, and £6 more when they was buried, Charles made his calkilations as that would take away his profits. You see, ladies, luck isn't laid before everybody in this world, but them as has gotten it always thinks other folks might do as well if it wasn't their own faults. Good-bye, ma'am, you'll be going home to your own family soon?"

Miss G. "I'm going home to my sister."

Mrs. Ward. "O! then you're not married! Dear o me! Well to be sure! You'll excuse me for saying so, but I'm particular glad you're not. I've wished scores of times that I'd concluded not to be married myself."

Miss G. "It's the conclusion very few people arrive at."

Mrs. Ward. "Excuse me, ma'am, but you're in herror. There are two sisters and a brother at Rowland, and two brothers and a sister at Broadstone, as have all concluded never to be married."

Incidentally, you observe, Miss G.'s little volume is another contribution to the accumulating mass of literature of the

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marital relationship. Mary Harland's indecisions; George Harland's adventures among the Thornton sisters; Mary King's contests, physical and ethical, with her husband; the testimony of Betty West, of Mrs. Raikes, of Mrs. Jones, of David Evans, of Mrs. Ward, and, indeed, of all Miss G.'s other quaint, but very normal, interlocutors, all add to the common store of bedrock knowledge of men and women who have stood at the altar. There is little of moment in married human nature that is not recorded by this modest and slender volume.

With David Evans we leave the Peak country, but not the subject of marriage, and come to Llansevern. He was an old widower there, and Miss G. and he held the following conversation:

Miss G. "I hear that you lost your wife ten years ago. You must have led a sad, lonely life since her death."

David E. "Quite the other way, ma'am. I'd never no peace till she went. I prayed to the Lord night and day for thirty years that He would please to part us; but I left it to Him which way it should be. I was quite ready to go myself; but He took her at last, and right thankful I was indeed."

Miss G. "I suppose you were always quarrelling?"

David E. "I had a hot temper enough before I was married; but when I see what an awful woman she was, I says to myself, 'Now, two fires cannot burn together'; and I grew as quiet as could be, and never contraried her no ways. But she was a most awful woman; indeed, she did throw a coffee-pot just off the fire at my head one day."

Miss G. "I hope she repented before she died?"

David E. "Indeed, I don't know. I did often say to her when she lay a dying, 'My dear, I hope the Lord will forgive your sins; but I do not know as He will, for you have been a most awful woman, my dear.'"

In a book strong in philosophical characters, Edward H., the stonemason, comes out, perhaps, at the head. It is not until the end of the following conversation that we light upon his stoicism, but I give the whole conversation as it stands:

Mrs. H. "If I'd known it was you, ladies, I'd have come to the door, but yesterday there come a knock, and before I could get to the door it opened, and there come in, eh! such a length of black fithers I was fairly frighted; it was some lady in a hat as had lost her road. My husband is very bad, indeed,

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ladies; indeed, I thought it was a done job with him last week, and him unconvarted yet. He was very near getting his convarsion last winter; he came in from the public one Saturday night near ten o'clock, and he says to me, 'Anne, it's plain enough thy prayers isn't strong enough for me, and I'm determined to try what they can do for me at Cresbrook Chapel, and we'll set out this very night, to be ready for the meeting in the morning.' So we set out, and as we passed the 'Nag's Head' I could hear him saying, 'Be off with ye" —that was to the Devil, you know, ladies. It was twelve o'clock when we got to Cresbrook to my mother's, and as soon as morning came my husband said, 'I'll go to cousin Jane, as has axed me so often to go to chapel, and if her axes me again I'll go.' So he went, but her never axed him, so I took it that the Lord had not appinted this time for Ned, so we come home again, and he soon took to drink worse than ever; but he's better to me than he used to be, for when I knelt down to say my prayers he'd often pull me up again by the roots of my hair. He's coming down stairs now, ladies. 'Ned, thou must tell these ladies what ails thee, though they'll maybe scarce understand such broad talk as thine, but thou must speak thy best and they'll excuse it."

Edward H. "The doctor says the muscles of my liver is set fast, and he ordered me a hot slivver bath to loosen 'em; so I borrowed one, and while I was in it two or three of the neighbours looked in, and they kept saying, 'Stop in a bit longer, lad, it'll fatch the grease out of thy bonnes;' so I stopped and stopped till I was well-nigh jead, and I have been going worse ever since."

Miss G. "Have you been subject to these attacks before?"

Edward H. "Yes, ma'am, since I was a lad. I was 'prentice to my uncle, a stonemason, and one day when I was at the top of a ladder, thirty feet high, me and the big ston I was carrying come down together; and when I laid on the ground half-stunned, the first words my uncle said was, 'The ston's not brocken'; he never axed me if I was hurt, and as soon as I could move, he said, 'Up with it again, lad,' so I went, but afore I was half-way up I fainted right away, and fell to the ground with the ston atop of me that time, and I was in bed eleven weeks. My uncle was a bit of a rogue, but he grew to be quite a big sort of a man afterwards, and used to ax me to dinner, and very handsome victuals he set before me, but I niver felt right in the stomach till I'd said summat about the big ston. However, I niver said much, for I kept thinking to myself, 'the words as one has not yet spocken one has got yet for to say.'"

Let us end on a rather gayer note, where the speaker is no disillusioned old man or woman but a Welsh donkey boy. Here is a fragment of his prattle as he drew Miss G. along the shore at Rhyl:

"That lady there is a queer one. The first day I took her on the sands her kept saying, 'I can see nothing.' 'Well,' says I, 'to be sure, ma'am, sand

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is sand; but there can't be splendider fields of it nowhere.' So then her told me to take her down to the sea at low water. So I says, 'I will, if you like; but you won't come back in the same fashion you go, for the donkey will soon be plundering in a bog, and the chair set quite fast; and then you must get out and lay yourself flat on your face, and hold fast with both hands to one end of a handkerchief, and then I should tie the other end round my leg, and lay me down on my face just before you, and flounder and paddle with me arms and legs till I'd drawed you over the bog. That's the way we always serves ladies as gets bogged. Your legs goes down like pins into a pincushion; but when you're spread out it takes a long time to suck you in.' So then her said no more about the sea; but her kept on murmuring as her could see nothing, and when I pointed to a gull or a flag-staff for her to look at, her thought I was a-mocking of her. She was quite cur'ous one day in town. Her would go out in the chair when it was a-showering and a-powering as hard as it could, and every time the wind blew the rain in her face her fell into a pet with me, and said I was taking her in the face of the rain a-purpose, and she made me turn first down one street and then another till we had gone miles and miles; and I'm sure when I got home I squeesed three quarts of water out of my jacket—pilot cloth holds it, you know."

"It was at that there corner that the *Royal Charter* was wrecked. A woman in Rhyl had two sons aboard, and one of them was saved; but he had been so long in the water that his skin came off all in one cake. The doctor perceived it quite loose, so he just nicked it down the backbone and turned the skin off right and left just as you would an orange. And then he cured the skin, and his mother lapped it up in a cupboard. It looks for all the world like bathing-caps. The other son as was drownded wasn't washed up for a month. He had a belt round him with his name at full length cut on it, and a bag with seventy sovereigns inside it; but his head and arms and legs were all washed away. So his mother said, 'Seventy sovereigns—no! Nor twice seventy should not make her own to such a poor battered thing as that for her son.' So she made them carry off the body and the belt and money and all. She was working hard for a living, so there was stupid foolishness for you. I wonder what sort of a skiliton it must be as I wouldn't own for the sake of seventy pounds."

"Them lifeboats is cur'ous things, ma'am. The men as mans the boat is stuffed into holes in the deck, the very same as putting corks into bottles, so that they can't come out when a storm comes on; and as they are short of hands, they can force any gentleman, or even a duke or prince, to come. My sake! how queer a grand one must feel when his legs go down into the hole, and he can see no more of them."

Was it not Carlyle who said that every parson should write

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the history of his parish—to keep him out of mischief? But parson can succeed to parson so quickly—duplicate parish histories would become so common—that the task might be amended, I think, to writing each the history of his parishioners. Possibly the foregoing pages may serve to kindle ardour in that direction. In substituting parishioners for parish, however, our poor rector's difficulties would be immensely increased. For to set on paper parishioners as they are is a greater labour than to deduce acres from the Doomsday Book. Consider how few writers have done it, have really penetrated the rural mind. At the present moment who is there? Mr. Hardy seems to have given up the pastime. Miss Wilkins in New England, Mr. Shan Bullock in Ireland, occur to one, as being able to envisage life through peasant or lowly eyes, and sum it up in peasant phrase; but the gift is of the rarest. The late Dean Ramsay is, perhaps, an example nigher to Miss G. It is rather what he did for the Scottish peasantry that she has done for a handful of Peak dwellers, but with none of his conscious purpose. Miss G., utterly without thought of the future or of the worth of her evidence, set down these conversations for her own and a few friends' amusement. And they turn out to be authentic literature.

E. V. Lucas.

Google

TEN CHARACTERS FROM SHAKESPEARE

FALSTAFF

'TWAS in a tavern that with old age stooped
And leaned rheumatic rafters o'er his head,—
A blowzed prodigious man which talked, and stared,
And rolled, as if with purpose, a small eye
Like some sweet Cupid in a cask of wine.
I could not view his fatness for his soul,
Which peeped like harmless lightnings and was gone;
As haps to voyagers of the summer air.
And when he laughed Time trickled down those beams
As in a glass; and when in self-defence
He puffed that paunch, and wagged that huge Greek head,
Nosed like a Punchinello, then it seemed
An hundred widows wept in his small voice,
Now tenor, and now bass of drummy war.
He smiled, compact of loam this orchard man;
Mused like a midnight webbed with moonbeam snares
Of flitting Love; woke—and a King he stood,
Whom all the world hath in sheer jest refused
For helpless laughter's sake. And then, forefend!
Bacchus and Jove reared vast Olympus there;
And Pan leaned leering from Promethean eyes.
"Lord!" said his aspect, weeping o'er the jest,
"What simple mouse brought such a mountain forth?"

Google

MACBETH

Rose like dim battlements the hills and reared
Steep crags into the fading primrose sky;
But in the desolate valleys fell small rain
Mingled with drifting cloud. I saw one come,
Like the fierce passion of that vacant place,
His face turned glittering to the evening sky;
His eyes like grey despair fixed satelessly
On the still rainy turrets of the storm;
And all his armour in a haze of blue.
He held no sword, bare was his hand and clenched
As if to hide the inextinguishable blood
Murder had painted there; and his wild mouth
Seemed spouting echoes of deluded thoughts.
Around his head, like vipers all distort
His locks shook, heavy-laden, at each stride.
If fire may burn invisible to the eye;
O if despair strive everlastingly;
Then haunted here the creature of despair,
Fanning and fanning flame to lick upon
A soul still childish in a withered hell.

Google

MERCUTIO

Along an avenue of almond-trees
Came three girls chattering of their sweethearts three.
And lo! Mercutio, with Byronic ease,
Out of his philosophic eye cast all
A mere flow'r'd twig of thought, whereat. . . .
Three hearts fell still as when an air dies out
And Venus falters lonely o'er the sea.
But when within the further mist of bloom
His step and form were hid, the smooth child Ann
Said, "La, and what eyes he had!" and Lucy said,
"How sad a gentleman!" and Katharine,
"I wonder now what mischief he was at."
And these three also April hid away,
Leaving the Spring faint with Mercutio.

Google

JULIET

Sparrow and nightingale—did ever such
Strange birds consort in one untravelled heart?—
And yet what signs of summer, and what signs
Of the keen snows humanity hath passed
To come to this wild apple-day! To think
So young a throat might rave so old a tune,
Youth's amber eyes reflect such ardent stars,
And capture heav'n with glancing! Was she not
Learn'd by some angel from her mother's womb
At last to be love's master? doth not he
Rest all his arrows now and mutely adream
Seek his own peace in her Italian locks?
Comes not another singing in the night?—
Singing wild songs along the way of silence—
For at the end waits Death to pluck his bloom
Which is of yew the everlasting star.

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JULIET'S NURSE

In old-world nursery vacant now of children,
With posied walls, familiar, fair, demure,
And facing southward o'er romantic streets,
Sits yet and gossips winter's dark away
One gloomy, vast, glossy, and wise, and sly:
And at her side a cherried country cousin.
Her tongue claps ever like a ram's sweet bell;
There's not a name but calls a tale to mind—
Some marrowy patty of farce or melodram;
There's not a soldier but hath babes in view;
There's not on earth what minds not of the midwife.
Beauty she sighs o'er, and she sighs o'er gold,
For gold buys all things—even a sweet husband,
Else only Heav'n is left and—farewell youth!
Yet, strangely, in that money-haunted head,
The sad gemm'd crucifix and incense blue
Is childhood come again. Her memory
Is like some ant-hill which a twig disturbs,
But twig stilled never; and to see her visage,
Broad with sleek homely beams, her babied hands
Ever like 'lighting doves, and her small eyes—
Blue wells atwinkle, arch and lewd and pious—
To dark'n all sudden into Stygian gloom,
And paint disaster with uplifted whites,
Is life's epitome. She prates and prates—
A waterbrook of words o'er twelve same pebbles:
And when she dies—some grey long summer evening
When the bird shouts of childhood thro' the dusk
'Neath night's faint tapers,—then her body shall
Lie stiff with silks of sixty thrifty years.

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DESDEMONA

A STONY tomb guards one who simply dreams
Of peace that shines tho' love went down in storm—
Dreams ever a dark visage stoopeth o'er
Whose darkness is not hatred but a mask
Love took for tend'rer loving. And when night
Steals thro' the sky to mock Othello, then
Rises she, counting at the windows high
Star after star till all her pray'r be told,
And dawn repeat the glory of her end.
But on one day, in affluence of June,
At topmost flood of noon a shadow falls
Sweet at her side, chill head to snowy foot,
And then it seems the cypresses obscure
Whisper, "O willow"; and a shrill bird swoops,
As if the Moor had flown a silver soul
To take her captive at the key of Heaven!

Google

IAGO

A DARK lean face, a narrow slanting eye
Whose deeps of blackness one pale taper's beam
Haunts with a flitting madness of desire;
A heart whose cinder at the breath of passion
Glows in a momentary core of heat
Almost beyond indifference to endure;
So parched Iago frets huge Time away.
His scorn works ever in a brain whose wit
This world hath fools too many and gross to seek.
Ever to live incredibly alone!
Mask'd, shivering, deadly, with a simple Moor
Of idiot gravity, and one pale flow'r
Whose chill would quench in everlasting peace
His soul's unmeasured flame—O paradox!
Might he but learn the trick!—to wear her heart
One fragile hour of heedless innocence,
And then 'farewell' and the incessant grave.
"O fool! O villain!"—'tis the shuttlecock
Wit never leaves at rest. It is his fate
To be a needle in a world of hay,
Where honour is the flattery of a fool;
Sin, a tame bauble; lies, a tiresome jest;
Virtue, a silly whitewashed block of wood
For words to fell. Ah! but the secret lacking—
The secret of the child, the bird, the night,
All truth—else were this Desdemona—Why!
Woman a harlot is, and life a nest
Fouled by long ages of forked fools. And God—
Iago deals not with a tale so dull!
T' have made the world—Fie on thee, Artisan!

Google

POLONIUS

THERE haunts in Time's bare house an active ghost,
Most flattered at his name—"Polonius."
He moves small fingers much, and all his speech
Is like a sampler of precisest words
Set in the pattern of a simpleton.
His mirth floats eerily down chill corridors;
His wisdom prates as from a wicker cage;
His very belly is a pompous nought;
His eye a page that hath forgot his errand.
Yet in his bran—his spiritual bran
Is hid a child's demure small silver whistle
Which, to his horror, God blows—unawares,
And sets men staring. And 'tis sad to think,
If once he might but don thin flesh and blood,
And pace important to Law's inmost room,
He'd see, much marvelling, one immensely wise
Named Bacon, who at sound of his youth's step
Would turn and call him Cousin—for the likeness.

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OPHELIA

THERE runs a crisscross pattern of small leaves
Espalier in a fading summer air,
And there Ophelia walks, an azure flow'r,
Whom wind, and snowflakes, and the sudden rain
Of love's wild skies have purified to heav'n.
There is a beauty past all weeping now
In that sweet crooked mouth, that vacant smile;
Only a lonely grey in those mad eyes
Which never on earth shall learn their loneliness:
And when 'mid startled birds she sings lament,
Mocking in hope the long voice of the stream,
It seems her heart's lute hath a broken string.
Ivy she hath that to old ruins clings;
And rosemary that sees remembrance fade;
And pansies deeper than the gloom of dreams,
But ah! if utterable, would this earth
Remain the base unreal thing it is?
Better be out of sight of peering eyes;
Out-out of hearing of all-useless words;
And, lest, at last ev'n earth should learn mad secrets,
Lest that sweet wolf from some dim thicket steal,
Better the glassy horror of the stream!

Google

HAMLET

Umbrageous cedars, murmuring symphonies,
Stoop'd in late twilight o'er dark Denmark's Prince:
He sate, his eyes companioned with dream—
Lustrous large eyes that held the world in view
As some entrancéd child a puppet show.
Evening gave birth to the all-trembling stars,
And a far roar of long-drawn cataracts,
As if Time were his creature ebbing ever.
He sate so still, his very thoughts took wing,
And, lightest Ariels, the darkness haunted
With midge-like measures; but, at last, ev'n they
Sank 'neath the influences of his night.
The sweet dust shed faint perfume in the gloom;
Through all wild space the stars' bright arrows fell
On the lone Prince—the troubled son of man—
On Time's dark waters in unearthly trouble:
Then, as the roar increased, and one fair tower
Of cloud took sky and stars with majesty,
He rose, his face a parchment of old age
Sorrow hath scribbled o'er and o'er and o'er.

W. J. de la Mare.
(Walter Ramal.)

Google

DANNY

XII

DANNY'S SEARCH

ALL that day and the next he sought her.

In green shaw and lonely strath and all among the birch-woods, where she would walk in the golden evening, he searched. Where she had once been, there must he go to look. Not a cottage in Hepburn but he entered it; not a rheumatism-ridden beldame, to whom she had ever ministered with sympathy and pudding—pudding in that basket-basin that he once valorously carried and spilled lamentably to the tune of maiden laughter—but he came in upon her, a sudden sea-grey shadow, snuffed her frowsy ankles and was gone, before she had well begun to scream.

All that day he searched about the home-places familiar to them both, and Robin with weeping eye, watched him. In woodland nook, known to these two only, where she would harbour at noon mid hart's-tongue and lady-fern, a wild cherry above her, the noise of bubbling water in her ears; on many a headland private to him, and her, and the God who walked with them there with trailing skirts in the dew of morning; in secret glade beside the burn, where she would splash a line in June, and, wearied, lie out her length upon the bank with far-flung arms amid the fox-gloves, nor there be anywise afraid; while he, dripping, alert, and clamorous, did doughtily for his lady's

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sake and his own delight against the water-rats and heathen of the wilderness—he searched them diligently; nay, not a meek-eyed wood-anemone that she had once caressed, but he stayed with lifted paw and anxious eye to inquire of it if his lady had passed that way.

Then he carried his search abroad. In the Forest of Altyre, in those far cleughs where the red deer lie at noon, he sought her. All along the shores of Burn-Water, on Windyhope, and the Hill of the Eagle, in grey moss-hag and far away on the wind-beaten pastures beside the sea, he made his search. He asked the heron in the pool; he asked the wet-eyed cattle at the Ford; he asked the wild goats on the sea-whipped cliffs.

Once a herd saw him standing like a grey watchman in the opening day on the high loneliness of Lammer-more, where she would go to watch the morning with trailing robes of grey samite sweeping out of the East over the moors. And once beside the lake of the Black Dwarf, amid the desolate hills, one who had no lawful business there saw him, the lonely hunter, passing rapidly by, so rapt in search that, seen himself, he did not see.

On the evening of the second day, the Woman in the door of the kitchen peering forth with weary eyes, beheld him coming down Lammer-more.

"He is homing!" she cried to the heap of misery by the fireside. "He is coming off the hill."

Robin rose and crawled to her side.

"Wha's yon at the brae-foot?" asked the dim old man.

"The Laird," said the Woman, biting on her apron.

"Biding him?" cried Robin.

"Ay," said the Woman, apron in mouth. "And has been these three hours."

"God help my man!" cried Robin, and in an ecstasy of woe trotted in again.

The Woman watched on, apron in mouth.

She saw the little figure coming off the hill at swift unvary-

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ing trot; she saw the Laird at the brae-foot, ominous, grim, cloak-wrapt, waiting as another had used to wait of old with cold maiden cheeks and riding whip. She heard him call, and drew her breath; but Danny passed him by, swift, trotting shadow, nor seemed to hear; crossed the lawn, into the kitchen, passed her too, trotting on haggard, weary, intent; passed Robin, huddled by the fire; down the long mouldy passage, and up the stairs to lie, all travel-stained and ragged as he was, on the mat at Missie's door.

To him, as he lay there, the Woman came, grey with misery for him. A wash-tub was in her hands, a towel over her arms.

She put the wash-tub down upon the floor and knelt beside him, unweeping, unspeaking; spreading out her cloth upon the floor, and making arrangements with lean, large-knuckled hands as though to give a child a bath; and behind her Robin leaned against the wall idly swallowing his sobs.

Then the Woman took Danny to do for him as Missie would do when he was home from bloodying—bathing his feet, his eyes, plucking the thorns out of his coat, making him sweet as her own sweet self. So now the Woman did; and as she began to wash his mouth dread feet sounded in the passage, and the Laird stood over her.

The Woman kneeled bolt upright. One gnarled hand sought Danny and clutched him to her.

"What's all this rout and wash-tubs, and all?" the Laird asked harshly.

"I am for washing Danny," said the Woman.

"You are for doing everything in the public passages," said the Laird.

"He was lying outside Missie's door," said the Woman. "I'd no the heart to stir him."

"Why does he want washing?" asked the Laird.

"Missie would aye redd him up whiles," said the Woman vaguely.

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"She would so," said the grim Laird, "when he was home from bloodying."

"He has not been bloodying!" cried the Woman quickly.

"That he has not!" corroborated Robin. "He has been with me all the while," faithful liar that he was, who had never stirred from before the fire these days past.

"Then why wash his mouth?" asked the Laird.

"It mistens the lips," said Robin.

"He may have bloodied a bit in between whiles," said the Woman sullenly. "God made him male."

"He has not bloodied," said the Laird. "I would to God he had!" and he passed on down the passage, tramping.

At his own door he turned.

"Leave his mouth," he said, "and mend his heart: and may be you will red him up to some purpose."

XIII

THE VOICE OF LAMENTATION

NEXT day was the Sabbath. All the morning he searched diligently and alone. At noon the kirk-bells tolling brought him home.

Robin saw him stand before the house as though awaiting her as she would come forth on Sabbath afternoons, she and the Laird; when of old the three would go down the drive together to the great iron gates, and there part company, the Laird, tramping on kirk-wards to garner in his people without remorse; while Danny and his lady, with wicked laughter and joyful feet sped across the park; climbed Lammer-more, and there passed a holy hour in that world-oblivious loneliness she loved.

Now Danny stood before the house with lifted face and waited; while the kirk-bell tolled.

The great door opened. On the top of the steps the Laird appeared alone.

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Danny looked; then started away, and of set miserable purpose.

The Laird watched from the top of the steps.

"Where will he be gone?" he asked shortly.

"To drown him," gulped Robin.

The Laird swept his short cloak about him, and strode kirk-wards.

Robin and the Woman were left together. And as they stood thus silently, there came towards them floating from on high a far note of wailing.

"Dear sake!" cried the Woman, hearkening. "What's yon?"

"It's the sound of a breaking heart," said Robin, choked. "The Lord peety our man this day."

From far away on the height of Lammer-more, it came to them, that voice of Lamentation. Over the birch-woods, borne on sorrowful wings it floated, long-drawn and low as Love's swan-song.

Down in the village they heard it amid tolling bells; across Burn-water it travelled, anguished still; by the Ferry lingered, and the boatmen there knew it for Danny mourning his heart away as faithfully as ever did man-lover for his mistress; then it fared forth and lost itself on the comfortless cold bosom of the sea.

The Woman stood with bowed head and prayed.

"The Lord send Missie is not hearing him," she cried, swallowing her sobs. "It would just break her heart!"

"Then there would be two with broken hearts," sniffled Robin. "Maybe that would be like company."

"O!" cried the Woman, "O!" as the sound of wailing grew. "Will you not go to him, Robin?"

"I canna," cried Robin, tender coward that he was. "I could na bear to see him suffer!" and the tears streamed down his face.

"O you man!" cried the Woman. "I will go my lane," and set forth her woman's courage on her.

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"You will not go without me," said Robin jealously, and followed.

Together they set forth.

It was Robin who stopped her.

"The Laird's gone," he said, and pointed.

The Woman looked up and saw that it was so.

"The Lord go with him," she said solemnly.

It was an hour before he came back, the grey Laird, striding. His face was like a frost, and Danny in his arms.

"It's peetiful—just peetiful," whined Robin, and choked.

"The Lord send it will end soon!" cried the Woman.

"It will end," said Robin, "or he will end."

"Better so," said the Woman. "I could not bear to see him live so."

"Ay," said Robin, "you do not care. He will die, and I aye tell't you—and you do not care."

"And Missie will be blythe," said the Woman, unheeding. "That's what I care."

"It will make no matter to Missie," said Robin, resolute not to be comforted. "He will not go to heaven."

"He will so," said the Woman, doggedly.

"Who tell't you?" said Robin, turning on her.

"Missie," said the Woman, and shot out her chin at him.

Robin turned away.

"Ay, ay," he said in high cracked voice of woe. "He'll be there the morn. And I aye tell't you."

XIV

LOCHINVAR IS AT THE DOOR

LATE that evening Robin came upon the Laird suddenly; and there was a misty splendour in the old man's eye, that the Laird knew of old.

"Well?" said the Laird briefly.

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The old man stood in a puddle with lifted face and half-closed eyes.

"The Lord—in His mercy—has seen good—to take him," he said, in the deliberate voice of one delivering his text.

The Laird stayed from his marching.

"Who?" he asked, with sudden thunder-brow.

"Daniel—son—of—Ivor," said the preacher, "of this parish, bachelor."

"Is he dead?" asked the Laird, suddenly stern-lipped.

"He is," said Robin; "away and away and all," and bowed his head upon his breast.

"Away?" shouted the Laird. "Where away?"

"That is not for me to say," replied Robin, and crossed meek hands upon his bosom. "For some there is a heaven; for others there is a hell; and for the likes o' you and me there's a between-the-two."

The Laird strode across to him, and laid stern hands upon his shoulders.

"Hear!" he said sternly.

"Where?" said Robin, meek still.

"Is Danny dead?"

"Not that I know," said Robin, with some asperity.

"Has he gone, then?"

"Ay," said Robin testily. "Ay, ay, ay. I am telling you."

"Searching her?"

"Searching 'em out!" said Robin, rolling his eyes.

"Who?" said the Laird.

"The heathen!" said Robin, kindling.

The Laird looked at him, and his hand dropped from the old man's shoulder.

Robin sloshed round in his puddle, stood there, and began to shake with silent giggles.

"Crabbe!" said the Laird.

"What?" sniggered Robin.

"Your back is on me," said the Laird.

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"If you walk round this gate," suggested Robin, "it will not be neither."

"And if you turn round," said the Laird, "I shall see your face."

"And I will see yours, my mannie," said Robin; "and I would rayder not."

"Crabbe!" shouted the Laird.

"Ay, billie," shouted Robin.

There was a moment's pause.

"Why are you standing in a puddle?" said the Laird, suddenly.

"Becob," said Robin, meek again, "the Lord gar'd me so to do."

"And I gar you to continue so to do," thundered the Laird, "until the sun has set." And he marched away.

"May I no sit me?" cried Robin, weeping suddenly, and sat him.

The Woman was sitting in the kitchen.

Now as she sat there, gaunt, tender-eyed, her Book upon her lap, her mittened hands upon her Book, her thoughts with Missie far away, a crooning voice, very caressing, came in upon her dreams.

Little virgin, white as snaw!
  Dainty, daffin', winsome, wee,—
Lochinvar is at the door,
  Knockin', knockin', loud for thee.

The lady he came a-courting looked not up.

"You are dripping drunk," she said.

Lochinvar leaned against the door-cheek and ogled her out of the night with mildewy eye.

"Ay," he said, "you have no guts. There is no heart of love in you:

Will ye be
Wee wife to me,
Hummin', bummin',
Busy-bee?"

Google

"If ye wait for me," said the Woman, shortly, "ye'll want long."

"Ye're not asked yet, chuckie," said Robin. "That was just a song; no an offer."

"And if I was," said the Woman, "ye'd yet want."

"I'd prefer to want," said Robin. "When my first died I found I could do wantin' her better than with her."

The Woman looked at him over her spectacles.

"I see," she said, "you are yourself again."

"I am so," said Robin, "and not me only."

"Who else, then?" asked the Woman.

"Daniel, son of Ivor," said Robin.

The Woman dropped her hands.

"What's that?" she cried.

"Daniel, son of Ivor, has gone forth," cried Robin, kindling, "to war."

"Bloodying!" cried the Woman.

"Some call it so," said Robin.

"How d'ye ken he went bloodying and not searching?"

"Woman," said Robin with majesty, "I am that Robin Crabbe that dreams dreams."

"Ay," said the Woman, "and drains drams!"

"And I," said Robin, "say that it is so."

"The Lord send you're saying the truth for once," said the Woman.

"Woman," said Robin, "I have said it." And continued: "He has put forth like Saul to the slaying; and he will be away three nights—you will see; and then he will return and he will be whole of heart again—you will see; and thereafter he will bide and comfort the Laird, as is Missie's bidding. So I say, and so it will prove."

"Belike it may be so," said the Woman, nodding. "Three days breakin', three days makin'—that's the way of a man's heart."

Robin marched out.

"I will dream no more dreams for you," he said. "You shall dream dreams for yourself from now."

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XV

DANNY DOES HOMAGE

For three nights Danny was away, as the dreamer had foretold, and none but the stars of the night and the creatures of the wilderness knew the bloody way he went.

In the dawn of the fourth day, while still the clouds hung like a gloom on Lammer-more, Robin found him curled outside the wood-shed.

The grey mud of the moss-hags was on his flanks; between his toes was the sand of the badger-earths of the Forest; he lay at length as one very tired, with hollow flanks; and he was ragged with travel and stained with war.

As Robin came to him, tiptoeing across the yard in fever of uncertainty to know if he was whole again, the little knight woke, wagged, yawned hugely, stretching his toes as does a cat; then came to his old man with grin, fond look, and twinkle of ears as of old; and his eyes, though closed with dust of war, were sane and sweet again.

Then Robin took him in his arms tenderly, and kissed him, and bore off to the kitchen and the Woman.

"I have dreamed a true dream," he announced. "It's even as I tell't ye."

The Woman looked up from her scrubbing, saw the old man in the door, the tears yet on his cheeks, and Danny in his arms.

"O, my bloody wee one!" she cried motherly, rose hastily, and clattered over to him with outstretched arms and mother-murmurings.

"Dinna girn at him so," said Robin.

"Girn!" cried the Woman, snatching the prodigal away, "Girn!" as she smothered him with love. "Will I girn at my man returned to me?"

"*Your* man!" flashed Robin jealously. "It used not to be *your* man one while."

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"Maybe no," said she, nursing her baby in lean bosom; "but he will be my man to me from now; and I will be woman to him, and it is I will have his heart, it is I will have his heart. So God made man, making woman for him. To ilka man he gave his Woman to mend him and mind him and warstle him to heaven—if so may be; and Danny shall have me."

"In Missie's stead!" sneered Robin. "You will do fine."

"I will make shift," replied the Woman, rocking on flat feet, "until she has need of him."

The Woman took her man away, fed him, washed and made him sweet as Missie would of old; and Robin watched her.

When it was over, and the little knight was once again himself—and sweet as the morning—she went to call the Laird.

Danny went before, brisk and busy as ever; Robin followed.

Past Missie's door the little man trotted, busy, bustling, paying no heed.

The Woman turned to the old man at her heels.

"You are right," she said bitterly.

"I aye am," said Robin.

"He is whole of his heart-break!" she cried. "I thought he would have died when Missie went—and now," she cried, "he just jaunts past her door as though she'd never been. There!" she cried, "he is little better than a man at all!"

"We are not howling-yowling all the while like you women-bodies," said Robin, "but we feel things sore. Conseeder the Laird," said he, "conseeder me."

"Certainly it is so with the Laird," replied the Woman. "He greets none, nor speaks none."

"He has not my heart," said Robin.

"He has not your Dreep-eye," said the Woman, "but he has not forgot. He minds Missie all the while. Ay," she said

Google

tenderly, "he has just lappit her away, and laid her to sleep like a wean till he can go waken her. But Danny," she said sorrowfully, "he has forgot."

"He has not forgot," said Robin steadfastly. "And that you will see. Missie bid him come comfort the Laird, as I tell't you, and he has come."

The Woman turned on her way.

The Laird had already risen.

"Is he home?" he asked in his short, harsh way, before even she was in the room.

"Ay," said the Woman indifferently, "and whole of his broken heart—this bein' the sixth day."

"Where is he?" asked the Laird.

"Here," said the Woman, and turned.

"Where?" said Robin grimly.

She looked.

"Dear sakes!" she cried, "he *was* here and is not. O!" she cried, "if he has gone back to Missie's room!" and started hot-foot down the passage, but the Laird stayed her.

"He is coming," he said; and as he said it the tick-tacking of nail-shod feet upon the naked boards came to their ears.

At the far end of the passage appeared Danny, and in his mouth a lady's riding-whip.

So he came to the Laird's feet, dropped his burthen there, and stood over it, wagging, wide-mouthed, well-pleased.

"O Missie!" cried the Woman, her apron to her eyes. "O the wee man!" For just so had he been wont to do for his lady when home from bloody doings in the dawn, coming to wake her and, knightly, bringing with him the whip with which she was to chastise him.

The Laird picked up the whip.

"Na!" screamed the Woman, and snatched up the threatened knight.

"Never," said Robin, rolling up his cuffs, "but over the last corp of Robin Crabbe!"

"Put him down," said the Laird in his curt brutal way.

Google

"Will I?" said the Woman, and looked at Robin.

"It's your affair," said Robin, and withdrew down the passage.

"Put him down," said the Laird.

The Woman obeyed, and with shut eyes began to pray.

The Laird bent till his face was close to that of the grey man at his feet.

"I will lay no finger on you, Danny," said he, "now or ever."

Danny stood at his feet with lifted face and dubious tail; then he raised himself and stood against the Laird's knee and pawed. The Laird took the paw in his own great hand; and Danny looked up into his eyes, and thenceforward was the Laird's liege-man for ever.

Robin, who had unrolled his sleeves and returned, looked at the Woman.

"What said I?" he asked.

XVI

DANNY'S EXCUSE

It was a Sabbath afternoon a month later that the Woman in the kitchen was roused from her Book by a noise of worrying in the bowling alley.

"What's yon?" she asked of Robin.

"It is Danny," said Robin at the window.

"What gars him girn so?" asked the Woman.

"Belike he has killed," said Robin, "and is giving Christian burial."

"Belike," sniffed the Woman. "The Lord appointed the Sabbath for to be a day of slaughter—that is what the man-males hold."

"He appointed the Sabbath to be a day of rest from labour," said Robin meekly. "It's no labour to kill," said the old man; "it's a re-creation."

Google

The Woman dropped her hands.

"There's a pair of ye," she cried; "each bloodier nor t'ither!"

"I try to leeve up to him," said Robin simply, and went out to join his brother in blood.

Danny lay under a lilac on the far border of the lawn. He held something between his fore-paws and chewed it and with gusto; then he shook it ferociously and tossed it far.

It sped through the air and fell at the feet of Robin.

A moment the Woman looked, then she fled forth.

"Kep him off!" she creamed. "O the blasphemy!" And snatched it up from Danny's jaws, and turned on him like a squall. "And you son to her!" she cried to Danny prancing at her feet; and every word was as a sword.

Danny stood at her feet, abashed, nor understood.

Robin strolled up.

"What is it all?" he asked.

"It is hers," said the Woman, with drawn face and much-moved bosom.

"Whose?"

"Missie's," said the Woman, and began to brush it reverently with the hem of her apron—a silver slipper, dim now, stained with dew, and webbed across with gossamers; yet lady-dainty and fragrant with dear memories of the foot it once had shod.

Robin looked with awed eyes.

The Woman with working throat brushed reverently.

Danny stood at her feet, with lowered tail and lifted face, wistful for his treasure.

"God made you male," said the Woman, quiet again now; "and that must be your excuse."

Then a shadow fell upon her.

"Give it me!" said a voice.

The Woman looked up. The Laird stood beside her with outstretched hand.

"Give it me!" said he.

Google

"What would you with it?" asked the Woman, jealously.

"Give it me!" said the Laird in his curt rude way, and she gave it.

He marched with it indoors, Danny trotting before him, head upon his shoulder, wistful for his toy.

"Not that, Danny," said the Laird; lapped it in silk, and laid it in a cabinet with certain other pathetic treasures—all that remained to him, but the memory, of That Year, and turned the key.

XVII

MUTE DANNY

THENCEFORWARD it proved as Robin had foretold. Danny gave himself, great-hearted, to the comforting of his old man desolate. And the Laird needed it.

A lonely man all his days, on the threshold of his age he had taken to himself a child-wife; and had loved her.

Sour and dour, with the solitary humour of his race, he was sinking fast into that dark loneliness which seems the habitual end for the members of his house, when she had come to him with maidenly white ways, child-laughter, eyes of love, to ripple through that house of silence and shadow, as a sun-lit wave straying through sullen water-ways of the underworld.

Tenderly she had set to wooing him from himself; maidenly, she had played upon the keyboard of his life and had struck forth old melodies of his mother-time, long, long forgotten; motherly, she had knelt beside the embers of his heart, and diligently had blown upon them; and, indeed, was fast winning him back to the ways of men (he, the first Stark Heriot, so it was said, ever to be thus humanised), and was emerging into the light, leading her old man by the hand; when the sword fell.

In his grey age, hurled back upon himself, there was left to the Laird a memory; and Danny.

Google

Inaccessible ever, he now fenced himself about with eternal loneliness. In that austere and desolate land he went his lonely way, habited in silence; and with him went mute Danny, friendly, throbbing, nor would be shaken off.

Grim and ever greying, the Laird stalked abroad, his short cloak swept about him, the moving shadows on the moors for company, and Danny ever at his heels.

He sought no sympathy and accepted none; but there was mute Danny, thrusting on him no ill-timed condolences, yet urgent to be friends. He walled himself about with iron; but there was mute Danny with importunate paw, craving admission. He fell back upon himself and locked the door; and lo! there was mute Danny lying upon his heart to keep it warm.

There then he lay, nor would be stirred; and there he was let lie.

At first, indeed, the Laird cherished him for her sake who had bequeathed him; later he bore with him because of his importunity; and last of all he loved him for himself.

So the two began to live their silent lives in the naked house on the face of the moor. Together and alone they set forth to grow old; together dreamed dreams of what had been and what in the tender time to come would be; and no man ever came between them.

So Danny, born to be loved of queens, with manners of a court of kings, and eyes to languish the heart out of a star, began to live out his life with a recluse grim Laird, rude Robin of the Weeping Eye, and his Woman; and was happy.

XVIII

THE HUSH OF GOD ON LAMMER-MORE

Now all his life fear of the Laird had lain like a shadow on his people; aye, before ever he slew the father of Simon Ogg

Google

under the stark shoulder of Gaunt Scaur. But in the days of Danny awe of the Laird grew on his people.

These were the days when the dumbness was on him. Harsh and hard and grey, like an East wind marching, he would stalk through Hepburn with downward eyes, his short cloak swept about him; and the silence lay upon him like a shroud; while ever at his heels cantered his Squire in grey.

In the village at that time the pair began to acquire an ill name. The Mother of Simon Ogg declared it was no that cannie, this intimate friendship between the two; the more so seeing that it was common knowledge that in Missie's time they had not been that close.

When the great gates of the House clanged and the pair came forth, the grey man stalking grey Squire at heel, the women in their rose-laden porches retreated within doors and watched fearfully from behind drawn blinds. As the Laird swept by like the Shadow, it seemed a village of the dead, such was the hush; and it was not till he had passed the last house, that any dared come forth to peer secretly at him now halted at the bridge over the burn. There he always stayed; Danny leapt on to the coping, and hunted with diligent nose; while the Laird, leaning against the parapet, watched.

Danny never came to the bridge, but he hunted so upon the coping with questing tail; and the village knew why. For in the old days would not Missie often sit there, while waiting the Laird at business among his people? Had they not seen her time and time again of summer evenings, perched on the coping, swinging slim ankles and, brimming with malicious laughter, drop pebbles on the backs of the fat trout asleep in the deep-eyed pool beneath; while Danny at her side with alert ears would crane his neck and grin hugely.

It was after he had searched the coping thus and had come to the Laird waiting him at the bridge-head that the village, watching with white eyes, would see the two talking together—Danny with lifted face saying his say, and the Laird with bowed face hearkening.

Google

The inhabitant of the cottage nearest the bridge declared indeed that, though the two communed together thus as the world saw, yet no words passed.

"Nor likely!" scoffed the Mother of Simon, "seeing the dumbness is on the Laird; and he could not utter if he would."

"Yet have I heard him," said the other.

"What!" cried the Mother of Simon. "Can the dumb speak?"

"I know not," said the other softly, "but the Laird can."

Now he was a young, soft man, who had come from the Western Isles, and now herded sheep and dreamed his days out on the hillside like David of old; and Robin was jealous of him for the dreams' sake. And his tale was that herding high on Lammer-more in the holy evening, when up there was silence, purity and pale stars, he had seen the Laird stand, watching the going down of the day from the topmost pinnacle of the moor.

Bareheaded he stood, so the dreamer told the tale, and black, his back upon the evening star, looking forth over the moor to the far sea.

"And there," said the David of the West with dream-misty eyes, "the sun lay on the watters like a path of beaten gold leading into God's far country."

He stopped suddenly; the soft face and clouded eyes dropped. He was no more a seer and teller of dream-tales, but a dull and callow youth, blind to all things but the bottom of his own pint-pot.

"Did ye hear nothing?" asked an old man.

The dreamer shook his head and drank.

"Was ye near by?"

"None so far."

"Was it still out-bye?"

"The Hush o' God."

"And ye heard nothing?" cried Robin.

"Nothing," said the youth, "but the wings o' bats aboon me."

Google

"Then," said Robin triumphantly, "how is it you know his Honour spoke?"

"He spoke," said the other soft, persistent dreamer. "I saw him. His lips stirred so"—he rose and stood with lifted face, holding forth blind hands as though to his Beloved—"and he was laffin' and daffin' tender-like as with a wean. And while he stood so," continued the teller, in his soft western speech, "I heard a cry at his feet; and I looked; and there was the wee dog looking the way the Laird was; and he was thrusting with his paw so"—and he rehearsed it—"and girning like. And then the sun sank; and the wind rose; and darkness covered the stars; and I could no more see. And when it was fair night again, I looked, and the Laird was gone, and the wee dog with him."

A hush had fallen on all. They had gathered round with awed eyes. Now they turned to Robin dumbly.

"It is Missie comes to tryst him there," said the old man, nodding quietly. "It was there, at that hour of evening, she would go of old, she and Danny, to whisper secrets with the Lord."

XIX

ROBIN THE ORACLE

Young Simon Ogg, he of the flaming head and pale eyes, had another tale that he told quakingly in the village ale-house And his tale was that he, too, being at the fall of night on Lammer-more——

"What did ye there?" interposed Robin jealously.

"Takin' the air," said young Simon, sullenly.

"Ah," said Robin, "gathering flowers for your father's grave, belike."

"Ay," said young Simon, "him that was killed by the Laird out-bye."

"I mind me," said Robin, nodding; "and your minnie offered thanks next day before the congregation."

Google

Simon retired into sulky silence, and it was a while before they could coax him forth to tell how being on Lammer-more he had heard the Laird talk, and more, had *heard Danny reply.*

The village looked at Robin.

That dim old man took his cutty from his mouth, tapped it on the heel of his boot, and made answer deliberately:

"I am no denying it," then arose and went out.

But for that, Simon's tale would have been generally discredited; for Simon, son of his father, and afflicted, was known to be full of nightmare imaginings about the Laird and his familiar.

Two nights later this same Simon appeared in the ale-house in a sweating panic to declare on oath that the Laird was himself by day and Danny by night, and that he, Simon, had cause to know that these things were so.

The village listened and mocked.

Later, and at dead of night, they took the tale to Robin.

Now Robin cherished a feud against all the village, and Simon Ogg in particular. Moreover he found it difficult to forgive them that they listened to that other, who, as he complained, dreamed his dreams and made no acknowledgment.

So when the deputation came to the kitchen-door, in the hush of secrecy and lanternless, Robin received them coldly.

Himself taking a seat, and ostentatiously omitting to offer them one, he asked their business.

"And queek!" he said. "I who am factor to the Laird these thirty years, have little time to clack with a pack of old wives wearing trousies."

"It is this that we would ken," whispered the leader, fearfully. "*Is his Honour whiles himself and whiles Danny?*"

Robin sniffed.

"Ask his Honour," he said at last.

The deputation sniggered at the thought of it.

"Is there none other kens?" asked the leader at length.

"Aye," said Robin, "there is me."

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"We kennt if any could tell us, it would be you, Mr. Robin," said the leader cunningly. "You that have his Honour's private ear."

"That could I," said Robin, expectorating.

"And ye will?" cajoled the other.

"Never!" said Robin firmly, "while time is;" and added, "and belike not then."

"What for no?" asked the leader.

"What!" cried Robin, "would ye ha' me that have been factor to the Laird these forty years——"

"It was thirty a while gone," interrupted a rude youth.

"It was so," said Robin, "ten years back."

"The years fly," said the rude youth.

Robin rose.

"And so'll you," he said, marched to the door, and held it wide.

The deputation took the hint.

Only the leader, an old, large-eyed man, stayed.

"Mr. Robin," he said, when the others were gone and the door was shut, "you ken things."

"What man kens," said Robin, mindful of the rival dreamer, "that I ken; and more," he added, "and more."

The old man left the door and drew closer.

"Whisper!" he said, and bent. "*Is there one soul to the two of them—to Danny and his Honour?*"

The oracle of the dim ringlets wiped his eye.

"Maybe ay," he said; "maybe no," he said; "and maybe —neither."

XX

THE KEEPER OF THE PEACE

In fact there were never at any time two Lairds, while there never was the time when there were not several Dannys.

First there was the Squire of the day: a Gentleman-in-waiting, very staid and with demure eyes, who in summer lay

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beside the Laird on the sunward side of Lammer-more; and in winter stretched before the fire in the hall with hollow-heaving flanks, and dreamed. This was that same Danny who on Sabbaths was Keeper of the Door; leading his lord to kirk, and during service lying in the porch, and there, inexorable in resolution as in courtesy, barring entrance to the laggards; to whom woe! when the Laird came forth.

Followed another Danny—the Danny of the Dews, going the round of the Marches with his battle-fellow rude Robin o' the Heart of Fire.

All among the lady-birches clad with lace of gossamer, where in the dawn the black-cock ruffled dew-sprent plumage, on high Lammer-more, through diamond-sprinkled heather and tawny bracken-beds, he marched as though to pipe-music, he and Robin, like Jonathan and his armour-bearer, going forth against the Philistines.

Keen as a sword, wary as Ulysses, fiery as Saladin, there was never such a Warden of the Marches to do stern justice in the outlaws of the wilderness. He could be patient as a cat and as still; he could be stealthy as a fox, shadowing his enemies; and when the stalking time was past and the time for the onset came the fury of the Lord gat hold of him. He smote upon his enemies like a tempest; he overwhelmed them like an avalanche of stars. Muckle or small, as Robin declared, it was all one to Danny, there was nothing so great but knight-like he attempted it; nothing so small but he slew it out of courtesy.

Many the tale Robin brought home of fearful adventurings in the dews; many a time the grey knight returned from some immortal struggle against odds, bloody, ragged, and yet ever with bustle of love and tender eyes as his Woman came clattering to meet him.

And while she bandaged him with lean fingers, Robin would sit on the edge of the dresser and tell the Homeric tale.

"In my days," the old man once averred, "I have fought

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as few have fought since Samson. But I am second to our man!"

The Woman hearkened sourly.

"He will fight one fight too many yet," she croaked; "and one day he will be overcome."

"My trust is in the Lord," said Robin piously, "and my bit stickie."

The Woman finished her business of love with a kiss, and sent her soldier forth to join the Laird, only the bandage above his eye, and plastering down one ear, giving him a rake-hell air that sat quaintly on his innocence and eyes of love.

The Woman turned to Robin.

"And what part play you in these bloody battlements," she scoffed, "you that are a man of war?"

"I just keep the peace," said meek Robin.

"I would fain see you!" snorted the Woman; and a week later did.

It was in the hoary dawn when a glow was in the East like the reflection of hell-fire on the grey heavens. The Woman was raking out the ashes of last night's fire when there came to her from far away on Fir-Tree Knowe such uproar and shrill clamour that she fled forth screaming.

On the brae-side above her, under the lonely fir that stands ruddy-glooming on the bald pate of the Knowe, she beheld the Keeper of the Peace. He was raving round an imagined tourney-ring, conjuring the worlds to watch; and calling on his champion and the God of Battles in a breath.

"Mother o' Mercy!" screamed the Woman, floundering up the brae-side, her petticoats in either hand. "What is it?"

"Armageddon!" howled Robin. "Ho the Danny! Ho the man! Rip him! Rend him! Rive him! Remember Jonathan and the Passages of Michmash!"

Breathless, the Woman floundered on to the Knowe.

Under the fir and all about its roots, hissed and hurled and swept a many-eyed cyclone, of blended grey and brindle.

"Clutch him off, God-forsaken!" screamed the Woman.

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"He'll be clawed to his death else!" and flung into the ring.

"Hold off, Hellicat!" howled Robin. "Let be! let bide! Would ye wrest his glory from him?" and hurled her headlong off the Knowe.

Back she came vociferous, hair awry, to find the fight was over.

Robin sat upon a boulder, a dead marten-cat dripping between his knees, and panted.

Danny with torn shoulders, and hackles still on guard, came across to his Woman with fond eyes, to tell her all was well with him.

She clapped him up in her arms, all bloody as he was.

"And this is your keeping of the Peace, ye Bloody Egg-Battle!" she cried to Robin, panting on the boulder. "O, if I dinna report on you to his Honour! O, if I dinna put up a prayer to Missie on your behalf!"

Robin mopped his brow, unmoved.

"I never saw the like of that for a fight," he said, "and that's nothing to some I've seen," he added. "She was in the fork of the tree, glowering just awfu', but I had her out of it with a bit rock in her bosom. And 'fore ever she laid foot to sod Danny was fast to her. And Oh Woman!" he cried, "it was fearfu'! it was *fearfu'! just fear-fu'!* One while I doubted we would not prevail. Indeed," said the old man, mopping, "but for me and the Lord——"

"Much you did!" cried the angry Woman, rocking her soldier on her breast, "you that clawed me off when I'd ha' clutched him."

"And what would ye ha' me do?" cried Robin.

"I'd not ha' ye stand by and see my man clawed to his death!" cried the Woman furiously.

"Fair is fair," said Robin doggedly. "And the Lord looks to me to keep them to it."

"Hear him!" shrilled the Woman, "him and his fair? . . .

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What!" she cried, "would ye stand by and lift ne'er a hand to help my man, and him bein' torn to tatters!"

"Fair is fair," cried Robin doggedly, "and if one is undergetting the other then it's my job to give him a bit of a bat to set fair again."

"A bit of a bat to Danny!" screamed the Woman.

"Na," said Robin shrewdly. "If the Lord delivers them into his hand, who am I to interfere?"

"Ay," scoffed the Woman, "and if the Lord's agin our man."

"Fair is fair," said Robin, smacking his lips, "and when it's two to one—I'm for Danny."

XXI

WARRIOR, SAINT, AND SEARCHER-OUT

To Deborah Awe the bloodiness of her man was long a source of tribulation.

She never tired indeed of making excuse for him: God had made him male, and therefore he could not help himself; Robin led his feet astray; and belike if all went well and Robin was gathered to his fathers, her man would become more Christianified.

To which Robin always retorted (1) that he did not intend to be gathered to his fathers yet a bit, and (2) that when Danny was past caring to kill he would be past caring to live.

"Onyways," snapped the Woman, "he is not like a man, is not my Danny. He does not murder for the murder's sake and call it sport. He kills by way of duty."

"He kills," said Robin emphatically, "for love and the glory of the Lord."

Danny's indeed seemed the rage of the fanatic. He massacred like some warrior saint of old who slew the bodies of the heathen gleefully to save their souls. There was no crime of blood but he would perpetrate it with a fervour of

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devotion, a passionate conviction of the highness of his cause, and bear himself thereafter in so tender and devout a way as to lend a halo to his crime.

"There was never the like of him," Robin once averred, in a sweeping wonder of pride. "Battle's his hunger; blood his thirst. It's like the drink to a drunkard—the more he has the more he's for having."

"And but for you, who entice him to shedding of innocent blood," cried the Woman, "he would be as good a Christian as a God-made-male may be."

"To every man his work of the Lord," Robin replied stoutly. "Some is warriors—and such was Jonathan; some is saints—and such was Missie; and some is Searchers-Out—and such is his Honour. And Danny," said he, "is neither one nor both, but a bit of all three."

"And Robin Crabbe the same," jeered the Woman—"Warrior, Saint, and Searcher-Out!"

"And some," continued Robin, "is just yatterin', squatterin' old yeld yowies; and such is Deborah Awe, Spinster!" and he went forth gleefully.

"It is better to be a spinster," screamed the Woman, "than the son of one!" and pursued him. "And besides, that there is just this difference between you and Danny!" she shrilled; "Danny is a gentleman, and you are pot-swabbing, byre-raking son of your Mother, as I have just said!"

Robin in very truth was a rude man, but Danny for all his bloodiness had the sweetest courtesy of any knight since Lancelot. No lady but must love him for his manner's sake; and to his frouzy Woman he bore himself as to a Queen. In truth he was the prettiest mannered murderer who ever sped a soul. He expiated his crimes in courtesy; and from the bloodiest doings in the dew came forth from the Woman's hands like a maid from the maying, innocent, gay, demure, tripping across the great hall to greet the Laird and take up his dear duties as Squire of the Day.

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Sweet of heart as Galahad, he was still bloody as a ferret, and not ashamed of it. What he did he did frankly, and all the world was welcome to watch him at it. Stealth and subtlety and creeping deeds were not for the little knight of the fair eyes. He loved light, and to bloody beneath the open eye of heaven.

Once in the early days of their fellowship the Laird caught him red-handed.

He had stalked a jack-hare in the birchwoods, and had snapped him in his form, when a voice from heaven thundered at him.

The slayer looked up. Above him, among the birches, towered the Laird. The heavens were on his grey head; the bracken to his knees; he was cloak-wrapt and with thunder-brow.

Simon Ogg, upon his belly in the bracken, there on secret business of his own, peeped forth fearfully, and his face was white as the boll of the birch above him as he heard; but there was no fear in the heart of Danny.

Blandly the little knight arose. His booty lolling from his mouth, he staggered to the feet of the Laird, laid it there beslavered in the bracken, and smiled up into the dour face above him.

Simon, quaking, waited to see the dumb Laird smite once and smite no more. He smote not; more terrifying still to fearful Simon, he spoke:

"Mind!" came the harsh inexorable voice. "I will have no murder!" and the Laird turned on his heel and was gone.

That evening Simon, standing in the ale-house door, watching the Laird and his body-Squire sweeping down the street, turned to Robin and asked him if Danny feared any?

"None," said Robin, "now Missie is away."

"Did he fear her?" asked the youth.

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"He feared her word," said the old man, "not her whippie."

The youth of the red eye-rims pondered.

"And does he fear none now?" he asked.

"He fears not the face of man," said Robin.

"Or the face of the Laird," said Simon, and trembled.

(*To be continued.*)

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THE MONTHLY REVIEW

EDITED BY HENRY NEWBOLT

JUNE 1902

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PROFIT AND LOSS ON THE ATLANTIC DEAL

IN the formation of the North Atlantic Shipping Combination an event has happened that is without parallel in the history of the British marine. Many times in the course of the last three centuries has a cry gone forth that we were about to lose our high place upon the seas, and as many times, partly by the force of our geographical position and partly by conscious effort of people and Government, that position after a season of alarm has been recovered. But never has it been attacked in quite the same way as now. The vehemence of the assault comes from a new weapon forged out of a new social and commercial metal, of the limits of whose strength we have no experience and whose endurance we cannot measure. For some years past, not without apprehension, we have watched the new force weaving itself into the whole fabric of the United States, believing always there must be a limit to its apparently resistless power and yet finding none. We have seen every effort made in America itself to stem the movement defeated with ease; and with increasing mistrust we have felt its push in our own industrial centres. Still, the power it held was hardly realised till we awoke to find its grip on our vitals.

It is useless to disguise or minimise the fact. Assuming that Messrs. Morgan are able to carry through their scheme in its entirety, a great line of steamships which formed an

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important element in the Royal Naval Reserve will before the end of the year have passed under the control of a foreigner. When this happens it is part, and no mean part, of our national life that has passed. Whether it be for good or evil, we cannot deny the loss. We are by that amount weaker, unless, as it may be, we gain a compensation that is greater than the loss. It is not the mere fact that we lose the complete control of a few subsidised cruisers, though it was natural enough that it should be on this obvious note that the first alarm was sounded. These can easily be replaced. The gravity of the case lies in what it threatens to our general maritime position and still more in the fact that the operation was inevitable. Under present conditions there is no defence in our armoury by which it could have been resisted, and there is equally no reason why its arena should not be widely expanded. It behoves us then to sit down quickly and balance the loss and the gain, and if the loss be found greater than the gain then to seek the remedy, which we may be certain, as we look back upon our history, is lying somewhere within our grasp.

The factors out of which the present situation has arisen are clear and undisputed. Owing mainly to the alertness with which Great Britain took advantage of the Civil War in America, she had, until recently, a practical monopoly of the North American carrying trade. It was a position of predominance that the fundamental condition of Atlantic commerce in no way justified. It was, therefore, not to be expected that such a state of things should continue indefinitely. The wonder, indeed, is that it has endured so long. We should, at least, give our shipowners credit for the tenacity with which they have kept their hold, before we blame them now that they are being forced to let go. Brilliantly, and with no extraneous aid, they maintained their monopoly till long after the reasons for its existence had disappeared. They maintained it till Americans awoke to the fact that four-fifths of the freight, three-quarters of the first-class passenger fares, and more than half the emigrant money that the British shipowners were

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earning, came out of American pockets. The whole of this gigantic business was the product of American soil; it was gathered and transported cheaply to the coast by American enterprise; it was shipped from American ports, and yet for years Great Britain had been enjoying the whole of what was thus comfortably put into her pocket. It was inevitable, therefore, that the moment she had the power America should demand her share. Trusts have given her the power. A colossal combination of capitalists controls the main trunk lines that bring all this business to the sea. It is within their power to create a fleet of their own, and, by judicious use of their railway control, to starve competing vessels. With this hammer behind their back they came to the British shipowners and offered them partnership. True, it was a partnership of the Lion and the Lamb, which can have no finality till the Lamb is inside the Lion. But there was really no choice. Already heavily weighted by the competition of the highly subsidised German steamers, it was impossible for our men to resist. To expect help from their own Government was as hopeless as to expect drastic legislation in the United States against the preferential rates and other devices of the great Trusts, by which they are able to assert their dominating position. The terms of peace were therefore accepted, and the famous White Star Line and her sister enterprises are doomed to pass out of English control. It is but small comfort that they are, in spite of their new ownership, to remain under the British flag. They remain so merely because, under American navigation laws, they cannot get an American register. But they are none the less American, nor, assuming the scheme is able to be carried through, is there anything to prevent the Syndicate from ultimately treating them as American, even to the exclusion of all but Americans from the crews. They will pass from the English Marine, and no devices to soften the shock should be allowed to deaden our sense of the reality or confuse our perception of its significance.

We have said that the loss to our national life was inevit-

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able under present conditions. To grasp the problem before us these conditions must be clearly apprehended. They are mainly two. First there is the unwillingness of the great English capitalists to combine as American capitalists combine. Nothing is more remarkable in the life of a people, who pride themselves on being the freest on earth, than the readiness with which they are willing to surrender their commercial independence of action and submit themselves to a practical despotism. To gain a great commercial end they will bow to a tyranny as oppressive and dangerous as any that exists in the old countries which they feel are so far behind them. The commercial power it gives them is of course enormous, only to be compared to the military power that is gained by a similar surrender of liberty to a military chief. But the price of this power is one that Englishmen are at present unwilling to pay. The old sturdy love of independence which the most active Americans appear to be losing, still prevails here, and thus it is denied to us to fight our assailant with his own weapons. It is impossible to regret entirely that this is so. We cannot but rejoice to see a primæval sentiment still vigorous under strong temptation and widely altered conditions of life. There are in America economists who envy us the virility of our birthright, who regard the new tendency in their own country with unmixed alarm, as akin to the disease of which so many republics have sickened and died. These men do their best to check the movement. But at present they have availed nothing, and while the commercial habits of the two countries remain as they are we must look elsewhere for defence.

The second condition which has deprived us of the power of resistance lies in the relations of the State to commerce. Unless our capitalists are willing to meet the attack by a sacrifice of independent action then there remains nothing but Government interference. An obvious means of defending our position is by State subsidies. If, for instance, the White Star Company had been successful in their repeated and urgent request for protection against the German subsidies they would

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have been in a far stronger position to meet the American syndicate. If again, when the proposal for amalgamation was made, the Government had been able to tell the White Star Company to refuse and had promised to guarantee their existence, the attack might have been abandoned altogether. Even Mr. Morgan would shrink from a rate war with the British Treasury.

Still whatever the immediate future may have in store, such weapons are not at present regarded as having a place in the national armoury. We have long ago laid them aside. If ever the national capital is used to foster the national commerce, or if ever the force of legislation is employed to push it forward, it is regarded as an exceptional case to be justified only by exceptional circumstances. It is no part of the Government's duty to fight the merchants' battles or to provide them with the sinews of war. How far we have fallen from the notion of the commercial state as Cromwell conceived it, could not be better exemplified than in the utterance which Mr. Balfour made officially during the first debate on the subject. "It will be the duty of the Government," he said, "to see that, whatever injury may be done to other interests, at all events the efficiency of the navy will not be interfered with." Whether right or wrong it is impossible to conceive a narrower enunciation of the duty of a Government in such a crisis. "We will look to the Government department which is threatened. The interests of commerce do not concern us." Yet this was the declaration made by a man who is by no means a bigoted free trader, and it was received with cordial cheers from all parts of the House. Great Britain is probably the only country in Europe where such a theory of the limits of government is held. Almost every other nation avowedly uses the national capital with much freedom to support its merchants when private endeavour breaks down, and it is with this state of things that our commerce has to compete single-handed. It is an unequal struggle of private against public capital. The present crisis must open our eyes to the fact that, so far from

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being the great commercial state, we are the only European nation that is not a commercial state. We may be still, as they say, "a nation of shopkeepers," but it is they who are "the shopkeeping nations." It may be they are doing a ruinous business. It may be they are doomed to failure, as their sugar-shops have failed. But none the less are they spoiling our markets, and to save the situation it may be we shall feel compelled, so far at least as concerns the shipping trade, to go into business as a nation ourselves.

Such a policy might take many forms. It might take the form of subsidies, of exclusive navigation laws, or even of partly or entirely nationalising the great shipping lines and running them like the Post Office. But before committing ourselves hastily to the burden of any of these remedies it would be well to consider how far we are hurt by the recent development in the Atlantic. For it may be, as we have said, that there are gains which so much diminish the loss as to render any great change in our national policy unnecessary. To begin with, there is certainly the gain that the new arrangement will give a great impetus to English shipbuilding. The syndicate cannot afford to buy their ships in America. Their own and obvious interests have driven them to the British market. Our shipbuilders gain a new and wealthy customer, eager to support them in every new development; and, at the same time, a vast amount of British captial is set free for similar enterprise elsewhere. It will mean not only commercial progress in our dockyards, but also progress, and probably rapid progress, in the art of shipbuilding. From a naval point of view this will be a gain that will far outweigh the loss of auxiliary cruisers. For naval power in these days building capacity is probably of much higher value than owning capacity. Here then it would seem the gain can be little less than the loss.

But there is a far more important aspect of the case which, perhaps wisely, has not been much dwelt upon. In the House of Commons Mr. Balfour endeavoured to give the debate

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cohesion, by treating the subject as though it had but two sides—the naval and the commercial. But possibly the most important of all is a third side, which lies, as it were, between the naval and the commercial and partakes of both. How, for instance, would the new state of things affect our position in case of that war with two or more European Powers, which we are always being shown looming in the distance? The great and immediate danger of such a war is the restriction of our food-supply. On this we are all agreed. So long as it is possible for an enemy to cruise against our food-ships, so long must we feel the pinch of famine. While all our food-ships were our own this form of pressure was open to our enemies—at least, at the beginning of a war—to a very serious extent. But what will be the position if a large part, and even perhaps nearly the whole, of our food-supply is carried in American bottoms? True, the best of them will have an English register, but they will be American owned. It is a situation that covers a highly explosive point of international law. Will the belligerents forego their best means of coercion out of respect for American ownership? or will America consent to her ships being made prize because they have nominally an English register?

There is no question of settling the matter by blockade, for a blockade of the whole British coast effective enough to be recognised by America is not a possible operation. Nor is there any greater likelihood of America submitting to food being declared contraband of war. If our food ships are captured it can only be as hostile merchantmen in the open sea. In order to bring upon the British people the pressure, on which our hypothetical enemies most rely, they will have to destroy this vast American organisation, or, in other words, our enemy must either leave us the bulk of our food-supply or fight America as well as ourselves. This is no mere imagining. It has clear historical precedent. At the end of the eighteenth century, when America was still bitterly hostile to England and still warmly attached to France, war broke out between

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England and France. America continued to supply England with corn. A diplomatic quarrel ensued between America and France which reached so high a pitch that it was only by France withdrawing her claims that America was prevented from openly joining England in the war. To protect her great trade she was ready to fight her best friend by the side of her worst enemy. It cannot be otherwise. That trade was vital to her then, and under the new conditions it will be more than ever an essential part of her existence.

It is needless to labour the point. The relief we gain by surrendering the Atlantic food-supply to America is too obvious. By the sacrifice of what is really a very small portion of our maritime commerce, we place our most vulnerable point under American protection. It is true we are losing a small part of our offensive force, but in parting with it we are committing America to something like a defensive alliance. It is impossible yet to see clearly the end of this pregnant beginning. The true significance of the great commercial transaction for a while was concealed under the guise of a partnership. There is something of an omen in the pretence. Is it after all a partnership that America is beginning to form—a partnership from which she will be unable or unwilling to escape? Are we approaching the realisation of that "Anglo-Saxon terror" which haunts the imagination of so many statesmen and dreamers in Europe?

Whatever weight may be attached to this view of Mr. Morgan's attempt in modifying our hostility to it, it must never be forgotten that these considerations apply only to the North Atlantic. There the economic conditions determine that the true equilibrium can only be attained when the bulk of the trade is in American hands, but over nearly all the rest of the globe the same conditions determine that the equilibrium should be found in British preponderance. In the same way the strategical advantage we may gain by American preponderance in the North Atlantic has no counterpart in American preponderance elsewhere. Between the lines of the Morgan

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agreement we may perhaps detect the signs of an intention to spread the domination of the great syndicate over wider seas. At the first sign of such an intention it is necessary for our commercial position that we take action. If our capitalists are not prepared to do it, then the Imperial Government must gird itself. There is no excuse for sitting idle, The cards are all in our own hand. The geographical distribution of the Empire provides us with a position which would be impregnable if we chose to occupy it in force. A simple re-enactment of the old navigation laws which prohibited the vessels of foreign countries carrying into British ports anything but their own national produce must infallibly choke out all foreign competition. Without the trade between British ports no shipping enterprise could thrive anywhere but in the North Atlantic or North Pacific, and even there by means of Canada we hold the "interior lines."

If then, as has been said, we find ourselves forced by the new commercial developments in America or the increasing subsidies of European rivals to go into the shipping business as a nation we have all the elements of success at our feet. By a navigation arrangement with our colonies we should, as it were, form the whole shipping of the Empire into one great combination that could not be touched even by competition, for over the whole Empire competition would be excluded by law. Such a reversion to the policy of the Navigation Acts will appear at first sight reactionary, but if arranged on modern lines it need not be reactionary at all. It would rather be a bold step forward on the higher socialistic path which we and our colonies have been treading already with a light heart. In return for the monopoly which the State ensured to the shipowners the shipowners would have to take the State into partnership on the lines on which the guaranteed railways of India are in partnership with the Indian Government. The great lines would be subsidised and in return for this would have to fulfil certain naval, military and postal duties and to submit to the control of a Government director. In all other

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ways their action would be as free as it is now and their profit up to a certain point their own. After that point is passed they would divide it with the State.

Such is the weapon which the Empire places at our disposal. It is one of tremendous power—so tremendous, indeed, that we should only be willing to use it in extremity. Probably a mere preferential treatment of British ships in the matter of port dues would bring our pushing rivals to reason. But though we be loth to use it, that is no reason why we should forget that it is there, or let others forget it. Because we would rather not draw the sword there is no reason why we should let it rust in the sheath. The approaching assembly of colonial statesmen for the Coronation offers a unique opportunity of having it out and overhauling it. There is a widespread feeling for a further knitting of the ties between the mother country and her children. Here, perhaps, lies a method less open to objection than any that is before us. It is conceivable, that if the Colonies thought well, a scheme might be laid down, not necessarily for immediate realisation, but in such a way that it might be brought into operation at any moment by proclamation. It would be an Imperial Navigation Law on a peace footing. We should have at our call a force akin to that by which the Continental Powers guard against one another, a force we could mobilise by a stroke of the pen. The formation of such a scheme need be no more regarded as an act of hostility by our rivals than are their vast standing armies by us. We are entitled to have our defensive machinery, and, if we had it, there is little fear we should ever be provoked into setting it in motion.

In these two reflections seems to lie the true significance of the Atlantic deal. Rightly seen, it is, in the first place, that America is winning back her due, and we have only to congratulate ourselves that we were able to keep it so long; and that in winning it back she creates a new community of interest with this country which makes strongly for the peace of the

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world. In the second place, we see in it the possibility of a similar attack being made upon our preponderance in other seas where preponderance is our due, and a warning to prepare for ourselves a form of defence which shall remind our rivals with unmistakable resonance of the forgotten might that lies in a world-wide Empire.

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ON THE LINE

The Valley of Decision. By Edith Wharton (Murray, 6*s.*).—That, fresh from the reading of this book and with its spell yet upon us, we check our impulse to compare it with certain masterpieces in English fiction and bring Mrs. Wharton's into rivalry with some very high names indeed, must be taken (we suppose) as an admission to her detriment. Had that spell been quite triumphant—the reader will argue—we had forgotten caution and burnt our boats in a bonfire of praise. And there is something in his suspicion. Even in the impulsive moment we remember certain defects in this novel, certain *longueurs;* moments when, at the point of soaring, our emotions dropped or dragged the wing; descriptions of which the too elaborate detail blunted the impression (the artist failing to conceal her art) and our enjoyment grew conscious and passed into admiration of the writer's skill; here and there a dramatic note missed or slurred; a shade too much of intention throughout and a breath too little of free inspiration. But we ourselves are inclined to blame rather our own timidity; the critic in these days, on the point of proclaiming a masterpiece, pauses and feels his ears tingle with the echoes of past laughter; and so, having learnt to be shy of making a public fool of himself, he decides to suppress his enthusiasm and test it hereafter by a second reading.

But let us be honest and own, in mere justice to Mrs. Wharton, that we did feel the impulse and had almost yielded;

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must yield even now so far as to declare her novel a very notable one. Foreign critics, and some home-grown ones, are fond of taking the English novel to task for its indifference to ideas. Here, to begin with, is a novel—certainly not negligible—which frankly takes an idea for its fly-wheel. It is the story of a young man, brave, thoughtful, ardent, yet not a fanatic, who finds himself raised, by circumstances and against expectation, to be the ruler of a state; and of how he strove for an idea, was discouraged, battled against it, and at length accepted, and went forth as a humble man to serve it. The state is an Italian dukedom, and the time 1788 or thereabouts, when the stirrings of France were beginning to spread to Italy, soon to take violent and grotesque effect in such fiascoes as the Parthenopean Republic; fiascoes only to be understood by first understanding the inveterate Italian character on the one hand—or, rather, the various, but inveterate characters of Italy's then divided populations—and, on the other, the pathetic conviction of Italian reformers that the people needed but enlightenment, that ideas would work as swiftly in their country as in France, and that ingrained habits could be cured at a stroke by academic paper constitutions. This pathetic fallacy Mrs. Wharton embodies in Fulvia Vivaldi, the heroine; and presents to us, in Fulvia's lover, the duke, a young man liberal by conviction, urged by passion, too, along the path of reform; and yet a conservative by blood, ready enough to dare, but doubting where Fulvia has no doubts. Thus we have a conflict of minds very subtly brought into play across the conflict of hearts, a conflict of duty across a conflict of passion—all the elements set in motion to produce a magnificent story. Unhappily, Fulvia, to be Fulvia, must be something of a blue-stocking, and the stars in their courses seem set upon crossing the complete success of the blue-stocking in fiction. Where Kingsley and George Eliot failed, Mrs. Wharton has certainly not quite succeeded. We make the heroine's acquaintance in a charming scene, which reminds us of Gerard's first meeting with Margaret in "The Cloister and the Hearth";

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this scene is quickly followed by a delicate and beautifully invented situation; in fact, all that ingenuity can do is done throughout. But the mischief is that, in the crises of emotion, Fulvia preaches: she has to do it, poor soul, or the reader would miss her full meaning: still—she preaches. The great scenes between her and Odo have an expository chill upon them: the lovers reason too much and too well. As a "live" woman we vastly prefer the duchess, a strong character presented to us with a rare economy of explanation. She has, on the whole, little to say: but she never enters the drama without effect, and, when at the last allowed to reveal herself, she takes us by storm.

Around these protagonists move a score at least of characters brilliantly conceived and clearly differentiated: the old duke, distracted between sensuality and craven fear of hell; the fat soprano Cantapresto, with his carnal good nature and coarse philosophy of pleasure ("As respectful children of our Heavenly Father it behoves us not to speak till we are spoken to"); the Jesuit, De Crusic, subtle and refined, yet masculine; the good Abate Crescenti; the cynical hunchback, Gamba; the actress, Mirandolina. For this is a full book and crowded with character. It is also a learned book—as learned as "Romola," for example, though, to our thinking, it carries its learning far more lightly. Mrs. Wharton has demonstrably been at immense pains to reconstruct her period of history, but she has given it a large sun-steeped atmosphere, not of the lamp. Above all it is, as truly as Pater's "Marius," a book of landscapes; golden, elaborate, lingeringly touched, thoroughly Italian.

> The sounding cities, rich and warm,
> Smouldered and glittered in the plain.

From the savage fastnesses of the hills we are borne down to them in a travelling chariot before which, as it rumbles down the valley, the shadows of morning fly; we note the trees, hedge flowers, scattered farms on the way; we reach the city gates, jostle through, thread the crowd, suddenly forget it

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or hear but its hum for a while in the solitude of ducal gardens, with their pleached alleys and white statuary; or we reach Venice by night, our boat shooting the straight water-way by marble steps, terraces, gardens, gay with lanterns or asleep in the moonlight. And over all this Italy—as over all this book—continually grows, fades, grows again the mirage of romance; a picture, broken, re-constructed, broken again, yet always for its moment holding the spectrum of the idea towards which we travel.

At first reading no two books could well appear more dissimilar than **The Lady Paramount**, by Henry Harland (Lane. 6*s.*), and **A Book of Stories**, by G. S. Street (Constable. 6*s.*). Either of them may be taken as one would take an agreeable summer drink, for they are compounded by skilful hands, and go down very easily; but the one is sugary, with a flavour of rose-water, the other decidedly acid and stinging to the palate. Mr. Harland's plot is childishly simple and incredible; the reigning Countess of an Island of the Blest, off the coast of Italy, determines, on attaining twenty-one, to seek out and marry her English cousin, who, if he had his rights, would be sitting on the throne her own grandfather usurped. She comes to England under an alias, and after a pretty comic opera trial of the young man, marries him happily as per programme. Mr. Street's stories, on the other hand, are rather character-studies than plots; his people move in various shady circles of London society, and are vivisected with great skill and with a bland ferocity worthy of Mr. Stephen Coleridge's personal attention.

But, however wide apart the literary results may be, we believe the two writers have at bottom an impulse in common. They love the past, the ideal, the mannerly, the aristocratic, they hate the vulgar, the ostentatious, the underbred; Mr. Street with a violence and Mr. Harland with a sentimentality which are intensified by a fond belief that modern life is for the first time replacing the former types by the latter. The

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agreement in feeling and the difference in method would have supplied Landor with excellent matter for an Imaginary Conversation. It might end something like this:

Harland. Agreed! agreed!

Street. Then why not deal with these gentry as they merit? Are they not sufficiently loud, and glaring, and common for your notice? Are they not soulless, ill-dressed, immoral, awkward, neurotic, and of low or mixed descent? Above all, are they not quite too beastly rich?

Harland. Worse, my friend, they have "lost the Faith." But when the highway is foul we do not scavenge it, you and I; we make a pathway of our own through old English parks, among tame nightingales and imported Italian roses. Give me then, with ancestral revenues, a facetious humble friend, and love and poetry made for me in my own garden, and I can please myself and the public together.

Street. The public? My public is that which I castigate.

Harland. A large one then. But come; let us leave our troubles in our tea-cups and go to Benediction.

We learn from a very interesting article in the current number of the *Quarterly Review* on "The Gaelic Revival in Literature," that "Politics, which to an Irish peasant mean interest in the long-drawn-out struggle of a smouldering rebellion, are a main part of the Celt's intellectual life in Ireland; and Miss Lawless can only see its ignoble side." It is unfortunate for this writer that his utterance should be so immediately and so flatly contradicted as it is by the poems which Miss Lawless has just published under the title of **With the Wild Geese.** (Isbister. 3*s.* 6*d.* net.)—In this volume there is plenty of the Celt's intellectual life, and a good deal of the "politics" which spell smouldering rebellion; but there is here no use for the word "ignoble." There is spirit and life about the mere fighting in "Cremona," with its refrain, "Shout, boys, Erin's the renown!" but there is something more, there is chivalry of the best Irish flavour in "Fontenoy."

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Hark! yonder through the darkness one distant rat-tat-tat!
The old foe stirs out there, God bless his soul for that!
The old foe musters strongly, he's coming on at last,
And Clare's Brigade may claim its own wherever blows fall fast.

Better still, in the second part of the same poem, is the rendering of triumph without boasting or offence: the ghosts of the victorious dead singing in the early mist off the coast of Clare.

Sailing home together from the last great fight,
Home to Clare from Fontenoy, in the morning light.

Happily for us it is "home to Clare from Pieter's Hill" that the invincibles are sailing nowadays.

Best of all is the little piece which forms the middle part of "The Choice."

Heart of my heart, I sicken to be with you,
Heart of my heart, my only love and care;
Little I'd reck if ill or well you used me,
Heart of my heart, if I were only there.

Heart of my heart, I faint, I pine to see you,
Christ! how I hate this alien sea and shore!
Gaily this night I'd sell my soul to see you,
Heart of my heart—whom I shall see no more.

It is true that you will look in vain through the book for anything quite as good as this; but so you may look through many books of verse, equally in vain.

"The blue flower," "The magic of the lonely woods," "The secret word": these be the spells of German romanticism; and the famous critic, Brandes, breaks them with the sledge-hammers of *Idleness*, *Lawlessness*, and *Enjoyment*. (**Main Currents in Nineteenth-Century Literature. Vol. II. The Romantic School in Germany.** Heinemann. 9*s.* net.) To the German romanticist nature was one vast cupboard of toys, and he himself a child without any lessons, and free to rummage in it all his life. Singing trees he looked for and golden rams. Tieck came over to Warwickshire and could not endure Shakespeare's country, because the trees did

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not grow wild and sing, and because the meadows were full of cattle. Colours and forms resounded; a poem was called a "Rondo" or an "Allegro." Hoffmann, when he was ill, confused his attendants with musical instruments.

Of one who had a soft, languishing voice, he said: "I have been tormented to-day by the flute." Of another, with a deep bass voice: "That insufferable bassoon has been plaguing me the whole afternoon."

Dreams and visions took the place of fact and of reasoning, and Wackenroder believed that his dog knew how to read. Patriotism, split up among a hundred tiny states, disappeared almost altogether. As for religion, men were Atheists at twenty and Roman Catholics by fifty. The whole thing

ended in a sort of witches' Sabbath, in which the philosophers play the part of the old crones, amidst the thunders of the obscurantists, the insane yells of the mystics, and the shouts of the politicians for temporal and ecclesiastical despotism, while theology and theosophy fall upon the sciences and suffocate them with their caresses.

As we read we thank heaven that never in England has there been a Romantic Movement. Wit and warfare, the two guardians of romance, saved it and kept it manly in Paris. Who can wonder at the reaction among a people like the Germans, constitutionally unmilitant and very Scotch in the matter of a joke?

On the clocks, where of old a knight in armour knelt and kissed his lady's finger-tips, Uhlans and Cuirassiers now stand in full uniform. Conical bullets hang as trinkets from watch-chains, and piled muskets form candelabra. The metal in fashion is iron. The word in fashion is also "iron." The present occupation of this nation of philosophers and poets is assuredly not poetry-writing and philosophising. Even highly cultured Germans know little about philosophy nowadays—not one German student in twenty has read a word of Hegel; interest in poetry, as such, is practically dead; political and social questions rouse a hundred times more attention than problems of culture or psychical conundrums. And this is the people which once was lost in Romantic reveries and speculations, and saw its prototype in Hamlet! Hamlet and Bismarck! Bismarck and Romanticism! Unquestionably the great German statesman succeeded in carrying all Germany with him chiefly because he offered to his country in his own person the very qualities of which it had so long felt the want.

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The Romanticists were out of touch with the greatest men of their own time. Lessing and Goethe were antipathetic to them, and they soon outgrew Schiller. From Herder they derived their hatred of definite purpose. A purpose is in the future tense; it cannot therefore explain what happens in the present; and, besides, it is inartistic.

The man of genius lives without a definite purpose. . . . *Industry* and *utility* are the angels of death with the flaming swords, who stand in the way of man's return to Paradise.

From Herder, too, they got

the universal receptivity which finds expression in the impulse to translate and explain . . . the first stimulus to a scientific study of both European and Asiatic languages . . . their love for what is national in both their own and foreign literature, their love of Spanish romance and of Shakespeare's plays.

Before the coming of the elder Schlegel, Shakespeare was accessible only in the dull prose of Wieland and Eschenburg. Schlegel at first used Alexandrines, and changed the lilt of the Fairy Songs to please the author of "Lenore." Schiller improved his metre and Goethe his language. The Alexandrines were finally rejected, the superfluous words cast out, so that line stood for line, not nineteen or twenty lines of German for fourteen of English.

Let us consider what this really means. It means not much less than that Shakespeare, as well as Schiller and Goethe, saw the light in Germany in the middle of last century. He was born in England in 1564; he was born again, in his German translator, in 1767. *Romeo and Juliet* was published in London in 1597; it reappeared in Berlin as a new work in 1797.

The romantic Romeos were all in love with ladies who had great eyes and great souls, and they were generally in love with several of these at the same time. If they felt afraid that life was becoming prosy, they shot first the ladies and then themselves. "Werther," Goethe's only popular success except "Hermann und Dorothea," brought suicide into high esteem. Never lived there men so desperately afraid of being bored. Their strife was "not against the wrongs of life but against its prose,"

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There is a curious chapter comparing Schleiermacher's ideal of marriage with that of George Sand, and with Shelley's.

> In Schleiermacher's estimation character is of the first importance; in George Sand's, the heart, and in Shelley's, happiness. These three great writers are the spokesmen of three great nations.

At the outset they were powerfully attracted by the Greeks. All that was human seemed to them (as it had seemed to the Renaissance student of "the Humanities") to be Greek also. As the classical fervour of Goethe and Schiller waxed, and they, like the French, began to employ Greek mythology, "as a universally understood metaphorical language," so the classical fervour of the Romanticists waned, and they began to woo fancy instead of imagination.

> When the mist is so thick that it can be cut with a knife, the Romanticists cut it into fourteen pieces and call it a sonnet.

We have but touched on salient points of interest. England has waited all but thirty years for this book, which has been long a standard work on the Continent. Now that we have secured it, we have secured it in excellent form, and the anonymous translator deserves the highest praise. Every one who has read the two already issued will await the four remaining volumes of the series with deep interest.

Mastersingers. By Filson Young. (Reeves. 5*s.* net.)—"In writing about any kind of art, a man may set out upon one of two roads; he may record his own personal impressions about things . . . or . . . he may set himself to estimate and to criticise." So writes Mr. Filson Young. His book places him, on the whole, in the first of his two categories; its interest is a personal interest, although, here and there, it includes a good deal of deliberate criticism, happily expressed. The author at all events has first-hand convictions about which he is in earnest. There are ten Essays, all on musical subjects. The longest and perhaps the best piece of work in the volume is a study of Berlioz, whom Mr. Filson Young compares to Verlaine. He loves him as a man more than he admires him

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as a genius, and he takes his most extravagant love affairs—even his romance at sixty-two for a calm old lady of sixty-eight—as seriously as Berlioz did himself. There is a clever paper, also, upon the lack of musical atmosphere in England, full of purpose and animation; although rather too didactic and too full of theory to be always good criticism. Enthusiasm for Wagner and depreciation of Mendelssohn are still the conventional articles of the academic creed and very popular dogmas with young people; and our author is both young and academic. It is fair to add that he is more catholic in his tastes than most of his compeers. His emotions over Isolde have not taken away his taste for Beethoven, and his paper on the Pastoral Symphony is a charming piece of writing:

> A thousand tiny beings [he writes] are at toil under each blade of grass; we seem to see them as they move swiftly about on their various business, and hear them as they cry to one another of their concerns. Every sense is quickened and attuned to the great harmony surrounding us . . . when we bend to mingle ourselves with earth we may touch heaven.

Brahms and Bach also receive Mr. Young's allegiance. Bach, in whom "the artificer is at work beside the artist, the architect waits upon the builder." The essay upon the great organ fugues is pleasant reading, and so are two more upon "Camille Saint-Saëns" and "an Irish Musician." But why, in acknowledging Dr. Stanford and other modern composers, does so appreciative a critic leave out the name of Sir Hubert Parry? It is the reviewer's misfortune that he can never get an answer to his questions.

Mr. H. C. Thomson will be remembered as the author of an excellent account of the Chitral Campaign, distinguished above its competitors by its chapters on the language and poetry of the Chitralis, and on the traces of the influence of Alexander the Great's Eastern Expedition. His new book, **China and the Powers** (Longmans. 10*s.* 6*d.* net), shows the same breadth of view and sympathetic treatment. He is as far from the jingo or the mere journalist as he is from the

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pro-Chinese advocates who can believe anything of their own fellow countrymen. In his estimate of the rights of the case he is a patriotic West European; but his policy is more far-sighted, its principles at once more tolerant and more Christian than those of most other speakers and writers on this question. Our aims should be, first, to help China, and thereby to restore our prestige in the East; secondly, and this is less important, to increase our trade; but on no account to annex under any pressure or temptation. "Should it come to partition no Power will suffer so much as ourselves." The disintegration of China would not only be a loss to us commercially, it would be a perpetual menace to peace all over the East, and in particular to our own security in India; for Russia and France "will certainly endeavour to effect a junction by means of the Peking-Hankow, Hankow-Canton, and Tonquin-Yunnan Railways." Our line should be a return to the policy of letting trade develop of itself, without the extortion of concessions, and of loyally supporting the Yangtze Viceroys, who have been our best friends throughout. The indemnities Mr. Thomson considers excessive—he might have added dangerously so—the abolition of provincial examinations impracticable, and the demand for total disarmament utterly futile. We get the general impression that Lord Salisbury has in the main been right all through, but that "irreparable damage" has been caused by the action of those who hoped they had more to gain and knew they had less to lose than ourselves. The conduct of the allied contingents tallied with this, according to the present witness. We commend this extract to M. Loti's attention:

> Our own troops—although they looted like every one else—had no share in any worst excesses, neither the British troops nor the Indian. There were only two cases altogether of court-martial upon native soldiers for serious offences, and none upon British.

The Japanese Press is quoted to corroborate this evidence; but the chapter as a whole is a strong indictment of the allied troops for ferocity, thoughtless cruelty, and callousness. It concludes with these words:

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No attempt was made by the Allies to mitigate the sufferings of the nomeless thousands by forming concentration camps, as has been mercifully done in South Africa. Those who were not killed were merely left to starve, or to be frozen to death. Indeed, in every way the campaign in South Africa has been in striking contrast to that in China, and shows an honest endeavour on the part of the British commanders to act up to the spirit, if not to the letter, of the Hague Convention, although the Boers were not a party to it, as the Chinese were; and it shows, also, a distinct advance upon the heretofore recognised usage of war. . . . Now in China quarter was seldom given . . . whereas in South Africa it has been accorded, many may think with a mistaken leniency, even when the Boers have deliberately adopted the British uniform. It is a bitter irony, that the British troops, who have acted with a humanity and consideration seldom known in previous wars, should be held up to obloquy in the way they now are; and the irony becomes the more bitter when the terrible deeds are recalled (in which the British troops had no part) committed by the troops of those very nations who are now their most vehement accusers. "Sweep the snow from your own doorstep," says a Chinese proverb, "and do not trouble yourself about the frost on your neighbour's tiles."

The conduct of the Indian troops, as Mr. Thomson remarks, is the more noteworthy because they were acting for the first time outside India practically unsupported by British troops; only one English field-battery and a portion of the Welsh Fusiliers being with them. It also furnishes a crushing answer to those at home and abroad who have so hotly contended that our native forces are unfit on both moral and military grounds to take part in a campaign against a white enemy.

The last two chapters deal with what perhaps lies nearer to the root of the matter than anything else, the history and position of the missionary in China. Most unfortunately the missions have developed, to a degree quite unparalleled elsewhere, a profitable and a political side. The climax was reached when in 1899 the Roman Catholics succeeded in obtaining by Imperial Decree a recognised Chinese status—that of governors for their bishops, and that of magistrates for their priests—with the right of audience in the courts. Lord Salisbury, "acting upon the advice of the bishops of the Church of England missions in China, to the Archbishop of Canterbury," refused to allow this status to be accepted by the

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Protestants. A still more wise and right-minded decision was that of the Society for the Propagation of the Gospel to accept no compensation of any kind from the Chinese Government for their great losses both by death and robbery. "The Chinese," says Mr. Thomson, "have a long memory, and a step of this kind would win their respect as nothing else could." Christianity, he thinks, so exemplified, may yet win its way; otherwise the nation in its desolation and despair will be driven back upon the Buddhism which it has nearly outworn, but which can still write over its temple doors in the darkest hour such words as those seen by the author himself in Pekin, "From ten thousand bitternesses wells the eternal peace."

Nothing more vividly suggestive and convincing has been published about the South African War than **The Epistles of Atkins**, by James Milne. (Unwin. 6s.)—It is a very slightly woven tissue into which are worked a large number of quotations from the spoken and written words of our soldiers. To extract these would be a long and pleasant business, but it would be unfair; we must content ourselves with saying that to those who wish to make an intimate acquaintance with the chivalry and humour of the British private this book is indispensable.

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THE NAVY AND THE ENGINEER

HALF a century has now elapsed since the introduction of the engineering branch into the navies of the world, and for over twenty years the battleship has been without the auxiliary motive-power of masts and sails. With increased importance as the producer of motion, this non-combatant branch has tended to grow at a rate out of all proportion to what the fighting requirements of a warship render desirable, and hence tentative efforts have been made to teach the stokers a certain amount of gunnery. The engineer officers were, however, unaffected by the changes, their responsible duties necessarily absorbing all their attention. Yet, as we shall see later on, the real danger lies in the multiplication of non-combatant officers, making ever-increasing encroachments on the limited accommodation of warships. To realise the change one should compare the complement of the flagship *Marlborough* half a century ago with the flagship *Majestic* of to-day. Capable of accommodating more officers and men, the *Marlborough* could rely on nearly the whole of her complement to assist in combatant duties. She had batteries which were under the eyes of and could be controlled by one officer for the whole length of the deck, instead of a number of isolated positions requiring separate control in action as at present. Nowadays the proportion of the engineering branch may vary from one-third in the battleships to two-thirds in the

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destroyers.[1] The difficulty brought about by this increase in the engine-room branch is most acute in the case of the officers, for it is not easy to provide the necessary cabin accommodation in ships without interfering with the ventilation. The many isolated gun and torpedo positions which are now placed in warships, the excessive strain which is caused by modern conditions of high speed and increasing risk in war, the great loss of life in action which now takes place among the combatants above the water line, have thrown on the Admiralty the problem of considering how far the growth of non-combatant officers can be checked in order to allow of that expansion of executive officers which responsible admirals have demanded with growing insistence. We have not only to provide for the requirements of the fighting ships and the numerous craft in reserve on all stations, but also for the auxiliaries which would accompany the fleets in war. These auxiliaries require officers accustomed to the naval methods and ideas of the commander-in-chief so as rapidly to conform to his signals and movements. The problem where they are to come from is one which forces

[1] The following table of the numbers actually borne on April 1 for the year named in the active service ratings of the British navy, shows the development of the different branches:

Year.	Executive Branch.	Engine-room Branch.	Marines.	Other Branches.
1858 . .	31,981	5,391	15,970	11,052
1878 . .	27,911	5,627	13,727	8,508
1888 . .	28,232	8,736	12,847	8,914
1898 . .	44,336	22,289	17,099	11,816
1900 . .	49,222	25,959	18,461	12,865
1902[1] . .	54,260	27,000	19,800	14,300

[1] Estimated.

It will be noticed that the engine-room branch from being less than one-half has grown to nearly double the marine branch and from being one-sixth has grown to one-half of the executive branch. When the First Lord of the Admiralty received a deputation on July 16, 1901, Sir John Colomb pointed out that in 1858 there were not 7 per cent. of the total *personnel* belonging to the engineer branch, and in 1900 over 24 per cent. The increase was a great deal more rapid in the last twelve years than in the previous thirty.

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itself on the Admiralty in proportion as war requirements are placed in the foreground. The habit in peace of considering the mere maintenance of the hulls and machinery of ships leads us to exaggerate the importance of mechanical work and carelessly to carry out the war training which should be our primary object. And yet the maintenance of the mechanical efficiency of the ship, though strictly subordinate to fighting requirements, is necessary in order to enable her to overtake an enemy or to gain advantages in action. Hence, when proceeding at speed or chasing with the bow guns in action, the deck hands whether from the guns or ammunition supply are spared to assist in the engine-room. At such times rapid movement is of the first importance, and as practical men we do not care how we obtain it so long as we get it. If the motive-power had remained, as in the days of masts and sails, above deck under the eyes of the executive officers who *direct* the motion of the ship, the chances are that a separate engineering branch would never have been created.

I have frequently read diatribes concerning an alleged deficiency of engine-room complements of which this use of deck hands in the engine-room is the text. These are usually written by so-called naval experts—more familiar with the navigation of Fleet Street than of the sea—who possess the barrister's ability to ignore the crux of a question in order to make a case over its details. When a sailor has accustomed himself to circumvent the many difficulties of his profession, he acquires that "reach of sea understanding" of which the most wholesome lesson is compromise. It dawns upon him that the conditions of a mail steamer which subordinates everything to speed, works on routine lines, and maintains deck-hands purely for navigation purposes, are radically different from those of a man-of-war which mainly requires men for the business of fighting. This saving experience prevents admirals from advising futile efforts to organise the crew of a ship "in water-tight compartments," but rather to use a crew as a whole to face situations as they are created and train them for the

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probable events, not of an occasional day, but of the whole period of a war.

At this moment the problem of maintaining the mechanical efficiency of the ship without sacrificing her fighting-power, is engaging the attention of the seven great navies of the world. In Great Britain it is known that repeated representations were made from afloat against the division of responsibility between the engineers and executive officers in connection with the fighting equipment of ships. At the same time it is fairly obvious that the existing system of control of the engine-room department cannot be satisfactorily maintained in face of any sudden expansion of the navy because of the lengthy preliminary five years course at Keyham College where there are now 186 students, including 12 studying for naval constructors. The question naturally suggests itself whether the present number of four to six engineer officers in our big ships can be reduced. On the one hand, due heed might be given to the representations from afloat and the engineer relieved of a large measure of his work outside the engine-room. On the other hand, he could be given the services of a number of practical engineers from the artificer class who, mercantile shipping experience teaches us, are none the less fitted for driving and maintaining the engines, under the control of the chief engineer, because they have not undergone the somewhat theoretical studies at Keyham. Of the other nations, the United States alone, having a small navy to deal with, has made the momentous change of sweeping away the non-combatant engineer, and vesting his duties in what is known as the line officer in the U.S. Navy or the executive officer in the British Navy. It is acknowledged that for the present the experiment is a failure, though time, if peace is vouchsafed, may bring it the fruition of success. To apply a similar revolution to a great profession of such large dimensions as the British Navy, would be a much more risky and arduous undertaking. The step was admittedly taken by the Navy Department as a lesser evil than the anarchy which would have resulted from yielding

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to the demands of the engineering associations using their influence as a powerful trades union.

To condemn an extreme course is no reason why we should fly to the opposite pole. For many years past our executive officers have been forced to fritter away much of their valuable time in obsolete work, while the engineer, as a temporary expedient, was conceded the maintenance of the mechanical appliances for fighting as well as the engines for driving the ship. The transfer of the hydraulic, electric and torpedo machinery to the executive officer has been successfully effected in more than one foreign navy. The resultant gains have been unity of control and clear and definite responsibility, such as we find already exists in the maintenance of discipline in our navy, where, even if soldiers are embarked, they come under the provisions of the Naval Discipline Act, and are liable to punishment by the captain of the ship, who is solely responsible for discipline.

The general principle which appears to have influenced Lord Selborne's Board in issuing the famous circular which will gradually bring about a great change in the navy, is that the machinery to be handed over to the executive officers is part of the fighting equipment of the ship, and the officers who use it in action should be responsible for its efficiency. The officers should be made to understand it and be able to effect ship repairs should a breakdown occur in any part of the fighting equipment. All this is but the recognition in an age of machinery that we are all engineers, just as a leading statesman, glancing at the universal tendency towards co-operation, declared in Parliament that we are all Socialists nowadays.

In the French and German navies we find a fundamental difference to the British in the system of recruiting engineer officers. They are taken from the same class in life as our own Royal Naval artificers, and as the splendid force of engineers in our mercantile marine. This suggests another remedy for our difficulties where again we can avoid the extreme courses which have resulted in making the engineer

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question in foreign navies a more urgent one than in our own. We can substitute, as far as desirable, an artificer-engineer class for the present engineer officer whose training is so largely theoretical.[1] By these steps, which the Admiralty are now taking, we combine the best of both the German and American systems. The engineer officer is being enabled to devote himself to his original and legitimate function of driving the ship in obedience to orders transmitted from the bridge. In maintaining the engines at their greatest efficiency he has the services of a class of practical men who have come from the great engineering works of England. The improved prospects held out to the artificers are inducing a better class to join. The position some years ago was described by Mr. John Burns, M.P., when speaking for a deputation to the First Lord of the Admiralty, May 31, 1894:

> The best apprentices, the biggest in brain and the strongest in body, made for the mercantile marines. . . . The reason why the navy did not get the best class of artificer was that the gate to promotion was shut to him, and immediately that became known in a shop where there were many apprentices, they would say to one another, "I can only be a chief engine-room artificer in the navy, and that is not equal to being second engineer on board an ordinary line of steamers."

Since then, as we have seen, the Admiralty have provided for 200 artificer engineers. As experience will probably show that these men are of greater practical value for supervising and working machinery than young engineers entered from Keyham, the numbers are likely to go on increasing.

The two methods of solution indicated above might have been beneficially carried out ten years ago. The change was retarded by the absorption of the executive branch in the training under masts and sails, to the detriment of their mechanical knowledge of warships; and by misleading com-

[1] See appendix for the increase of the artificer-engineers. It should be stated that, even if we have ultimately to promote these officers to commissioned rank, the concession will be one to which there can be no objection on the score of education and training. This has been the great stumbling-block to promotion from the lower-deck in the combatant branch.

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parisons being drawn between the position of the educated class from which the engine-room artificers were drawn, and the equivalent ranks of chief petty officers of the combatant branch. The question of masts and sails—dealt with in the early numbers of this Review—may, however, be dismissed here, it having been officially stated to be no longer part of the active-service training.[1] I will only quote Lord Selborne's memorandum on the Navy Estimates, not merely because of the stress laid on the necessity of mechanical training for the modern seaman, but also because it emphasises with true insight the necessary predominance of gunnery in training and organisation:

If I am asked what is essential, I would reply all sea knowledge which is necessary for the management of modern vessels of war and their boats under all conditions, and gunnery and torpedo work in all its branches. Further, I

[1] I have no desire to conceal my opinion that masts and sails training ought to be entirely abolished. In all things we should concentrate, and I have no hesitation in saying that the continuance of the present obsolete training of boys seriously militates against the efficiency of our future navy by absorbing time and attention in a system which must die out by force of circumstances in the near future. It is, however, only fair to quote the argument in Lord Selborne's memorandum (1902): "If the Board had believed that service in masted ships was essential for the proper training of the seamen of the fleet, a new squadron of sailing-ships would have had to be provided, however difficult and inconvenient. I desire that there should be no ambiguity on this subject, and therefore state plainly that the Board do not consider exercise with masts and yards to be essential for the proper training of the officers or seamen of the fleet, and that henceforth it is abandoned as a necessary part of their education after they have left the training-ships. The brigs are retained for the boys in connection with the training-ships, and the 'cruiser' is used in the Mediterranean as an adjunct to the training of the seamen, because practice in masts and yards is excellent both for mind and body. This no one doubts; the question is, is it an essential factor in the sea-training of a modern naval officer or seaman in order to make him the perfect instrument of warfare which he should be? It is that question which the Board answers in the negative, and the occasions on which, in their opinion, such training is permissible and valuable are those on which it does not displace any part of that training which is essential or conflicts with the exigencies of the service in the manning and commissioning of fighting-ships."

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believe that the training of the modern seaman should more and more adapt itself to the peculiar characteristics of the ships he has to man. As oars gave place to sails, so sails have yielded to engines, and timber to metal. *The training of the seaman should, therefore, be directed towards a knowledge of the structure and machinery of a modern man-of-war, and capacity and handiness to deal with and repair it.* Gunnery, however, is the most important of all, and in gunnery the emulation between H.M. ships is becoming very keen. But our seamen and marine gunners must be able to shoot straight at long as well as at medium ranges; they must be able to hit their target with the guns trained in any direction in which they will bear, and, above all, they must never become fair-weather gunners. Emulation therefore must not be allowed to lead to a restricted selection of conditions and weather for target practice.

In furtherance of this policy the Admiralty have, as we stated, decided to hand over the hydraulic machinery for working guns, and the entire electric and torpedo arrangements to the charge of gunnery and torpedo lieutenants.[1] In order to provide for checking further increase in the number of the engineer officers the Admiralty are adding to the number of the artificer engineers and artificers. Engine-room artificers can now reach warrant rank at twenty-nine years of age, and the prospects now opening up to this deserving class of public servants cannot fail in time to attract a type of engineer as superior as the engineers of the mercantile marine.

In connection with the policy outlined above, it is desirable to state here that a most misleading diagram has been widely circulated by the North-East Coast Institution of Engineers and Shipbuilders. The diagram gives the growth of the number of engineer officers since 1882 and the aggregate indicated horse-power of the ships of the Royal Navy. It is characteristic of the bad faith with which an agitation from without the navy has been conducted that all mention of the artificers is omitted from the diagram. On taking the trouble to plot the growth of this important branch (*see* Appendix

[1] The anomaly of engineer officers having the care and maintenance of any of the fighting equipment is evidenced by the fact that instruction is given to them by executive officers in the school ships at home, and the text-books on guns, torpedoes, hydraulic and electrical machinery are compiled by executive officers.

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Note) on to the diagram, I found it exactly to correspond with the increase of horse-power. It must not be supposed from the fact that the matter is dealt with here that I should attribute to any sensible man, acting in good faith, the belief that those who drive engines must increase in number as the engines increase in power. The whole history of invention is against such an absurd idea. I could wish indeed that this were the worst of the erroneous statements which have been disseminated in the course of an agitation for forcing the hands of the Admiralty on questions of discipline and organisation which are exceedingly dangerous for civilians to meddle with. It has been several times insinuated that service in the engine-rooms of the Royal Navy is unpopular and that discipline is not good. Assertions by irresponsible outside critics are worthless unless substantiated by facts. What are the facts? Service in the engine-room is so popular that a higher percentage of stokers re-engage after their twelve years' service than is the case with seamen or marines. In the following table I have set out the official figures, showing that by the latest available returns over 90 per cent. of the stokers re-engage:

Year.	Percentage who re-engage at once or within 12 months. Seamen.	Stokers.
1887 . . .	75·8 ...	86·2
1888 . . .	67·6 ...	80·7
1889 . . .	66·8 ...	85·9
1890 . . .	67·6 ...	84·7
1891 . . .	67 ...	82·4
1892 . . .	69·2 ...	85·2
1893 . . .	75·6 ...	85·1
1894 . . .	77·8 ...	87·5
1895 . . .	77 ...	91·2[1]

To get a comparative idea of the position, I examined the Board of Trade returns as to desertions from the mercantile marine. The tables show that in the foreign trade 66,646

[1] Figures for 1897, as stokers entering in 1885 engaged for twelve years.

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firemen and trimmers deserted in the three years 1898, 1899, and 1900. Fifty per cent. of the total desertions from steamships in the mercantile marine were from the engine branch. The table and these comparative statistics are sufficient to show the popularity of service in the engine-rooms of his Majesty's ships. That the discipline is good can be ascertained in a moment from the court-martial returns of the navy, which show that there are fewer offences against discipline in the engine-room than elsewhere. The statement was only put forward in order to favour a suggestion to transfer the discipline of a portion of the crew from the executive officers of the ship to the engineer officers, and to set up an *imperium in imperio* on board ship by the establishment of a separate corps of Royal Naval Engineers. In an interview in the *Daily Graphic*, March 15, 1902, Lord Charles Beresford used some weighty words on this point, which (coming from an admiral who is fresh from sea experience in our largest fleet, and who is known to identify himself with all under him to an unusual degree) are of great interest:

> Many difficulties that occur in the army are due to the separate corps, often jealous of each other. It is a natural result of the state of affairs. In the navy we are always on active service, and we all pull together with one object in view—the navy. . . . The intervention of public bodies is most undesirable in questions of discipline. We have a remarkably fine body of engineers who retain their ascendency over the men working in the engine-room by their personal courage and knowledge of their work. . . . The executive officer commences to learn the art of give and take when dealing with men at a very young age. I am certain that the men would not like to be subject at one moment to punishment in the engine-room by an engineer, and, at another, on the mess deck or in boats by an executive officer. To punish a man is the most disagreeable duty falling to the lot of an officer. There is not a shadow of a shade of reason for the demand which has been made from outside the navy that the engineers should punish a part of the crew."

As a widely circulated pamphlet issued by the engineering associations attributes the position taken up by experienced naval officers to "jealousy or apathy," it would be interesting to hear if they attribute these qualities to Lord Charles

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Beresford. I have no doubt "the artillery boys" who gave St. Vincent and Nelson so much trouble, attributed the position taken up by the two officers to "jealousy and apathy."

The imperative necessity of basing the organisation of the navy on the requirements of fighting efficiency, attained as economically as possible, is the reason that throughout history it has been found impossible wholly to satisfy the aspirations of any branch of the navy for the simple and sole reason that promotion is for the few, since those who obey are many and those who command are few. Some one must command, and it is equally certain that the charge must be vested in a man fitted by previous training for the responsibility of enforcing discipline, ensuring the safety of the ship from the accidents of navigation, and gaining the position of advantage in action. To act otherwise would be as foolish as for a man to shut his eyes and allow the legs, which produce motion, to carry him blindly along. Hence it follows that, as there are some 400 ships in commission in the Royal Navy, it is possible to offer positions to the executive ranks which exist by force of nature. It is absurd to suppose that equivalent positions, beyond what have been granted this year, can be artificially created for marine engineers any more than they can in the lines of our great steamship companies or in the other branches of the navy, such as the Royal Marines, medical and accountant branches. If a sufficient number of high posts cannot be granted to tempt a large number of candidates to be examined for entry into the Engineering College at Keyham, the only way a balance can be effected between the upper and lower ranks is by cutting down the number of engineer officers in the junior ranks. As Mr. Arnold Forster said in a very clearly thought-out speech in the House of Commons (February 21, 1902), "the more they increased the *personnel* of the engineers' branch the more they destroyed the chance of the promotion of engineers." We have thus an additional inducement to support the Admiralty policy of promoting experienced artificers, since it enables us to reduce the number of inexperienced young engineer officers,

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while giving the latter, as they advance in years, greater chances of promotion in proportion to their number.

It will also be seen by the chronology (given in an Appendix Note) that repeated increases of pay have been conceded until naval engineers are, from a pecuniary point of view, better off than the equivalent ranks of executive officers. There can, however, be no comparison between two such different branches of the navy as the engineer and the executive. This distinction reveals itself in many ways, such as, for instance, allowing the engineer to count service on shore or in harbour as sea service, as unlike the executive officer it is not considered that he suffers deterioration through spells of shore service. Broadly speaking, the engineer may be said to perform mechanical duties in which ordinary professional ability qualifies for promotion by seniority, while the combatant officers, having the entire direction of the ships and a power of choice involving judgment, initiative and courage to an abnormal extent, have to be very carefully selected for employment and promotion. The cream of the profession has to be rapidly advanced in rank in order that the command of the squadrons and ships may be vested in the hands of men in the prime of life. These considerations force the Admiralty to deal with the executive officers from a different standpoint to the other branches of the navy. It is a dangerous fallacy to imagine that an artificial relation between the executive and other branches can be effected such as might very well exist if men-of-war were regular merchant vessels and never had to fight.

I have no desire to write harshly concerning the agitation conducted by certain rich engineering associations in England, beyond saying that there has been too little discussion and too much "lobbying" with the view of coercing the Admiralty. History tells us of one great attempt at interference with the organisation and discipline of a navy. This was the unchecked interference of the French Revolution with the system of control in the French navy prior to the outbreak of war in 1793. It resulted in placing in control of ships men capable

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of imparting motion, but unskilled in the art of fighting and directing the ships with advantage. The result is matter of history. That danger is not with us yet; but there are many stages on the road to inefficiency, and the demands of the civilian engineering associations outline, as in a map, a journey along the route. Over in Germany the executive control is being strengthened in all matters. There they are eagerly watching British naval changes, and no more decisive step towards the boundless maritime aspirations of the Emperor could be taken than the destruction of the homogeneity of the British navy by the efforts of faddists. As one who takes as much pride in the engineer branch of the navy as he does in the executive, my wish is to guard the naval engineers from the discredit of ill-advised agitation nominally undertaken on their behalf. We can welcome discussion, as distinct from coercive agitation, however erroneous may be the ideas of those taking part, for it exercises a good influence like the stirring of the pool of Bethesda. So, in another article, I propose to take point by point those demands of the engineering associations which have been circulated to the press and influential public bodies.

One parting word of caution in this article is necessary. It seems to be inferred by some speakers in the House of Commons that the engineers must be exalted to a primacy over other branches because a ship cannot get on without her engines. That a ship cannot get on without her engines or a man without his cook are types of those fatuous assertions of the obvious which occasionally pass for argument. A man cannot get on without his heart, but we do not dethrone the brain from its functions of thinking and planning, will and volition, nor is it likely that we are going to undermine the directive power of the navy because the heart of a ship is mechanism. History relates that when railways were first introduced into Spain, the simple peasants stared aghast at the train because the mule was not visible. The mystery was solved to their satisfaction by the explanation that the mule went inside the train. In this age of machinery, when

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we have all perforce to be engineers, I am afraid we are somewhat like the Spanish peasants, in that, wherever movement is concerned, we can only see mechanism. The executive naval officer is cast in a different mould, and his crime appears to be, in the eyes of the mechanical world, the indifferent levity he displays as to how results are achieved so long as he gets them. Hence the artillery mess yarn from Ladysmith that "the naval man sights his gun by firing a shot, and if it falls short the order is given 'cock it up'!" Doubtless this is sadly different to the vernacular of the drill book, and is not a precise indication of the number of degrees of elevation required, but it seems to point to that effect of environment in which the sailor behind the gun and his officer grew up together. What a contrast the life is to the life of mechanism! Down in the depth of the steel ship which a rock can shatter, you hear the modern symphony of humanity monotonously grinding man to an embodiment of its kind, while above deck lies nature's battlefield, and you hear its call and counter-cry. On the bridge the man is listening, seeing and judging as he pits his intelligence against nature and against his enemy. His whole life is a struggle in which he learns the essential difference between the man and the machine, and all that is necessary to the discipline of the sea. He cannot tell you of this experience he has lived through from boyhood to manhood.

> "Would'st thou," so the helmsman answered,
> "Learn the secret of the sea?
> Only those who brave its dangers
> Comprehend its mystery."

Listen to the breakers against the rocks and to the music of the syrens in the fog; watch day and night for a peep of one of the heavenly bodies to fix a position when treacherous currents sweep to the shore; peer into the gloom of the night for the swift little craft that can send your ship to the bottom from a mile away; bring a fleet of thirty vessels to anchor in the Scillies; then when you have been in hundreds of such episodes as occur in varying combinations day by day, you

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realise that the old struggle for supremacy is intensified a hundredfold. Greater responsibility for the safety of the ship must carry with it enlarged powers, and in all seriousness it must be asked, Is this the time to introduce into our ships a Royal Naval Corps of Engineers with the titles and none of the essential functions of executive officers? Such a division of the part from the whole is known in politics as an *imperium in imperio*, and in a navy we know it well as the dry rot of a fighting force.

CARLYON BELLAIRS.

APPENDIX NOTE

(1) To avoid confusing the text of the two articles dealing with the engineer question, it may be as well to throw into the form of a chronology the various important changes which have been made during a quarter of a century in the position of engineer officers. The table speaks for itself.

Date of Order in Council	Nature.
1877. April 30.	Increase in numbers of inspectors of machinery and chief engineers. Improved scale of full, half and retired pay. Reduction of numbers of engineers and assistant engineers. Merging of ranks of first and second assistant engineers. Certain alterations in relative rank.
1882. Nov. 30.	Number of engineer officers reduced to 650. Increase of full and half pay to chief inspectors of machinery and inspectors of machinery. Increase of full pay to engineers after nine years' service.
1886. Feb. 17.	Ranks of fleet engineer and staff engineer established. Alterations as to relative rank of officers.
1886. Nov. 10.	Number of engineer officers increased to 750.
1893. March 15.	Number of fleet, staff, and chief engineers increased from 250 to 280.
1894. April 30.	Number of engineer officers increased to 785 from April 1, 1894, and to 850 from April 1, 1895.
1894. June 27.	Rank of assistant engineer for temporary service established.
1895. July 4.	Increase of pay to chief inspectors of machinery, inspectors of machinery, fleet, staff, and chief engineers. Maximum of retired pay to inspectors of machinery raised from £450 to £500 per annum, and to fleet, staff, and chief engineers from £400 to £450 per annum.

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Date of Order in Council.	Nature.
1897. Feb. 26.	Retired pay of chief inspectors of machinery increased from £500 to £550 per annum.
1897. May 18.	Number of engineer officers increased to 950. *Introduction of the rank of artificer engineer. Fifty warrant officers of artificer engineers rank included in the above number.*
1899. Feb. 2.	Number of engineer officers gradually increased to 1050, *including* 100 *artificer engineers.*
1900. June 29.	Rank of engineer-in-chief of the navy established. Rank of staff engineer abolished. Alterations of relative rank of engineer officers. Improved full pay, &c. (The Order in Council made certain changes in the allowance for charge of engines, &c., and consolidated existing regulations as to full, half and retired pay.) (Estimated cost of charges about £15,000 per annum.)
	The number of inspectors of machinery was increased. The number of engineer officers increased to 1058, *including* 100 *artificer engineers.*
1901. March 25.	Number of engineer officers increased gradually from 1058 to 1138, *including* 140 *artificer engineers.*
Speech of Mr. Arnold-Forster, House of Commons, Feb. 21, 1902.	Three additional chief inspectors of machinery and seven inspectors of machinery to be created. Increased allowance to engineer officers in charge of machinery of destroyers.

Engine-room Artificers.

(2) Statement showing numbers of chief and other E.R.A.s on dates stated :

Date.	Chief E.R.A.	E.R.A.	Total.
January 1, 1882 . .	81 ...	597 ...	678
„ 1, 1883 . .	86 ...	667 ...	753
„ 1, 1884 . .	99 ...	702 ...	801
„ 1, 1885 . .	112 ...	822 ...	934
„ 1, 1886 . .	136 ...	1010 ...	1146
„ 1, 1887 . .	155 ...	930 ...	1085
„ 1, 1888 . .	185 ...	987 ...	1172
„ 1, 1889 . .	198 ...	1040 ...	1238
„ 1, 1890 . .	207 ...	1154 ...	1361
„ 1, 1891 . .	260 ...	1255 ...	1515
„ 1, 1892 . .	306 ...	1297 ...	1603
„ 1, 1893 . .	302 ...	1300 ...	1602

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Date.	Chief E.R.A.	E.R.A.	Total
January 1, 1894 . .	341 ...	1255 ...	1596
„ 1, 1895 . .	374 ...	1518 ...	1892
„ 1, 1896 . .	381 ...	1710 ...	2091
„ 1, 1897 . .	469 ...	1786 ...	2255
„ 1, 1898 . .	505 ...	1931 ...	2436
„ 1, 1899 . .	520 ...	2148 ...	2668
„ 1, 1900 . .	575 ...	2375 ...	2950
„ 1, 1901 . .	633 ...	2549 ...	3182
„ 1, 1902 . .	664 ...	2658 ...	3322

Artificer Engineers (*first appointed April* 1, 1898).

(3) Numbers of artificer engineers on dates stated:

January 1, 1899	45
„ 1, 1900	75
„ 1, 1901	100
„ 1, 1902	133

It should be noted that one of the chief difficulties in connection with the engine-room department in the U.S. Navy arose through the neglect of the Navy Department to create a class of machinists corresponding to our engine-room artificers. When it was determined to let the engineer officers die out, strenuous efforts were made to introduce this class of machinist into the U.S. Navy.

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THE LORD GREAT CHAMBERLAIN

OF all the great officers of state whose existence an English coronation brings into sudden prominence, the most remarkable, perhaps, is the Lord Great Chamberlain. For the public the most recent revelation of the part he takes in that solemnity is the "Order of Service" lately issued, which shows how close, in the ancient ceremony, is his personal attendance on the King. Standing on his Majesty's left hand, assisting him when he advances, disrobing him of the crimson robes, girding him with the kingly sword, touching his heels with the golden spurs, and fastening the clasps of Imperial mantle or pall of cloth, he takes an active share in investing the King with the royal insignia. Yet even this, distinguished though it be, by no means exhausts the functions which the Lord Great Chamberlain is historically entitled to discharge. Indeed, it is with his other services, the services in respect of which he was specially entitled to his fees that the petitions always presented, on his behalf, to the Court of Claims were more especially concerned. These services were actually performed, and the fees appurtenant received, so recently as at George IV.'s coronation, but since then, as is generally known, the ceremonies surrounding the actual coronation have been very greatly reduced. The following extract is taken from the actual "Coronation Roll" of George IV.; it faithfully reproduces the traditional claims of the office, and the same precedent

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was followed, before the recent Court of Claims, in the petition presented by Lord Ancaster for his present Majesty's coronation:

> That your Petitioner . . . claims . . . that He may have Livery and Lodging in the King's Court at all times and bring to his Majesty on the day of his Royal Coronation his Majesty's Shirt, Stockings, and Drawers, that your Petitioner together with the Lord Chamberlain of the Household for the time being may dress his Majesty in all his Apparell on that day and that your Petitioner may have all Profits and Fees thereunto belonging viz. Forty Yards of Crimson velvet for his Robes against the day of his Majesty's Coronation together with the Bed wherein the King lays [*sic*] the Night previous to the Coronation with all the Vallances and Curtains thereof and all the Cushions and Clothes within the Chamber together with the Furniture of the same and also the Night Robe of the King wherein his Majesty is vested the Night previous to the Coronation and likewise to serve his Majesty with water as well before as after Dinner on the said Day of his Royal Coronation and to have the Basons and Towels and the Cup of Assay for his Fee.

The whole claim was allowed, except the Cup of Assay (a standing bone of contention), and the official record goes on to state that, on the day of coronation:

> The said Lord the King having the preceding Night repaired privately to the residence of the Speaker of the House of Commons at Westminster where he reposed and having been in one of the Chambers there clothed in his Royal Robes came from thence and entered the Great Hall most splendidly ornamented where he seated himself on the throne, &c. &c.

We further read that the regalia, being then brought "in solemn procession . . . according to ancient custom," were delivered to the High Constable of England, who then delivered them in turn to "the Deputy Lord Great Chamberlain of England."

At the coronation of William IV. the same claim was made and allowed, "except as to the serving his Majesty with water before and after dinner and the fees consequent upon such last-mentioned service," owing to the abandonment of the state banquet in Westminster Hall. But the coronation of a Queen Regnant obviously raised difficulties, the precedent for the claim on that occasion was, of course, the petition presented at the coronation of Anne. But the terms of that petition

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were so outspoken as to be scarcely quotable to-day by any but a lady novelist, and their "very great highnesses," the Commissioners of the Court of Claims—who had begun their proceedings by recording the fact that William III. had been "called by God from his earthly crown to heaven"—decided that the claimant earl should discharge his preliminary duties by some deputy acceptable to the Queen. He duly secured, however, £300 "as a Composition for y^e^ furniture of her Maties Bedchamber and for 2 pieces of Arras hangings of the story of Cæsar and Pompey, and the Green Velvet Embroidered State set up in Westminster Hall." Twelve years later he obtained no less than £350 as a similar composition, the perquisites having included at that coronation, "two rich pieces of Arras hangings of a Sett called Tobias," and "one piece of Tapestry hangings of a suit called the Seasons."

There is, at least, one other occasion on which we are forcibly reminded of the existence of a Great Chamberlain; for as far back as the records extend, that is, as far as the Revolution, we find the Houses of Parliament, as part of the Palace of Westminster, under his charge. Whether the mystic key, which forms the symbol of his office, applies to this important charge, or to the traditional connection of the office with the King's personal treasure,[1] his control of the palace is a very real one, as is shown not only by printed notices, but by the existence within the precincts of his own office and secretary. It is only, however, when the Sovereign opens Parliament in person that the public awakes to the fact

[1] Dr. Stubbs defined the Chamberlain, in the Norman period, as a "financial officer" in the household; and a well-known tale of Edward the Confessor describes how, in his bedroom—

"Hugelin
The Chamberlain, who takes some money,
Carries off as much as he wished
To pay to his seneschals
To his caterers and marshals,
But in his haste he forgets
That he shuts not the chest."

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of the Great Chamberlain's powers. It may be remembered that last year Parliament was so opened on February 14, and that the arrangements then made by "the Lord Great Chamberlain" were severely criticised by rumpled members of the Lower House of Parliament. Replying to a volley of questions in the Commons on the following day, Mr. Balfour stated that "the arrangements are in charge of the hereditary Lord Great Chamberlain;" adding, "I really do not know on what basis the jurisdiction of the hereditary Lord Great Chamberlain rests."[1] What would the House have said if it had known that the autocratic power which it found so distasteful had been exercised by one who had received no authority to do so, and who, as will be seen below, had simply usurped the right? For, as was justly observed in Lord Ancaster's Case, "it has not appeared intelligible upon what grounds the Marquess of Cholmondeley assumed the office, nor why he was permitted to execute it."[2]

The feudal court of a Norman King is reproduced at every coronation by calling, as it were, from their graves the ghosts of its great offices, as by the performance of certain services due from tenants by Grand Serjeanty. Of these relics of a distant past the Chamberlainship alone has preserved its thread of life unbroken through the centuries. The Constableship and the Stewardship flit, as it were, across the scene; the Marshalship is a relatively modern creation held under a patent dating only from 1672, but the Chamberlainship, which now exists, is that which was betowed by Henry I. on his trusted officer, Aubrey de Vere, in or about the year 1133. Towering above the valley of the Colne, in a remote corner of Essex, there still stands the noble keep, unrivalled perhaps among its fellows, which appears, from its likeness to Rochester, to date from this very time, and to which "Castle" Hedingham, the Domesday seat of the De Veres, owes its distinctive prefix. There they flourished from

[1] *Times*, February 16, 1902, p. 8.

[2] "Case on behalf of the . . . Earl of Ancaster on his claim that he is Lord Great Chamberlain of England," p. 10.

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the Conquest to the seventeenth century, and even later there were still to be seen near the foot of their castle "wild vines bearing red grapes," the still lingering descendants of the vineyard of its Domesday lord.

The long and close connection of this ancient race with the castle was of more than sentimental interest. In the recent contest in the House of Lords for their great hereditary office it had to be established that the right thereto was not dependent, as alleged on at least one occasion, on the tenure of Castle Hedingham. Indeed, much of the difficulty, in the present as in the past, involved in the descent of that office is due to the persistent efforts made by the De Veres themselves to unite not only the castle and the office, but even the earldom bestowed upon the son of the first Great Chamberlain, and to entail them all together on their heirs male for ever. Insensibly, perhaps, we have come to associate the name they so proudly bore with all that is noblest in Norman blood; "the Lady Clara Vere de Vere" is a standing witness to the fact. And this is the *leitmotif* that runs throughout their history that was even heard, as we shall see, in the cry of an English judge. The famous entail on which all turned in 1626 was executed just before his death by the sixteenth earl (1562). In it he recited that:

> the Erldome of Oxinford and the honors, castles, . . . of the same Erldome together with the Offyce of Greate Chamberlayneshipp of England . . . have of longetyme contynued remayned and bene in the name of the Veeres from heire male to heire male by tytle of an ancyent entayle thereof,

and that he was "perswaded in consciens" to provide that all this "sholde and myght contynew go remayne and be in the name of the Veeres from heire male to heire male forever yf yt maye please Almyghtye God so to permytt and suffer." As a matter of fact it did not please that excellent lawyer, Mr. Justice Doddridge, in 1626. In the meanwhile, the earl's successor, "the first who brought perfumed gloves and such like fineries out of Italy," was in a fair way, as an accomplished spendthrift at the court of "great Eliza," to wreck his whole

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inheritance. But his father-in-law, the grave Burghley, induced him to execute a fresh settlement in 1575:

remembrynge and considerynge the longe contynuance of his saide house and famylie in the name of the Veers, whereof he is lyneallye discended, in the grace and favour of the kinge and prince in whose tymes they have lyved, and in alliance and kindred with most of the auncient nobilitie of this realme, and in the good will and good lykinge of the Commonaltie of the same realme, and having therefore a speciall desire and care to preserve, contynue, &c. . . . the said honourable house, famylie, and name most like to his noble auncestors, &c. &c.[1]

The glamour of the famous name was acknowledged even on the bench; in the great contest for the earldom, the baronies appendant, and the office, in 1625–6, between Robert de Vere, the heir male, a poor officer in the Dutch army, and Lord Willoughby d'Eresby, who claimed to be heir-general, Crewe, the Chief Justice, called on to deliver his opinion, began with an often quoted exordium, sober and yet ornate with the stately eloquence of the age:

Here is represented unto your lordships *certamen honoris*, and as I may well say *illustris honoris*, illustrious honour.

I heard a great peer of this realm and a learned, say, when he lived, there was no King in Christendom had such a subject as Oxford.

He came in with the Conqueror Earl of Guisnes, (and was) shortly after the Conquest made great chamberlain of England, above five hundred years ago, by Henry I., the Conqueror's son. . . .

This great honour, this high and noble dignity, hath continued ever since in the remarkable surname of De Vere by so many ages, descents, and generations, as no other kingdom can produce such a peer in one and the self same name and title. . . .

I have laboured to make a covenant with myself that affection may not press upon judgment; for I suppose there is no man that hath any apprehension of gentry or nobleness but his affection stands to the continuance of so noble a name and house, and would take hold of a twig or twine-thread to

[1] From the original among the De Vere papers in the possession of Mr. Round, M.P. It is possible that the allusion to the "good liking of the Commonalty" may refer to the Petition to Henry IV. (1399) by "the Commons of England in Parliament" that "come le chaumberlaynrie Dengleterre de droit de temps dont memorie ne court appartient al count Doxenforde," it might be restored to the then Earl (which the King refused).

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uphold it; and yet time hath his revolution; there must be a period and an end to all temporal things, *finis rerum*, an end of names and dignities, and whatsoever is terrene; and why not of De Vere?

For where is Bohun? Where is Mowbray? Where is Mortimer? Nay, which is more and most of all, where is Plantagenet? They are entombed in the urns and sepulchres of mortality.

And yet let the name and dignity of De Vere stand so long as it pleaseth God.

The sympathy of the day was with the poor officer, "who had scarce any means to live on but a captain's place under the United Provinces, and seeing," continued Sir Symonds d'Ewes, "that Lord Willoughby thought to carry it by his power and wealth against him," he and Sir Robert Cotton gave him the benefit of their "best skill and searches together." In a contemporary letter we read that: "My Lord Willoughby's pretences are much wondered at and every one desires the continuance of these great honours in the name of Vere." Sir Symonds, who deemed the Berties upstarts as compared with Vere, similarly wrote that:

Lord Willoughby de Eresby to all men's wonder and the great distaste of most, . . . did claim both the Earldom and the place of Lord Great Chamberlain of England also; which had, with little interruption, been joined near upon 500 years last past together in that great and noble surname of Vere. Whereas the family of Bertie was certainly very mean and ordinary in the male line.

Even the Earl and Countess of Derby, although more nearly related to the last earl, refrained from opposing the heir-male, "in honour to the name of Veres."

By a bare majority, however, the judges decided that not mere private entail could divert the descent of so great an office, the majority holding, through the mouth of Mr. Justice Doddridge, that the words "in fee," of the original charter must be construed as in the case of an earldom created in fee, and not as in the case of a grant of land. By this decision, which the House of Lords adopted and made its own, it was established that the Great Chamberlainship of England did not descend like a piece of land, or even like an ordinary

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office, in other words that it did not descend according to the rule of the common law.

The high office which thus passed to Lord Willoughby d'Eresby became again the object of dispute on the death of his heir, the Duke of Ancaster, in 1779. As the Duke left two sisters, a question arose at once as to what became of the office. If its history had then been as accurately known as the late hearing has made it, the question ought to have been solved without any difficulty by following the exact precedent of 1526, when an Earl of Oxford had died holding the office, and leaving three sisters. Neither these nor any of their heirs ever obtained the office, which the Crown, it is now known, resumed and proceeded to grant for life to several nobles in succession. Unfortunately, however, the Attorney-General, in 1779, was imperfectly informed on the subject, or as it was guardedly expressed by the present Attorney-General in his report to the King on Lord Ancaster's claim, "it does not appear that the Attorney-General was advised of the facts concerning the procedure followed in the reign of King Henry VIII." Consequently the rights of the Crown were not, as they should have been, asserted, "no argument," to quote further, "being adduced to show that in the reign of Henry VIII. the office had been held otherwise than in fee by John, Earl of Oxford, who died in 1540." It is the discovery, subsequently made, that this Earl held only in virtue of a grant for life from the Crown that has revolutionised the history of the office and that compelled the Crown to assert, at the recent hearing, its rights.

Search was made, at my suggestion, on behalf of the Crown, for the actual report of the Attorney-General in 1779, and its discovery established the fact that his conclusion in favour of the right of the eldest daughter was based on what is known as the Duke of Buckingham's case in the reign of Henry VIII., for which he relied, like a true lawyer, not on original evidence but on "several books of authority." Parrot-like, these books have repeated in turn a statement which was brilliantly

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assailed by Mr. Asquith as nothing but an interpolation, and which, certainly, no historian would dream of accepting as valid. But lawyers accept with awe what historians would dismiss with scorn. As it seems to me, it is over again, the story of Pinnel's case as treated in Coke upon Littleton, that "long ju-ju" of the law. The Attorney-General's conclusion was not adopted by the House which, in 1781, propounded to the judges certain questions, framed by Lord Mansfield, as to the right to the office. As on the previous occasion (1626) the judges were not in possession of the facts as to its history or acquainted with the precedent they supplied. Informed by the House that the late holder had "died seised of the office," they proceeded to deal with it simply as if it were a piece of land, and delivered their opinion that it belonged "to both the sisters." They added these answers to the other questions addressed to them:

> That both the sisters may execute it by deputy to be appointed by them.
> Such deputy not being of a degree inferior to a Knight.
> And to be approved of by the King.

And to be approved of by the King the House adopted these replies and embodied them in its Resolution; and this Resolution has been construed as applying, not only to the sisters, but to their heirs. It is, however, important to observe (1) that, under it, a deputy could only be appointed by their joint action; (2) that this joint appointment required, further, the approval of the Crown.

Under this decision the two sisters did appoint a deputy, but the arrangement, as might be imagined, led to friction. When the next deputy had to be appointed, in 1820, George IV. declined to approve of the nomination submitted to him, and as the two sisters could not agree upon another, there arose a deadlock. The approach of the Coronation made the matter urgent, and, "it being necessary for his Majesty's service that the Office should be filled," the Law Officers gave their opinion (June 18, 1821) that "his Majesty is empowered to appoint sufficient Deputy until the co-heiresses shall agree

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in nominating a person for that situation to be approved of by his Majesty." This decisive step compelled the co-heiresses to agree, for the time, and, in 1829, a working arrangement was effected, by which the then co-heirs agreed, for certain joint lives, to exercise respectively the right of nomination in alternate reigns. But the duration of this agreement was strictly limited to the said joint lives, with the result that it expired so far back as 1865. It was, however, generally supposed, at the King's accession, to be still in force,[1] and an extraordinary proceeding followed.

It will be remembered that, to make the appointment of a deputy valid, two conditions had to be fulfilled. Firstly, it required to be made by the co-heirs jointly; secondly, it had to be submitted, for formal approval, to the Crown. For the case of the latest (1870) as of the earliest (1781) appointment, the Crown had signified that approval by a very formal document. But, last year, without securing the fulfilment of the first condition—indeed, under protest from Lord Ancaster—and also, as there was no appointment, without the Crown confirming it, Lord Cholmondeley, in the words of Lord Ancaster's case, "proposed to appear as Great Chamberlain" at the opening of Parliament, and actually succeeded in doing so[2] with the result I have already described.

To finish the story, I observed, as I was walking past the Houses of Parliament, the usual notice, purporting to be issued by his lordship in that capacity, and thinking it undesirable that the previous performance should be repeated, if Parliament, as was thought likely, should be prorogued by his Majesty in person, I drew the attention of the proper authorities to this singular usurpation and to the opinion of

[1] See "Complete Peerage," I. 207, and *Times* of Feb. 15, 1901, p. 8, where Lord Cholmondeley is expressly styled "joint inheritor of that office with the Earl of Ancaster in alternate reigns."

[2] He was even styled in the "Official Programme" not merely Deputy but "Lord Great Chamberlain" (*Times*, Feb. 13, p. 6; Feb. 14, p. 6; Feb. 15, p. 5).

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the Law Officers, in 1821, which I had come across while at work upon the case for the Crown. The result was that in due course the office was declared to be "now vacant" and "an *ad interim* appointment" made by his Majesty during pleasure (August 28, 1901). By accepting this Lord Cholmondeley admitted that he had, however inadvertently, taken on himself this high office, in the language of Domesday Book, by an *invasio super Regem*.

But the same discovery that the agreement had expired in 1865 invalidated Lord Ancaster's own appointment as Deputy in 1870, it having been made by the representatives of the elder co-heiress only. Nevertheless her late Majesty had duly confirmed the appointment under the impression that it was valid. The reason for alluding to these cases of recognition by the Crown in error is that they illustrate the ease with which such recognition is obtained, even in these latter days. The subject is one of practical and even pressing importance in view of the assumption, not only of baronetcies but even of peerage dignities, and of the value of such recognition being a point that may arise at any moment before the Committee for Privileges. Indeed, it was part of the contention of the Crown, in the recent hearing of this very case, that Queens Mary and Elizabeth had been induced to recognise the Earl of Oxford as hereditary Great Chamberlain in error, a view which, now that the evidence is at length all before us, I have no hesitation in pronouncing historically right. So frequent was this erroneous recognition, which I have made the subject of special study, that one has to travel no further than the Earls of Oxford themselves to find them, in the sixteenth and seventeenth centuries, assuming a Viscountcy and two Baronies to none of which they were entitled, as was decided by the House of Lords, on the advice of the judges (1626), but which they coolly continued to assume together with the style of Great Chamberlain. The value of Queen Elizabeth's acceptation of their claim to that office is shown by the fact that she had recognised, in no less formal a manner, their right to these

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three dignities! When I add that the recent proceedings were the means of bringing to my knowledge the formal but erroneous recognition by the Crown, hitherto perhaps unknown, of no fewer than four ancient baronies, some idea may be formed of the prevalence of this practice. There is trouble in store for the House of Lords if, as in the Mowbray case, such evidence as this is accepted without question as decisive, and even the mere assumption of dignities with no express recognition by the Crown admitted. It was acutely remarked by the Lord Chancellor, in the course of the recent hearing, that when the question was before the House in the days of George III., the observations of a lay lord were sounder than those of Lord Mansfield. The same remark certainly applies to those of Lord Redesdale when compared with those of law lords, on the value of garter plates as evidence in the extraordinary Mowbray judgment.[1] Of that judgment the House is already reaping the fruits.

Returning to his Majesty's accession, the position of affairs was this: The representation of the elder-co-heiress of 1781 was vested in the modern families of Heathcote ("Heathcote-Drummond-Willoughby," up to the date of writing), and of Smith (now "Carington") in the persons of Lord Ancaster and Lord Carrington. The sole heir of the younger sister was Lord Cholmondeley, the representative of one of our few remaining really ancient houses. Lord Ancaster, who had exercised the office as deputy since 1871,[2] now raised a claim to be entitled to the entirety of the office, in his own right, as eldest co-heir. This claim was based on the view that the office should always descend, in the case of co-heiresses, to the eldest daughter alone. But although the most was made of the evidence in early times for the applicability to the office of *eonecia* or *droit d'aînesse*, the principle was vigorously opposed

[1] For criticism of this judgment and for evidence of the assumption and erroneous recognition of peerage dignities, *see* "Studies in Peerage and Family History," pp. 99–101, 435–457.

[2] Under her late Majesty's formal approbation of his appointment.

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by Mr. Asquith and did not commend itself to the committee. Lord Carrington and Lord Cholmondeley, for whom he appeared, were content, of course, with the *status quo*, as neither of them could claim more than a share in the heir-ship.

The claim of the Crown, which seems to have excited some surprise, arose in this manner. Lord Ancaster's claim involved inquiry into the true history of the office, and this inquiry led to the discovery that there was no clear root of title, as the later Earls of Oxford, the ancestors of all the co-heirs, were obviously not the heirs to the office under the original and only grant—namely, that of Henry I. Since 1526 that heirship has been vested in the representatives of the earlier earls, of whom the Duke of Atholl appears to be the senior. It has always hitherto been deemed a mystery why the office descended to the heir male, in 1526, to the exclusion of the rightful heirs, and yet, in 1626, to the heir general (of the whole blood) to the exclusion of the heir-male.[1] Some suspicion was excited on the subject in 1626, even though the facts were then very imperfectly known; and the Law Officers who had "observed some things which might give occasion of doubt," desired, though they could not then make good a claim for the Crown, that "there be a *salvo jure Regis* if any title may appear for his Majesty hereafter." That title has now appeared in the discovery of two original warrants of 1526 and 1540, proving, beyond the possibility of question, that the Earl of Oxford who held the office between these dates, and who was admittedly not its heir, held it only by favour of the Crown, under a grant for life, and that, accordingly, on his death, it was granted out afresh by the Crown to Thomas Cromwell, Earl of Essex, for

[1] See, for instance, "The Complete Peerage," I. 207 and VI. 171: "The high office of Great Chamberlain . . . (though it passed, on the death of Earl John, in 1526 to the heir male, his successor in the earldom, to the exclusion of the heir general) was (100 years later) by the extraordinary decision of 1626 adjudicated to the son and heir of the late Earl's aunt (the Lord Willoughby) as his next heir of the whole blood . . . though neither heir-general (according to the present doctrine), nor, of course, heir-male of that Earl or any former Earl of Oxford."

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life and to others after him. From this it followed not only, as observed, in the Attorney-General's report to his present Majesty, that "two of your Majesty's predecessors considered the office to become at the disposal of the Crown in 1526," but also that the allegations of this Earl of Oxford's son, by which he obtained recognition of his pretended rights from Queens Mary and Elizabeth—namely, that his father had been seised of the office "as of fee," and that it had descended to him as his father's "sone and heyer," were, in fact, false. But there happened to be, at the time, no rival claimant to expose them.

It is, indeed, contended on behalf of the three co-heirs that their root of title is an award made by Henry VIII. in 1582, which constituted a fresh grant of the office to the then earl and his heirs. But, as no express mention of the office is even found in the award, and as Henry VIII., who made the award, showed after, as before it, that he only recognised the earl as holding under his own grant for life; and, further, as the earl himself admitted, some two years after the award, that he had not obtained the office in fee, and did not even allege that the award had given it to him; and, lastly, as his son was sharply reproved, in 1547, by an order of the Privy Council for "his pretenced clayme to the said office, whereunto he could shewe no thing of good grounde to have right in the same," it is scarcely worth while wasting time over this counsel of despair. Indeed, the earls themselves were in doubt as to which horse they ought to run. At first they claimed by "inherytauns;" then they set up the award; lastly, they alleged, as their root of title in 1562, "an ancyent entayle." That eventually they had the office is, of course, undisputed; but, in the words of a once popular song, "they had, but they didn't know how." In the more decorous language of the Attorney-General's report, "No fresh grant of the office to them is now forthcoming, nor was any evidence adduced before me to show on what ground they so held the office."

It was, therefore, the case for the Crown that the office had demonstrably reverted to the King on the succession of

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co-heiresses under Henry VIII., and that, even if a fresh grant (which cannot be found) were presumed, it must again have reverted to the Crown on the succession of co-heiresses under George III. (1779). There still remains to be mentioned the claim of the Duke of Atholl as senior heir-general of all the Earls of Oxford, both of the earlier and the later time, whoever exercised this high office. For the three other claimants represent neither the earlier nor the later earls; and, as Symonds d'Ewes indignantly observed, their ancestor, Lord Willoughby, "had not so much as any right or title to enquarter the coat armour of the Earls of Oxford." Space will only allow one to observe that his claim as heir of the original grantee appears to have been disposed of by the Lord Chancellor's judgment on the ground of long adverse possession, not on that of right. In that judgment his two claims are so inextricably confused that one cannot be absolutely sure of what the committee meant.[1] This is matter for special regret in the case of perhaps the most historic contest that this generation has known.

If the decision came as a surprise to those who had followed that hearing, it illustrates at least what Professor Maitland has termed "the beatitude of possession." And it may at once be conceded that it would be a grave step to admit,

[1] The Duke's two claims were so entirely distinct that, although now united in his person, they were brought forward by rival claimants in 1781. One claim was made as heir of the earlier earls, the other as heir of the later ones. The actual words of the judgment are (after declining to consider anew the construction of the award): "This disposes of the Duke of Atholl's claim" [*i.e.*, the first one only]. "The Duke's claim" [*i.e.*, both of them] "was held by the Committee of 1783" [*i.e.*, 1781] "to be barred by the Statute of Limitations. I am not prepared to say that it" [*i.e.*, both of them?] "ought to be disposed of by this committee on the same ground, but I think that the previous decision" [of which the grounds are not known] "of the Committee of 1625" [*i.e.*, 1626] "against it" [*i.e.*, the second one only] "was right, on the grounds that the office was so far an office of profit as to be capable of seisin, and the descent, therefore, was according to the rule of the common law" [which, according to the judges, in 1626, it was not, because it was more of a dignity than of an office of profit].

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however clear the proof, that, after all, a mistake had been made in 1553, if not in 1626. It is consequently quite intelligible that the conclusion arrived at should be that which is thus expressed in the judgment:

> The primary question for the Committee is whether the office passed to the then Earl of Oxford by the award of King Henry VIII. and the Act of Parliament confirming the award. Now it must be observed that these documents are capable of bearing the construction that the office passed [*i.e.*, if all the *contemporanea expositio* of evidence which proves that it did not pass be excluded], and they have received that construction for upwards of three centuries, both in practice and by a resolution of this House [owing to the facts not being known, as they now are]. I think, therefore, that the Committee will be justified in declining to consider the construction *de novo*.

But what, if I may say so, is unintelligible not only to myself, but to others, is why the Committee should have freely allowed the case to be argued on its merits and the true construction of the award discussed by eminent counsel at enormous length, if it was going to rule out, as the judgment does, the whole discussion. Moreover, it will be seen, we cannot learn whether the Committee held, or not, that the Duke's claim was barred by the Statute of Limitations; and if, as the Chancellor seems to have held, it could hardly be so barred, is not this conclusion based on the fact that the Great Chamberlainship of England is, after all, as the judges decided by a majority, in 1626, more of a dignity than an office of profit and that it consequently is not subject to "the rule of the common law"?

But to me the most inexplicable fact in the whole of this judgment is that it appears to deal with the construction of the award of Henry VIII. as a question raised solely by the claim of the Duke of Atholl. Of the claim, the definite claim of the Crown that the office reverted to its own disposition in 1526 there is not even mention. That against the Crown there is no prescription, that *nullum tempus occurrit regi*, is a maxim known to all. A leading counsel appearing for one of the claimants in the case has repeatedly assured me that this

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maxim undoubtedly applied here. And it is significant that, in spite of the outcry against the action of the Crown, not a single counsel ventured to appeal to any statute limiting the application of that maxim. I should not dream of following the deplorable example of Mr. Freeman, when, as Regius Professor, he wrote for party purposes, in wild and whirling words, that the House of Lords, in the Wensleydale case, "disloyally, almost rebelliously, flouted the Crown." But it would obviously have saved the Crown much trouble and expense if it had known beforehand that it was in the power of the Committee to abrogate or even to ignore this maxim of law, and we should certainly have received useful guidance for the future if the Committee had been good enough, on this important point, to lighten our present darkness.

J. Horace Round.

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THE PROMOTION OF TRADE WITHIN THE EMPIRE

SYDNEY, SUNDAY, FEBRUARY 2.

Mr. Barton, the Federal Premier, has declared in the course of an interview, that he has always favoured attempts to foster trade between the different parts of the Empire, but that the difficulty was to avoid coming into contact with other nations.—REUTER (*Daily Mail*), February 3, 1902.

OTTAWA, MARCH 11.

In connection with the proposed conference between the representatives of the mother country and of the Colonies to be held after the coronation, his Majesty's Government has been advised that the Canadian Government regards the question of commercial relations between the various sections of the Empire as the only one which gives promise of useful discussion.—*Times*, March 12, 1902.

WELLINGTON, MARCH 11.

Mr. Seddon stated that at the conference of Colonial Premiers in London he would promise for New Zealand a Customs rebate on British goods carried in British ships.—*Times*, March 12, 1902.

IN ANSWER TO SIR H. VINCENT (SHEFFIELD, CENTRAL).

Mr. Chamberlain said: I have no official information as to the feeling of the Government and people of Canada in regard to the results of the preferential tariff accorded to British goods. My attention has been called to the declaration of the New Zealand Premier, and it is proposed to discuss the commercial relations of the Empire with the representatives of the self-governing colonies when they come here for the coronation.—*Times*, March 4, 1902.

THE above extracts prove that the promotion of trade within the confines of the British Empire has ceased to be a question of academic interest, and has entered the domain

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of practical politics. The discussion of this subject by the Colonial Premiers gathered in London in 1897 produced, it is true, no immediate result, but this must not be taken as an indication that the conference proposed for the present year will be equally barren. There has undoubtedly been a growth of opinion in favour of the movement, not only in the Colonies but also in the mother country, during the years that have intervened. The protective policy of our chief rivals in trade—Germany and the United States—is undoubtedly hampering the expansion of our commerce, and the figures given on another page show that our export trade has ceased to keep pace with the growth of our population. The enormous increase in the national expenditure, largely due to the growth of the permanent annual charges for the army and navy, has shown the need for widening the basis of revenue, and has prepared the popular mind for a reimposition of the taxes and duties upon imports, discarded during the middle years of the century. The recent letters of Sir Robert Giffen to the *Times* and the paper by the same author, entitled "A Financial Retrospect," read before the Royal Statistical Society on March 18, may be cited in proof of this change of public opinion.[1] Finally, the war in South Africa has awakened the imperial sentiment in all parts of the British Empire, and has paved the way for a closer commercial and political relationship between the Colonies and the mother country. Many far-seeing statesmen have declared in the past that this bonding together of the scattered colonies and dependencies of the British Empire ought to be the aim of our colonial and foreign policy; but few realised that the Boer war would prove such a remarkable stimulus to the imperial idea.

The subject of the trade relationships of the British Empire is a large one, and it is impossible to deal with it, in all its aspects, within the limits of a magazine article. In the following pages I have therefore confined my attention to one of these, and have dealt alone with the influence that a change in

[1] *Times*, January 7, 9, and 10, 1902.

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our fiscal policy might exert upon the commerce of the mother country. I am aware that the effects upon the commerce of our colonies and dependencies are equally deserving of attention. The commerce of the United Kingdom, however, far outweighs in value and importance that of the Colonies and dependencies of the Empire, and it is therefore fully deserving of the first place in any careful study of the means to be adopted for promoting trade within the Empire.

I. *The Present Position of the United Kingdom as an Exporting Country.*

The United Kingdom, as a manufacturing country, no longer occupies the position of commanding importance won during the middle years of the nineteenth century. This loss of position is to some extent due to natural causes. The long period of peaceful development enjoyed by the nations of Europe after 1870; the growth of populations in Germany and America; and the spread of scientific and technical knowledge, have produced the only result possible. In most highly civilised countries the people are forsaking agricultural for manufacturing pursuits, and are flocking from the country districts into the towns. No country can now be called the workshop of the world, for all have workshops at home. The equipment of the factories and works of our chief rivals is equal to, and in some instances better than, our own. But artificial aids have been employed to assist the development of industries and manufactures in foreign countries, and to some extent the loss of position by the United Kingdom is due to the bounty and protective systems of our manufacturing rivals. That these have favoured our competitors rather than ourselves is proved by the official figures for the value of the export trade of the leading manufacturing countries in the period 1880–1900. These figures are reproduced in a diagrammatic form on the following page. The curves clearly indicate that, while all countries have suffered from periods of boom and

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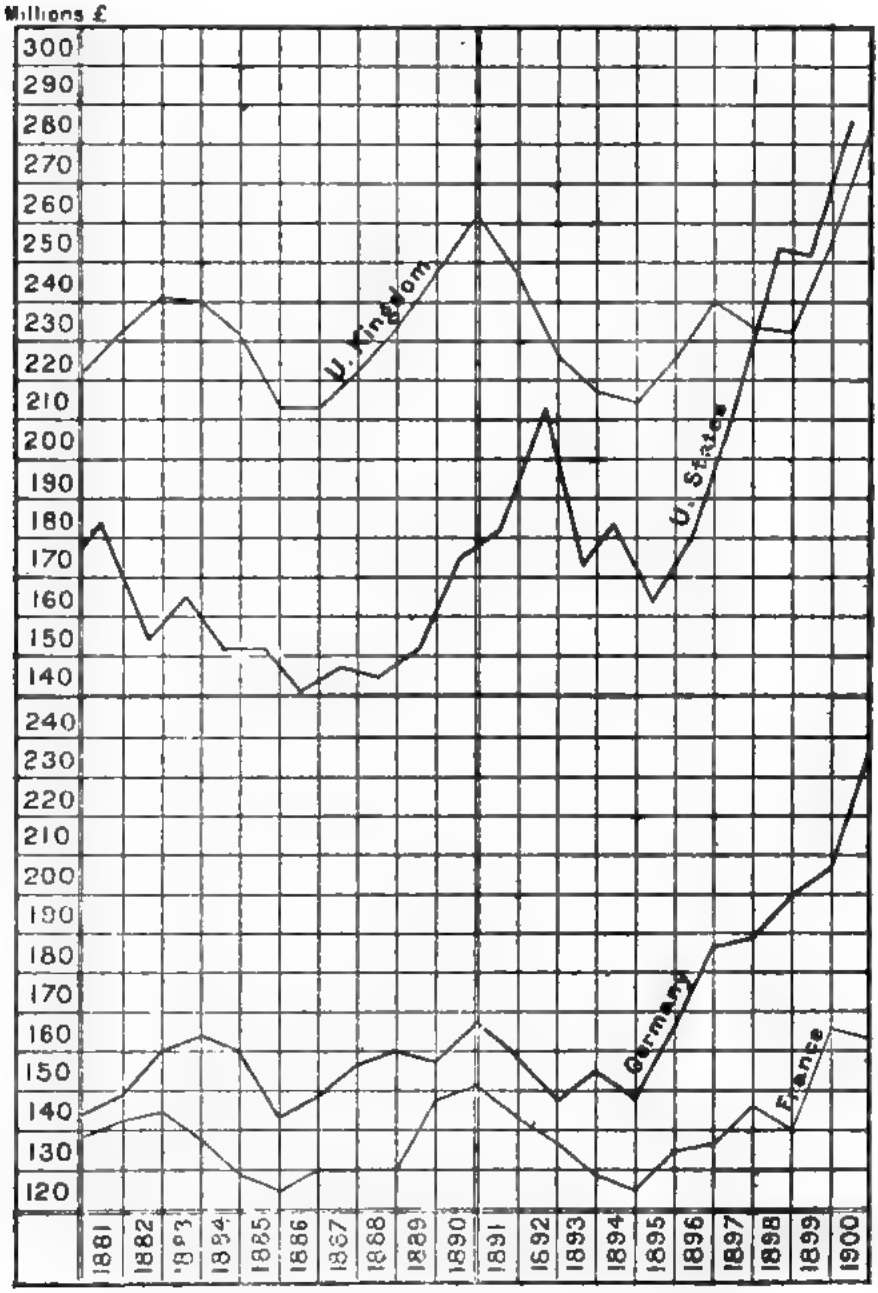

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depression, Germany and America have shown greater relative and actual progress than the United Kingdom. In the latter case there has been retrogression rather than progress, when the actual increase in population is considered. Comparisons for individual years, owing to the periodic character of trade depressions are untrustworthy. Many carefully compiled statistical articles relating to trade have been made the basis of wholly fallacious conclusions, owing to the neglect of their authors to use quinquennial or decennial averages in place of the figures for single years. The addition of ships to the export returns in 1899 is also causing many to fall into error when comparing export values before and after the year 1898. Taking quinquennial averages, and deducting the values for new ships in the export returns for 1899, 1900, and 1901, I find that while in 1871 our exports amounted in value to £7·07 per head of the population, in 1899 they amounted only to £6·21 per head. In the same period our chief rivals, Germany and the United States, can show an actual gain in the value of exports per head of the population. The following are the figures by which the value of British exports per head have been calculated for the years of 1871, 1881, 1891, and 1899 respectively:

TABLE I.

British Exports per Head of the Population for the Period 1871–1899.

Year.	Population.	Quinquennial Averages Value of Export Trade.	Value in £ sterling per head of Population.
1871	31,845,000	224,800,000	7·07
1881	35,241,000	226,000,000	6·42
1891	38,104,000	240,800,000	6·32
1899[1]	41,100,000[2]	255,400,000[3]	6·21

[1] This is the last year for which a quinquennial average can be calculated.

[2] The estimate of population in 1899 is based on the census of 1901.

[3] The value of new ships has been deducted from the exports in 1899, 1900, and 1901 in order to obtain an average comparable with those preceding it.

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The study of the figures of our foreign trade for the last thirty years, therefore, emphasises the need for improving our trade relations with our colonies, and with other countries willing to consider the advantages of reciprocal duties. Had the last twenty-five years witnessed a decline in the protective policy of foreign nations, it is possible that the agitation for closer trade relations between the mother country and her colonies would not have resulted in such a definite call for action. Protection as a system of fiscal policy has, however, triumphed, and the rapid growth of the United States and of Germany, as manufacturing countries, is a decisive proof of the fallacy of certain arguments used by the Manchester school of economists.[1] Protection and decaying industries are not necessarily allied.

The area of the world's surface open to our manufacturers and traders having been reduced by this action of foreign Governments, many consider that the time has arrived when the British Empire might with every justification copy the protective policy of her rivals. A consideration of those reforms which involve a change in the fiscal policy of our own, or of other nations, makes it, however, first necessary to refer to the ideal of that small remnant of orthodox free traders, who still believe that the conversion of the industrial nations of the earth to free trade will occur by means of example and of moral suasion. The futility of this ideal is, however, becoming each year more apparent. After fifty years of effort to convince our industrial neighbours of the advantages of free trade, not one of the leading manufacturing nations shows the slightest inclination to change its present fiscal policy. There are indications that even the most staunch free traders are beginning to recognise the hopelessness of modifying the fiscal policy of our neighbours by argument or example. When we find the Cobden Club admitting that "It will be our duty to maintain valuable trade rights already acquired in territories which other

[1] See Farrar's "Free Trade *v.* Fair Trade" (1885), p. 196; also Bowley's "England's Foreign Trade" (1892), p. 144.

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Powers may annex—and we freely recognise the necessity of being prepared to do this "[1]—it is evident that the era of moral suasion is over. Being *prepared to maintain* trade rights can have no meaning unless it indicates the use of force.

The conversion of the world to free trade principles by moral suasion is, therefore, an exploded policy; and the vision of the leading manufacturing countries of the earth voluntarily levelling their protective barriers, and throwing open their markets to the goods of all rivals, is fading from our eyes. But free trade within more limited areas of the world's surface is not such an impracticable ideal; and in the following pages I shall discuss the arguments for and against the only two proposals of a fiscal character which seem to offer relief from our present difficulties. The one—the adoption of a preferential tariff for the Empire—has for its aim the promotion of trade within the British Empire; the second—the adoption of an international tariff based on reciprocal duties—has for its aim the promotion of trade irrespective of flag. The second proposal is thus seen to have the same aim as that before the free traders of the last generation; but the methods used would probably be more effective and convincing than those which have left the chief markets of the world more strictly guarded and hedged in by protective tariffs to-day than a quarter of a century ago.

II. *A Preferential Tariff System for the Empire, and its probable Influence upon British Trade.*

The establishment of a system of preferential tariffs for the British Empire will be regarded by many as necessitating a step backwards in the fiscal policy of the United Kingdom. Much depends however upon the point of view, and I prefer to regard such a system as a step towards that world-wide free trade which all desire to see inaugurated. The British Empire

[1] *Times*, January 5, 1899. See also letter from Sir Bernhard Samuelson to the *Times*, November 6, 1901.

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embraces countries of wide area and every variety of climate, peopled by races of the most diverse character and attainments. If the contention of orthodox free traders be true, that the adoption of a free trade policy by the nations of the earth would benefit all who shared it, then it must be equally true that lesser benefits will follow when such a policy is followed by the scattered group of countries and peoples known as the British Empire.

At present, tariff barriers exist at various points within the Empire. The removal, or reduction in height, of these barriers to trade, is the aim of those who support the principle of preferential tariffs for the mother country and her colonies.

The most important of the objections urged against any change in the fiscal policy of the United Kingdom, is that based upon the relationship between the value of our exports of manufactured goods and the imports of the same by our colonies and dependencies. If this country is at present exporting goods, far in excess of the imports of these classes of domestic produce by the various portions of the Empire, it is evident that we shall lose more than we gain by the establishment of a system of preferential trading. There must exist an adequate market for our goods within the Empire before we can risk the loss of markets outside it.

A judgment upon the reality of this danger can only be formed after a study of figures, showing the values of the *imports* of manufactured goods by the various component portions of the Empire; and the values of the *exports* of similar classes of goods, by the United Kingdom, during the same period of time. This comparison must be carried over a series of years, since, for the reasons already touched upon, trade comparisons for single years are never conclusive, and may lead to untrustworthy results.

The totals given in Table II. are based upon the official figures published by the Board of Trade in the *Statistical Abstract for the Colonial and other Possessions of the United Kingdom*. These totals have been compiled with the expendi-

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ture of much time and energy, for the classification adopted in this publication does not facilitate any separation of food-stuffs and manufactured goods.

TABLE II.—MANUFACTURES.

Value of the Exports and Imports of the Chief Divisions of the British Empire in £ sterling.

	1893.	1894.	1895.	1896.
Total exports of the United Kingdom	189,809,000	184,647,000	195,736,000	209,832,000
Total imports of the Empire . .	189,135,000	174,675,000	195,206,000	219,839,000

	1897.	1898.	1899.[1]	1900.[1]
Total exports of the United Kingdom	200,824,000	199,075,000	215,158,000	226,465,000
Total imports of the Empire . .	230,999,000	227,879,000	246,675,000	266,088,000

The countries included in this summary of the imports of the Empire are the following: The United Kingdom, India, Canada, Newfoundland, Cape Colony, Natal, Australasia, New Zealand, and the West Indies.

It may surprise many to learn that the United Kingdom itself imported manufactured goods, valued at £98,700,000, in 1900. A market might, therefore, be found at home for 43 per cent. of our total exports of this class of goods. The values of the imports of manufactured articles by the United Kingdom have been rapidly increasing. In 1893 these imports amounted to £72,100,000 in value; each year since that date shows an increase. A growth of 36 per cent. in eight years is striking proof of the activity of our trade rivals in the home market. There is at present no sign that this activity is decreasing, and

[1] The values of new ships have been deducted in 1899 and 1900 because not included in the earlier returns.

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the admitted policy of the American industrial financiers is to manufacture on a huge scale, and to utilise the United Kingdom and her colonies as the "dumping-ground" for the surplus goods that remain after satisfying the home demand. To check this charitable design of our American cousins, and to save the home market and manufacturers from this unfair competition,[1] would be one of the beneficial effects of the change we are discussing. The figures given in Table II. show that there already exists *within the Empire* an adequate market for the whole of the manufactured goods produced in the mother country. Should the proposed change in our fiscal policy cause a total loss of our export trade in manufactured goods to countries external to the Empire (a result which is by no means certain), this loss can, therefore, be faced with equanimity.

Turning now to the results of a similar investigation concerning food-stuffs, I find that the position of the United Kingdom is not so satisfactory. The Empire may be regarded as self-dependent as regards manufactured goods, but it is not yet self-dependent as regards foods. The figures given below represent the value of the food imports of the United Kingdom, and the value of the exports of the leading component parts thereof, for the years 1893–1900. They have been compiled from the Board of Trade publication already referred to.

TABLE III.—FOOD-STUFFS.

Value of Exports and Imports of the Chief Divisions of the British Empire in £ sterling.

	1893.	1894.	1895.	1896.
Total exports of the Empire . .	59,562,000	56,668,000	53,221,000	55,934,000
Total imports of the United Kingdom	175,300,000	172,870,000	174,266,000	183,006,000

[1] Tariffs that are practically prohibitive prevent our manufacturers from competing in the United States.

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TABLE III.—FOOD-STUFFS—(*continued*).

	1897.	1898.	1899.	1900.
Total exports of the Empire . .	56,886,000	65,196,000	77,679,000	76,383,000
Total imports of the United Kingdom	189,621,000	204,116,000	204,646,000	215,370,000

An examination of the detailed figures [1] shows, however, that the exports of food-stuffs by certain portions of the Empire are rapidly increasing in value; Canada and New Zealand lead the way in this development of their agricultural resources. There is little doubt that under favourable conditions these two colonies might become the granary for the remainder of the Empire. Those who are incredulous upon this point are referred to an article by Professor James Long, which appeared in the *Nineteenth Century* six years ago. In considering this question of food-supply, it must also be borne in mind that the inauguration of a system of preferential tariffs for the Empire, would not require as an *essential* preliminary that the food supply should be wholly produced within it. A deficiency in production could always be overcome by purchase of food-stuffs grown in other countries. The fact that the Empire is not yet self dependent as regards food-supply, while, therefore, an undoubted disadvantage, is not an absolute bar to the practical inauguration of the change I am discussing.

Objections of minor importance to the adoption of a system of preferential tariffs for the products of the British Empire, are that this change in our fiscal policy would lead to an increase of price for articles of large consumption, and that it would facilitate the formation of rings and monopolies, designed to keep prices at an exorbitant level.

The first of these is probably true. It is cheapness alone that causes food-stuffs of non-colonial origin to find a market

[1] Lack of space prevents the reproduction in this article of all the figures upon which Tables II. and III. are based.

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in this country, and it is cheapness again that causes foreign-manufactured goods to supplant British-made goods in the home and colonial markets. Those who regard this probable rise in prices as a fatal objection to any system of preferential trading within the Empire, however, ignore two facts, that influence a right decision in this matter. The margin between the costs of British goods and those of foreign manufacture is only great in comparatively few instances, and the same remark applies to the difference in price of food-stuffs grown within and without the Empire. In such cases, where the article or product is one of large consumption, it might be wise to place it on the free list. In the majority of instances, however, the difference in price to the consumer is small. Under the present system of trading, such slight differences in price are sufficient to turn trade into foreign channels, and to hamper the development and expansion of home and colonial industries.

In considering this question of rise of price, it should also be remembered that many of the foreign articles which displace those of British and colonial origin, are produced under conditions of labour which we forbid, and that the difference in price in certain cases is chiefly due to this fact. By our continued purchase of such goods we are thus assisting to maintain in other lands conditions which we have condemned, and by our laws have made impossible, at home. The inconsistency is obvious.

As regards the danger arising from the formation of monopolist rings and trusts under any system of preferential trading within the Empire, I admit that this would exist, and might lead to extortion of unfair prices from the consumer. The danger could however, be easily removed by the passing of anti-trust laws by the parliaments of the mother country and of her self-governing colonies. Under such laws the competition between producers scattered over our world-wide Empire, would keep the prices of manufactured goods and of food-stuffs within reasonable limits. This competition would

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also be necessary to prevent manufacturers and producers from falling into ruts, and from using out-of-date methods of production, and stereotyped plant or machinery. The reality of this danger has been proved by facts published in a recent article.[1] Anti-trust legislation would, therefore, be a necessary accompaniment of any system of preferential trading within the empire.

The fourth and final objection that demands consideration is one based upon the present fiscal policy of our colonies. It has been urged that preferential trading within the Empire is impossible, because our colonies raise their revenue chiefly by import duties, and to exempt goods of British origin would result in large deficits in their Budget accounts. But preferential trading does not necessarily involve the admission of British goods duty free. It can be attained by granting a rebate on goods of home or colonial origin; and the Government of Canada, which has led the way in this matter, has shown that there are no real difficulties in the practical operation of the system. The revenue of our colonies could, in fact, be as easily collected under a system of preferential trading as is now the case; and no serious falling off in receipts from customs duties need be associated with the inauguration of such a system for the Empire.

Having considered in detail the objections to any system of preferential tariffs, the advantages offered by the adoption of such tariffs may be briefly noticed. The first and most important of these is, that it would check the decline in our export trade of manufactured goods, revealed by the figures given in Table I. This falling off in our export trade, if it continues, will have most disastrous consequences for the credit and prosperity of the mother country. Several of our staple industries are already seriously undermined, and a continuance of the present system of so-called "free trade" is likely to bring about their final ruin.

[1] "Industrial Trusts and National Prosperity," *Fortnightly Review*, April 1902.

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The British Empire is largely made up of countries and territories only partially occupied and developed. The growth of population in such districts, *under favourable conditions as regards markets for the agricultural and dairy produce*, will be more rapid than in the over-crowded town populations. Were this market reserved by a system of preferential trading for goods produced within the Empire, it is probable that the decline of certain of our manufacturing industries would be checked. The figures given in Table II. show that already there exists in countries under our flag a demand more than sufficient to balance our export trade in manufactured goods. As our colonies develop this demand will increase; and the growth shown in the period 1894–1900 is of good augury for the future.

The second gain from the point of view adopted in this article, namely, that of the mother country, is, that the adoption of a preferential tariff system for the Empire would prepare the way for the later political federation, which all parties in the State now believe to be inevitable at some future date. Commercial federation must either precede political federation or accompany it, and there are many reasons which render its precedence the more desirable. A mother country producing manufactured goods chiefly for use at home or in the dependencies and colonies of the Empire, and colonies producing food-stuffs and raw materials for consumption in the mother country, would be obliged by the necessities of this interchange of products to take a deep interest in each other's welfare. Such a study and interest would be of great service in developing the resources of the outlying portion of the Empire, and would lead to that thorough knowledge of the needs and claims of each portion of it, which must precede the inauguration of any scheme of political federation. The consideration of the advantages that would accrue to the Colonies themselves is outside the scope of this article. Otherwise the protection and development of colonial industries, now threatened with extinction (*e.g.*, the West Indian sugar

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industry), the provision of an adequate market in the United Kingdom for the surplus colonial agricultural and dairy produce, and the creation and maintenance of a healthy and strong agricultural population, trained to live in the open air, might be commented upon. The latter is, in fact, an advantage that would be of immense help to the mother country. The agricultural population of the United Kingdom is rapidly declining in numbers, owing to the conversion of land formerly used for root or other crops, to grazing purposes. Large areas of land in certain districts have also been allowed to fall entirely out of cultivation. The town populations are unfitted by training and physique for military service. The War Office statistics of recent years show a lamentable decline in height and chest measurement of the average recruit, especially in the northern and midland industrial districts. The South African War has proved that, in the future, our best fighting material will be drawn from our colonies and over-sea dependencies. To assist in the development of agricultural pursuits in these countries, and thus to provide the reserves upon which we may draw for the *personnel* of our army and navy in years to come, is the duty of our home Government. A preferential tariff system for the Empire would, I firmly believe, assist in the removal of a danger that is the more pressing, because it is as yet so inadequately recognised by the majority of the British public. A change in our fiscal policy, which would provide the Empire with *both food-stuffs and men* in time of war, is not to be dismissed as futile, because it might involve the addition of a few shillings per quarter to the price of wheat.

III. *An International Tariff System based on Reciprocity.*

In discussing the objections that have been put forward as a bar to the establishment of a preferential tariff system for the Empire, the consideration of the greatest of these has been purposely left untouched. Its discussion will form a fitting introduction to the subject of this final section of my article.

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We English have been for a long series of years the best hated nation in Europe, chiefly on account of the extent and success of our colonial and other over-sea possessions. To a heritage already great, we have been compelled in recent years to add immense tracts of territory in Africa; and the South African War has not made us more loved abroad. These additions to the Empire have been forced upon us by the action of our rivals; and they have been dictated solely by the necessity for preserving that open-door for trade, which has been for some time past the guiding star of our foreign and colonial policy. Were we, acting purely under selfish motives, now to reverse a fiscal policy which has been followed for half a century, and has been the excuse for bringing vast tracts of territory under the British flag, and were we now to establish a close system of preferential tariffs throughout the Empire, there is strong ground for the belief that the hostility of Europe would no longer find relief in words but would demand an outlet in war. There would have to be exceedingly strong reasons for the deliberate adoption of a policy which would drive European nations, and possibly America, into a hostile combination against us. The differences which now divide Europe into two passively hostile camps might be expected to disappear, when confronted with a greater cause of offence, shared in common by all the nations of Europe, against ourselves. The adoption of a preferential tariff system by all countries under the British flag might be regarded in this light; for it would certainly inflict serious injury on many of our industrial competitors, and they might prefer the risks of war to internal troubles with their manufacturing populations. They would also be able to point to a distinct breach of good faith on our part, since, in recent years, every addition to the Empire has been justified to our neighbours and to ourselves, by the plea that we were preserving the open door for the trade of all nations.

But while the strict reservation of British territory for British traders would thus awaken strong passions, and

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probably lead to a European war, the same result could not be expected to follow if we offered to our rivals in trade privileges equal to our own. At present they possess *greater privileges than we ourselves, and by the help of these they are slowly strangling certain of our home and colonial industries.* The freedom which they now have to sell their goods in every part of the British Empire, and yet to exclude by hostile tariffs our goods from their own territories, operates to our disadvantage in two ways. It prevents our manufacturers from finding adequate outlet for their goods in foreign countries, or in colonies under a foreign flag; and it exposes our products in the United Kingdom and in our colonies, to the competition of goods offered *below the actual cost of production.* The foreign manufacturer is enabled to achieve this latter result, in some cases, through the aid of state bounties;[1] and in other cases, by the adoption of that manufacturing policy which demands for its success; large production, high prices in the home country, and a "dumping-ground" for the surplus output.[2] There is reason to believe that the British Empire forms such "dumping-ground" for a very large quantity of foreign manufactures, and the United Kingdom especially is inundated with goods of this character. I have already referred to the rapid growth of the import trade in manufactured goods. The value for the year just closed amounts to £99,739,000, or close upon £100,000,000. A very large proportion of these goods would have been produced in this country under other tariff regulations. The unfairness of such a system is obvious, and it has only been tolerated so long because new markets have been plentiful, and the stress of competition has not been very keenly felt by our manufacturers. Now that these conditions are changing, owing to the appropriation of all the habitable portions of the earth, and to the appearance of new competitors for the trade of the neutral markets of the world, this one-sided

[1] *E.g.*, the sugar industry.

[2] The continental iron and steel industry; the United States electrical industry.

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system of trade—miscalled free trade—ought to give place to one in which the advantages are more equally shared. The change can be brought about by the gradual evolution of an international tariff system based on reciprocity. Canada, as is well known, maintains a duty upon nearly every class of imported goods, chiefly for revenue purposes. The modification of this system, under which goods from free trade countries obtain a rebate of 25 per cent. upon the ordinary duty, has already been mentioned in Part II. of this article. At present only the United Kingdom and New South Wales can benefit by this policy, for they are the only two free trade countries in the world.[1] The preferential treatment offered by the Canadian tariff can, however, be claimed by other countries, when they are ready to accord equal treatment to Canadian produce. The action of Canada, the value of whose import trade is small,[2] has not, of course, led to any conversions to the doctrine of free trade, the inducement offered is too small. But were the example of Canada followed by every country under the British flag the inducement would be enormously increased, and would, without doubt, lead to the reduction in height of many of the tariff barriers which now hinder trade development.

The change can, of course, only occur slowly. It is possible that, in the case of self-governing colonies, it will come about without any external pressure, since the prosperity of Canada, if it continues, will be an object lesson of the benefits resulting from the adoption of a preferential tariff.

In the mother country the change will be more difficult to effect, for it will involve the re-creation of the machinery and officials for collecting duties on imports of various kinds. I have pointed out, in the introduction to this article, however, that many forces are preparing public opinion for the necessary changes in our fiscal policy. The agreement recently signed

[1] The Cobden Club was formed in 1866, and has been *preaching* the benefits of free trade exactly thirty-five years.

[2] The average annual value of the manufactured goods imported into Canada during the period 1897–1900 was £23,800,000.

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at Brussels, relating to the treatment of the bounty-aided sugar industry, is a forward step for this country, for we have bound ourselves by this treaty to impose duties on such bounty-fed sugar after 1903. The agreement will, therefore, oblige us to provide the necessary officials and machinery for checking the country of origin and quantity, of our imports of sugar. From this action, to similar treatment of other products, for which this country is the "dumping-ground," is not a very long step in advance. The clause relating to preferential trading is the weak feature of the Brussels agreement, and, in view of the approaching conference of Colonial Premiers in London, it is surprising that the Government allowed it to be included without modification. However, governments change and although the present Chancellor of the Exchequer is not likely to initiate the proposed reform of our fiscal policy, it is not improbable that the next general election in this country will be fought out upon the respective advantages of preferential trading and so-called *free* trade.

Cobden and Bright and the Manchester School of Economists, Lord Farrar and the Cobden Club, have laboured in vain to convince the business communities in the trading countries of the world, that a policy of unrestricted exchange of goods is best, both for themselves and for others. To-day, to whatever quarter of the world one directs a glance, one finds tariff barriers erected, for the sole purpose of excluding British goods.

I am of opinion that the time has certainly arrived when the Government of this country is justified in using methods for propagating free trade principles that promise to be more effective than arguments and moral force. The adoption of the preferential tariff system, now in force in Canada, by the other countries of the British Empire, is the means whereby the necessary compulsion towards free trade may be given. Our European neighbours are not likely to find a justifiable occasion for war in a change of our fiscal policy, which will still leave them in possession of advantages equal to our own; and

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free traders ought not to raise objections to a policy which is likely to hasten forward the realisation of their aims, and to tend towards that free exchange of goods and commodities the world over, for which they have been struggling, without success, for more than half a century.

JOHN B. C. KERSHAW, F.S.S.

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THE TRUE STORY OF SPION KOP

A DEFENCE OF SIR CHARLES WARREN

THE nine days' operations which culminated in the occupation and abandonment of Spion Kop on January 23–24, 1900, have acquired a sinister prominence among the episodes of the war in South Africa. Sir Redvers Buller's telegram, despatched at 6.20 P.M. on January 23, and made public by the War Office on the morning of the 24th, which announced that the attack was to be made, had contained a hopeful view of the general situation; and the announcement that the position had been abandoned, following as it did in quick succession upon the news of the successful attack, left the nation not merely disappointed, but puzzled and mortified. The impression that something was wrong was confirmed by the publication of the Spion Kop despatches in the *London Gazette* of April 16, which contained in particular a covering despatch of February 13, in which Lord Roberts criticised in varying degrees Sir R. Buller, the Commander-in-Chief of the Ladysmith Relief Column; Sir Charles Warren, the general officer commanding; and Colonel Thorneycroft, the officer commanding the force on Spion Kop. In deference to Sir R. Buller's assertion that he had been injuriously affected by the omission of certain portions of the despatches, the recent White Book [1] was published, which contains passages previously

[1] Cd. 96s.

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suppressed and fresh documents. The most striking of the new documents was a note written by Sir R. Buller on January 30, 1900, and addressed to the Secretary of State for War, in which he, as Commander-in-Chief, severely censured Sir Charles Warren, the general officer commanding the operations in question, and blamed himself for not assuming direct command on January 19 instead of January 25. Upon the publication of the White Book, Sir Charles Warren wrote a letter, which was published in the *Times* and other papers on April 21 last, containing the following statement:

> This White Book does not contain some of the most important documents bearing on the subject, and those now published, if considered by themselves, give a totally incorrect view of the matter, and one which reflects most injuriously on the military reputation of myself and those who served so well under me. I trust that my conduct will be justified by the publication by his Majesty's Government of complete documents—a course which I should infinitely prefer to undertaking my own justification.

On the same day Mr. Brodrick announced, in reply to a question put in the House of Commons, that the Government refused either to publish the additional documents for which Sir Charles Warren had called, or to allow him to do so.

The Spion Kop controversy has entered, therefore, upon a new phase; and it is upon this new phase that I propose to throw a little light. On the one hand, the impression adverse to Sir Charles Warren conveyed by Lord Roberts' criticism of February 18, 1900, has been strengthened by the present publication of Sir R. Buller's note of January 30, 1900, upon which that criticism was chiefly based; and, on the other hand, Sir Charles Warren claims that the publication of further documents will show not only that Sir R. Buller's complaints were unjustified, but that the rebuke administered to him by Lord Roberts, under which he has "remained silent for the past two years," is undeserved, since the evidence upon which Lord Roberts' criticism was based was incomplete in itself, and incorrectly understood by him in some most material particulars. In short, the effect of General Buller's note, as

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endorsed by Lord Roberts under these circumstances, has been to throw the blame of the failure at Spion Kop upon Sir Charles Warren. And this in two main particulars: (1) General Warren neglected to carry out General Buller's instructions for the turning movement on the eastern flank of the column's advance; and (2) he failed to make adequate arrangements for providing the force on Spion Kop with reinforcements and supplies.

I shall endeavour to show that both of these allegations are inconsistent with the evidence already disclosed in the despatches as published, and that this evidence, taken in conjunction with the independent information that has slowly accumulated during the last two years, is sufficient to dispose of the impression injurious to Sir Charles Warren, due primarily to Lord Roberts' premature endorsement of General Buller's complaints. I may add that to those who like myself were in South Africa at the time of Sir Charles Warren's successful operations in Bechuanaland in 1884–5, the charge that he had failed to make provision for a water supply for the force on Spion Kop seemed especially strange, since this very matter was one of those in which Sir Charles Warren had then shown his special knowledge of South African conditions—*i.e.*, in finding water upon the march to Rooigrond in places where the Boers had declared that no water could be found. The circumstance that Lord Roberts' principal condemnation of Sir Charles Warren was based upon an obvious error—the assumption that the "Fair View" road mentioned by General Buller was the Fair View-Acton Homes road—whereas, in fact, it was the Fair View-Rosalie road—did not tend to lessen the suspicion that the burden of blame had been saddled upon the wrong back.

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I propose to consider these two charges separately; but before doing so it is necessary to set out certain descriptive details which will enable the reader to form some definite

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conception of the scene of operations. For, without a knowledge of the geographical relationship of the Spion Kop spur to the parent range of the Drakenberg, to the Tugela River, to the line of the Natal Railway, and to Ladysmith, the objective of the relieving column, it is difficult to follow the narrative of events, and impossible to appreciate the strategical questions involved in the handling of the troops.

Colenso, the scene of General Buller's disastrous engagement of December 15, 1899, is some ten miles due south of Ladysmith. At Colenso the line of the Natal Railway running north and south intersects the line of the Upper Tugela running east and west. After the repulse of the Ladysmith Relief Column in the attempt to cross the Tugela at this point, General Buller fell back a few miles south to Chieveley and Frere, still remaining astride of the railway. The natural barrier which lay between him and Ladysmith consisted of the Tugela River backed by the hills which form the edge of the third of the plateaux, or terraces, in which Natal rises from the coast to its northern apex. On his western flank ran the wall of the Drakenberg, whose lofty crests, by reason of the eastward trend of the range from Mont aux Sources to the Biggarsberg, were nearer to Ladysmith by some twelve miles than they were to Colenso.[1] From the Drakenberg flows the Upper Tugela with its tributary streams. The former winds eastward from its cradle in Mont aux Sources to its confluence with the Blood River on the Zululand border. The Sand River and Venter's Spruit, both tributary streams, take a south-easterly course; the first joining the Klip River west of Ladysmith, and the second the Tugela midway in its descent from the Drakenberg to Colenso. Between the Sand River and Venter's Spruit the Drakenberg thrusts out a limb, which, curving just where it approaches closest to the Tugela, affords the bold salient of Spion Kop—the mountain of espial, whither the *voertrekkers* descended from their first passage of the

[1] *i.e.*, about 40 miles from Colenso, and 30 from Ladysmith.

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Drakenberg to look out over the fair country of Natal. From Spion Kop[1] a series of lesser hills rolls easterly to Colenso.

With these preliminary remarks the reader may be referred for further details to the map which accompanies this article.

During the month which succeeded the repulse at Colenso the troops then engaged were rested, and the force under General Buller's command was augmented by the arrival of the 5th Division under Sir Charles Warren, and further strengthened by considerable additions of artillery. On Wednesday, January 10, 1900, General Buller commenced a forward movement from Frere. Leaving the line of the railway to his right he struck north-west, intending to cross the Tugela by the drifts westward of Colenso, and so turn the western, or right, flank of the position from which he had failed to drive the Boers by his direct attack at Colenso. By Monday the 15th General Buller had occupied Springfield and established his head-quarters at Mount Alice, on the south side of the Tugela, overlooking Potgieter's Drift. He had now at his disposal a larger force than he had at Colenso.[2] A part of this force was required to supply garrisons at Chieveley and

[1] The proper spelling is "Spioen Kop." The Dutch *oe* = *ū*, as in Soerabaia.

[2] Taking Lord Roberts' estimate, which allows only 750 men to the battalion, General Buller's total force amounted to 22,700 men, of which 19,300 were infantry and 3400 cavalry (including 800 dismounted), beside artillery. On January 17, when the turning movement was launched from Trieghaardt's Drift, this force was disposed as under:

	Infantry.		Cavalry.	
With Barton at Chieveley (and all garrisons) . . .	4300	...	1600	(800 dismounted)
With Buller at Potgieter's Drift	6000	...	400	
With Warren at Trieghaardt's Drift	9000	...	1400	
	19,300		3400	

Of the artillery, General Buller had two 4.7-in. and eight 12-pr. naval guns, and some field guns, at Potgieter's; General Warren had thirty-six field guns, and (after Jan. 22) a battery of four howitzers; while there were four 12-pr naval guns and a mountain battery with General Barton.

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Frere, and to maintain the lines of communication. After he had observed the Boer position at Potgieter's from the 11th to the 15th, he determined to do two things with the force remaining for attack: (1) To threaten that part of the Boer position which was immediately in front of him at Potgieter's, and (2) to turn the whole position by an attack delivered from a point—Trieghaardt's Drift [1]—six miles further west.

For the purpose of executing this turning movement General Buller assigned to Sir Charles Warren, Hildyard's, Hart's and Woodgate's Brigades, with artillery and engineers, together with the Mounted Brigade under Lord Dundonald. To mask the position in front of him, he kept Lyttelton's and Coke's Brigades with a force of mounted troops, some field guns, and the naval guns. As regards the disposition of the force under General Buller's command at Potgieter's, it is sufficient for the present to note that the two naval 4·7 guns were placed on Mount Alice, and the eight 12-pounders on a lower hill to the north-west; and that General Lyttelton's Brigade, having commenced to cross Potgieter's Drift on the afternoon of the 16th, took up a position on the north bank of the Tugela. During the progress of the turning movement under General Warren, the enemy's positions on Spion Kop and Brakfontein were searched by the British artillery at Potgieter's, and threatened by the advance of the troops directed by General Lyttelton.

On the evening of Monday the 15th, Sir Charles Warren received secret instructions to command the force assigned to him. These orders were entirely unexpected. He was actually on the line of march with his division, and he believed that he was about to take part in the attack on the Boer position before Potgieter's. General Buller wrote:

MOUNT ALICE, *January* 15, 1900.

1. The enemy's position in front of Potgieter's Drift seems to me to be too strong to be taken by direct attack.

[1] Spelt "Trichardt's" in the White Book.

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2. I intend to try and turn it by sending a force across the Tugela from near Trichard's Drift and up to the west of Spion Kop.

. . . . . .

4. You will of course act as circumstances require, but my idea is that you should continue throughout refusing your right and throwing your left forward till you gain the open plain north of Spion Kop. Once there you will command the rear of the position facing Potgieter's Drift, and, I think, render it untenable.

. . . . . .

6. It is very difficult to ascertain the numbers of the enemy with any sort of exactness. I do not think there can be more than 400 on your left, and I estimate the total force that will be opposed to us at about 7000. I think they have only one, or at most, two big guns.[1]

These paragraphs contain General Buller's conception of the task with which Sir Charles Warren was entrusted. Before narrating the movements by which General Warren endeavoured to give effect to these instructions, it is necessary to know the sense in which General Warren himself understood them, and to compare General Buller's estimate of the nature and strength of the Boer positions on the line of hills west of Spion Kop with the accounts of independent observers.

In reporting to the Chief of the Staff, on January 29, General Warren writes:[2]

2. On the 15th of January I received your secret instructions to command a force to proceed across the Tugela, near Trichardt's Drift, to the west of Spion Kop, recommending me to proceed forward refusing my right (namely, Spion Kop), and bringing my left forward to gain the open plain north of Spion Kop. This move was to commence as soon as supplies were all in, and the 10th Brigade (except two companies) removed from Springfield Bridge to Spearman's Hill.

3. I was provided with four days' rations, with which I was to cross the Tugela, fight my way round to north of Spion Kop, and join your column opposite Potgieter's.

As regards the strength of the enemy it will be observed that General Buller put it at "400 on your [Warren's] left" on January 15. This is important, because General Buller in his censure of General Warren, written on January 30, makes this estimate the basis for the assertion that General Warren

[1] White Book, p. 13. [2] *Ibid.* p. 15.

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by his "slowness" allowed the Boers to offer a successful defence at points which, but for this slowness, would have been found to be weakly held, or altogether unoccupied.

> By the 23rd [he writes[1] to the Secretary of State] I calculated that the enemy, who were about 600 strong on the 16th, were not less than 15,000, and General White confirmed this estimate. We had really lost our chance by Sir C. Warren's slowness.

This statement, it must be observed, like many others in the censure, is inconsistent with the account given by General Buller at the time. On January 18 General Buller telegraphed (through Lord Roberts) to the War Office:

> Five miles further west, at Trichardt's Drift, Warren has thrown a pontoon bridge across the river. Part of the men crossed yesterday, and the remainder is expected by this morning to be on the north bank. Warren hopes that he will be able to turn the enemy's position which, five miles off to his right front, is very strongly entrenched.[2]

The question whether General Warren was, or was not, "slow" will be sufficiently resolved in the narrative of his actual movements. But the allegation that with greater rapidity of movement General Warren would have found the Boer positions west of Spion Kop thus insecurely held is both inherently improbable, and refuted by positive evidence to the contrary. Its inherent improbability lies in the circumstances of the occasion. For a month the British forces had lain only a few miles below the Boer lines. For many days before January 10, when the advance towards Ladysmith was resumed, it was obvious to friend and foe alike that General Buller, after his bitter experience at Colenso, would endeavour to turn the enemy's position by a flank attack, right or left; and among the outflanking movements discussed a cavalry raid by Acton Homes was prominent. With spies in the camps and natives and disloyal farmers in the country around, how could projects, which were, after all, common gossip, fail to reach the Boer lines? Moreover, apart from any anticipation of the turning movement on their right flank, the Boers had

[1] White Book, p. 17.

[2] *Times*, Jan. 19, 1900.

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reasons for holding the hills west of Spion Kop. At Acton Homes the roads from the Drakenberg passes of Oliver's Hoek and Bezuidenhout meet the road from Ladysmith and the track from Trieghaardt's Drift. Acton Homes was, therefore, an important strategic point in the line of communication between the Free State and the Republican army in Natal, and its possession was necessary to secure the retreat of the Free State burghers by those passes in the event of their being required for the defence of their own borders. As such it was certain to be strongly held in view of the British advance.

So much for the inherent improbability of General Warren finding the Acton Homes position undefended, however rapidly he might have moved from Springfield. The positive evidence which shows that the line of hills west of Spion Kop were strongly held by the enemy is no less conclusive. The intelligence reports showed that there were a hundred waggons at Groote Hoek, behind Spion Kop, drawing supplies from a large base camp at Acton Homes, and that the Boers had been concentrating there—*i.e.*, at Acton Homes—since January 9. They also showed that the Boers who filled the trenches on Brakfontein were residing in camp behind Spion Kop. In short, that the enemy's main force was at Acton Homes, and behind the hills between Acton Homes and Spion Kop, and not behind the position which lay in front of General Buller at Potgieter's. Moreover, from the lofty outpost of Spion Kop the Boer signalmen could look down upon the movements of the British columns as though they had been traced on a map. No sooner had Lyttelton's brigade commenced to cross the Tugela than the news was flashed not merely to the Boer lines, but to England. A Reuter's telegram, published in the *Times* on January 22, reads as follows:

> Boer camp on Spion Kop. January 16 . . . it became known to-day that 300 British crossed the Pont Drift. . . . Towards 5 o'clock alarm was given that the British forces were advancing. . . .

Or take the evidence of eye-witnesses. Mr. Bennett Burleigh says that on Friday, January 12, he rode to the

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top of Swartz Kop. Apart from the trenches at which the Boers were working immediately in front of Potgieter's,

to the west they were crowning lofty Spion Kop, which rises abruptly 1000 feet from the Tugela, with defences and gun-positions upon its table-topped summits . . .

It was deeply interesting to watch the streams of Boers moving and working like ants upon the opposite ridges. Surely 10,000 of them were gathered to dispute our right of way.[1]

And Mr. Winston Churchill, who writes in full sympathy with General Buller, says in reference to General Warren's movements:

I do not know why nothing was done on the 19th,[2] but it does not appear that anything was lost by the delay. *The enemy's entrenchments were already complete, and neither his numbers nor the strength of his position could increase.*[3]

This, then, was the character of the enemy's dispositions in respect of the position which, according to General Buller, Sir Charles Warren would have found practically undefended, if he had only moved a little quicker.

I propose now to relate Sir Charles Warren's operations from January 16, when the force left Springfield Camp, to the 23rd, the date of the attack upon Spion Kop. The circumstances of the actual occupation and abandonment of Spion Kop (the 24rd–25th) will be reserved for separate treatment. In this account I shall state the operations of each day as briefly as possible, adding only so much of explanation as is necessary to make the purpose of the various movements intelligible. I shall also set out the telegrams which General Buller sent to the War Office during the actual progress of the operations; since these telegrams, as I have already observed, are inconsistent in many material particulars with the statements contained in General Buller's confidential note of January 30. I shall then discuss the criticisms on Sir Charles Warren expressed by General Buller and Lord

[1] "The Natal Campaign," p. 290.

[2] Quite wrong. See forward; and Gen. Buller himself writes (White Book, p. 17), "On the 19th he (Warren) attacked and gained a considerable advantage."

[3] "London to Ladysmith," p. 297.

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Roberts, and in particular the allegation, to which I have alluded at the outset, that the failure of the turning movement was due to Sir Charles Warren's neglect to carry out General Buller's instructions.

General Warren left Springfield on the evening of January 16, and, marching by night, arrived at Trieghaardt's Drift early on the following morning, Wednesday the 17th, where the force was joined by the mounted brigade, under Lord Dundonald. He then threw pontoon-bridges across the Tugela and began to pass the column over. The mounted brigade crossed mainly by the drift (or ford), and were sent out to reconnoitre. The infantry were first passed over the pontoons, and the two brigades of Woodgate and Hart drove the Boers from the hills immediately commanding the drift on the north side of the Tugela. Under cover of these two brigades the passage of the guns and waggons was commenced. It was carried on through the night; and by 9.45 P.M. on the following day (Thursday) everything had been brought over.

On the morning of Thursday the 18th, while the passage of the column was proceeding, General Warren (who had been up all night) went to the front to reconnoitre. He found that the two brigades could not advance beyond a certain point by day, as they could not cross the fire from the strongly entrenched Boer positions. He, therefore, made arrangements for a night attack. In the evening he received a note from Lord Dundonald, who had pushed forward to Acton Homes, asking for help, and he arranged for General Hildyard's brigade (the third of the three infantry brigades of the force) to support him. Before night the artillery were placed in position by Wright's Farm, and the passage of the column was reported to General Buller. The time thus occupied in the passage of the Tugela was thirty-six hours.

On Friday the 19th, Woodgate's and Hart's brigades, advancing in the dark, felt for the enemy in the morning on the hills towards Fair View; and under cover of this action General Warren advanced with the waggons at 8 A.M. to a

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convenient point on Venter's Spruit, where at 6.30 A.M. the camp and main depôt were placed. Afterwards General Warren again reconnoitred in front, and formed a plan by which he could attack the enemy's positions in such a manner as to give effect to General Buller's instructions.

Here a few words of explanation are necessary. The movement which General Warren was ordered to carry out was to pierce the Boer position on the hills west of Spion Kop, take his column through to the "open plain" behind Spion Kop, and so turn the position in front of Potgieter's, which was "too strong" for General Buller to take by direct attack. How this was to be done General Buller did not pretend to say. "My idea is," he wrote, "that you should continue throughout refusing your right [*i.e.*, Spion Kop] and throwing your left forward till you gain the open plain north of Spion Kop." That is to say, General Warren was to feel along the Boer position, working westward from Spion Kop, until he came to a weak place through which he could take his column, *i.e.*, infantry, guns and waggons. Now a glance at the map will show that there were two roads leading from Trieghaardt's Drift across the hills to the country behind Spion Kop. Both of these roads pass Fair View Farm: one takes a wide sweep to the west past Acton Homes and leads to Clydesdale, the other runs almost northwards to Rosalie Farm and Groote Hoek immediately behind Spion Kop.

The attempt to take the column round by the first of these roads General Warren at once rejected. The reasons which made the Acton Homes road impracticable in a military sense were these: (1) The so-called road from Fair View to Acton Homes was only a track—not a road.[1] (2) Acton Homes was strongly held by the Boers. (3) An advance by this road would have exposed the column to a flanking fire from the Boer positions on the Rangeworthy Hills. (4) If the column had got round, it would have been (*a*) taken in reverse by the

[1] Lord Dundonald did not take this road in his advance to Acton Homes. *See* map for Lord Dundonald's route.

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Boer positions on the Rangeworthy Hills; and (*b*) exposed to a flank attack from the Boer positions on the Drakenberg. In other words, the whole line of Boer positions on the Rangeworthy Hills, as well as the immediate positions near Acton Homes, must have been taken before the column could advance by this road. (5) The Clydesdale country into which it led was shown to be especially dangerous by the intelligence reports. It would not have been necessary to state these objections thus definitely had not Lord Roberts made the amazing assumption that General Warren by taking the Fair View-Rosalie road neglected to "follow the line of advance indicated by Sir Redvers Buller," namely, "the road past Fair View and Acton Homes"—an assumption to which I have already referred and to which I shall have occasion to refer again.

The Fair View-Rosalie road seemed, therefore, to General Warren to be the point in the Boer lines west of Spion Kop where least resistance could be offered to the advance of the column. It was difficult but not impossible, he thought, to drive the Boers out of the positions which commanded the road on either side. The road itself led over a dip between the junction of the Rangeworthy Hills with the lesser eminences immediately westward of Spion Kop, and the position thus intersected formed a re-entrant which could be attacked with some hope of success. General Warren accordingly made his dispositions to thrust the column through the Boer lines at this point.

> In the evening [he writes], after having examined the possible roads by which we could proceed, I assembled the General Officers and the Staff, and the Officer Commanding Royal Artillery, and Commanding Royal Engineers, and pointed out to them that of the two roads by which we could advance, the eastern one, by Acton Homes, must be rejected, because time would not allow of it, and with this all concurred. I then pointed out that the only possible way of all getting through by the road north of Fair View would be by taking three or four days' food in our haversacks, and sending all our waggons back across the Tugela; but before we could do this we must capture the position in front of us.[1]

[1] White Book, p. 15.

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At the same time he reported to General Buller:

(Sent 7.54 P.M. Received 8.15 P.M.)

To Chief of the Staff, Left Flank, *January* 19.

I find there are only two roads by which we could possibly get from Trichard's Drift to Potgieter's, on the north of the Tugela—one by Acton Homes, the other by Fair View and Rosalie; the first I reject as too long, the second is a very difficult road for a large number of waggons, unless the enemy is thoroughly cleared out. I am, therefore, going to adopt some special arrangements which will involve my stay at Venter's Laager for two or three days. I will send in for further supplies and report progress.—C. WARREN.[1]

To this General Buller replied that three days' supply was being sent.

It should be added that all through the day the two brigades were working forwards, gaining a close grip upon the Boer positions:

Although the Boers [writes Mr. Bennett Burleigh] had all the advantages of commanding ground and good shelter, they were step by step forced back upon the outer semicircle of lofty ridges stretching from Fair View to Spion Kop. We sustained some slight loss, but bivouacked upon the enemy's ground.[2]

On Saturday the 20th, Sir Charles Warren launched his force in a general attack on the Boer position on the Rangeworthy Hills. The mounted brigade worked on the left, Hart's and Woodgate's brigades, under General Clery, advanced on the centre and right, Hildyard's brigade covered the camp at Venter's Spruit, reinforced the mounted brigade, and supported the left of Hart's brigade. The result of the attack was that the Boers were driven from the whole of the southern edge, or parapet, of the Rangeworthy Hills eastward from Bastion Hill, and from the high ridge running (roughly) north and south between the Fair View-Rosalie road and the western flank of Spion Kop. The main attack was delivered by the two brigades under General Clery which advanced at 8 A.M.

. . . I placed two brigades and six batteries of artillery [General Warren

[1] White Book, p. 23. [2] "Natal Campaign," p. 306.

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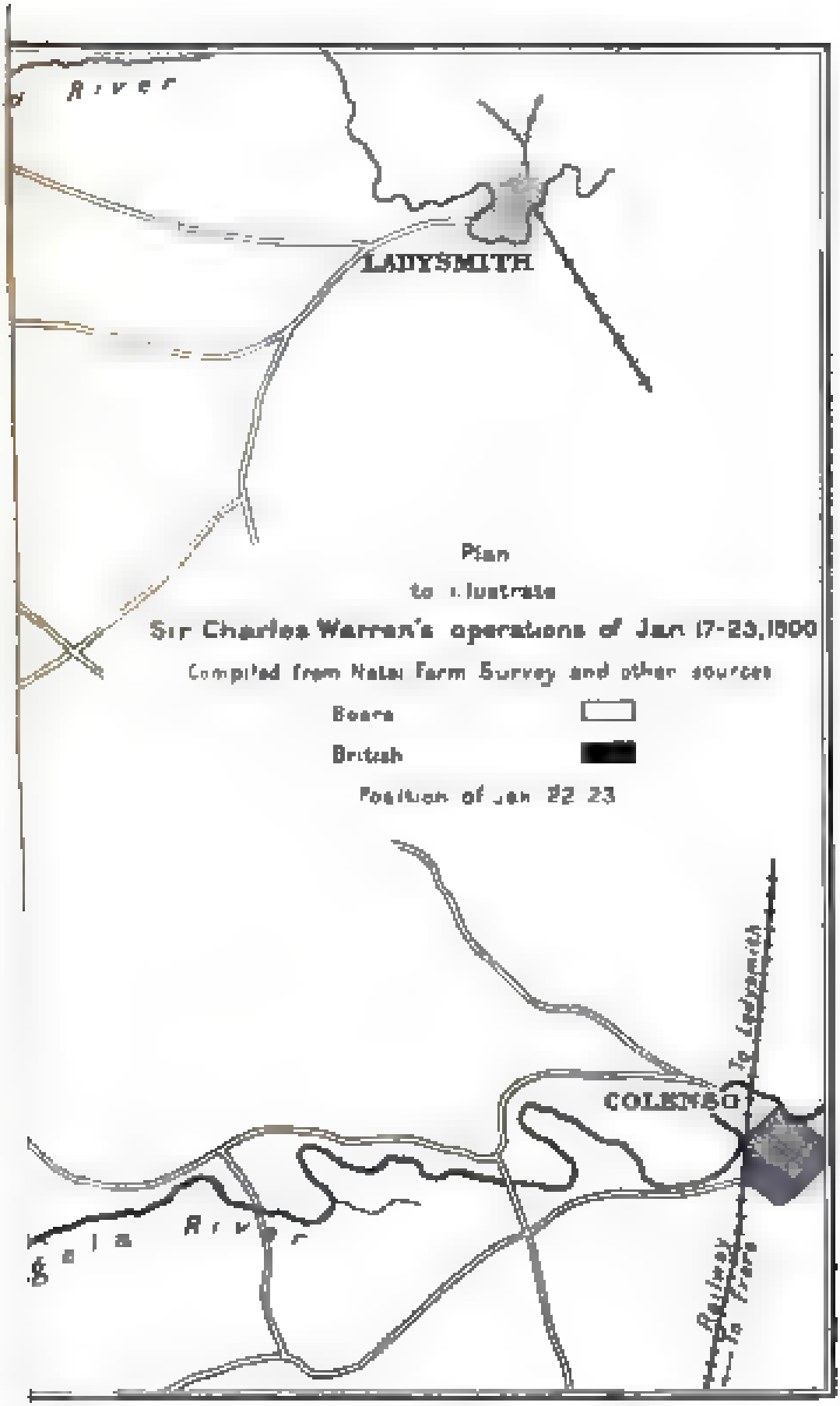
LADYSMITH
Plan
to illustrate
Sir Charles Warren's operations of Jan 17-23, 1900
Compiled from Natal Farm Survey and other sources
Boers
British
Position of Jan 22 23
COLENSO
To Ladysmith
Railway
To Pietermaritzburg

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Original from
MICHIGAN

writes] at the disposal of General Sir C. F. Clery, with instructions to attack the Boer positions by a series of out-flanking movements, and by the end of the day, after fighting for twelve hours, we were in possession of the whole part of hills, but found a strongly entrenched line on the comparatively flat country beyond us.[1]

This method of attack was an adaptation of Boer tactics. The instructions which General Warren issued to Sir C. F. Clery (dated January 19, 1900), were these:

General Officer Commanding 2nd Division,

I shall be glad if you will arrange to clear the Boers out of the ground above that at present occupied by the 11th Brigade, by a series of out-flanking movements. In the early morning an advance should be made as far as the Hussars reconnoitred to-day, and a shelter trench there made across the slope of the hill. A portion of the slopes of the adjoining hill to the west can then be occupied, the artillery assisting, if necessary, in clearing the western side and upper slopes. When this is done, I think that a battery can be placed on the slopes of the western hill in such a position that it could shell the scanses of the Boers on Spion Kop and the upper portion of the eastern hill. When this is done a further advance can be made on the eastern hill, and artillery can be brought to bear upon the upper slopes of the western hill. It appears to me that this might be done with comparatively little loss of life, as the Boers can in each turn be out-flanked. The following cavalry are at your disposal: two Squadrons Royal Dragoons and 5th Divisional Squadron.

C. Warren, Lieut.-General.[2]

That night General Buller telegraphed to the War Office from Spearman's Camp, at 9.4 P.M.:

General Clery with part of Warren's force has been in action from 6 A.M. to 7 P.M. to-day. By judicious use of his artillery he has fought his way up, capturing ridge after ridge, for about three miles. Troops are now bivouacking on ground he has gained, but main position is still in front of them. Casualties not heavy. . . .[3]

General Warren had now thrust his force well into the re-entrant intersected by the Fair View-Rosalie road. But between the positions he now held and the second line of entrenchments upon which the enemy had fallen back—the line of entrenchments shown in the map—was a stretch of open and

[1] White Book, p. 15.
[2] *Ibid.* p. 22.
[3] *Times*, January 22, 1900.

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ascending ground. A further advance from these positions would entail a direct attack over this open ground. That, as Sir Charles Warren said, was "to play the Boer game." It remained, therefore, to push either the right or left flank forward, and take the Boer positions in flank or reverse.

On Sunday the 21st, General Warren swung round his left. At daybreak the troops occupied the positions on the centre and right evacuated by the enemy, and an attack was delivered on the left, round Bastion Hill, by General Hildyard, in whose command the mounted troops were now included. At the desire of General Buller, who was present in the morning, Sir Charles Warren removed two batteries of field artillery from the right to the left flank, where they were placed at mid-day by General Hildyard with their left on Venter's Spruit—a position from which they opened fire upon the enemy's right. Later in the day General Warren, finding that he could not "proceed without howitzers, telegraphed for four from Potgieter's." At 9 P.M. General Buller despatched the following telegram to the War Office from Spearman's Camp:

> Warren has been engaged all day, chiefly on his left, which he has swung forward about a couple of miles. The ground is very difficult, and as the fighting is all the time uphill, it is difficult exactly to say how much we gain, but I think we are making substantial progress.

From the activity shown by the enemy during this day on the British left, it appeared to General Warren that the Free State Boers were preparing for a "trek" across the Drakenberg, and he therefore telegraphed in the evening to General Buller, asking him to send the three battalions of Coke's brigade from Potgieter's. He asked for this reinforcement in order that he might extend his left, and, if necessary, launch a brigade against the retreating Boers.

On Monday the 22nd, General Warren searched the Boer positions with artillery fire. In the morning the four howitzers arrived from Potgieter's; two were placed by the side of General Clery's batteries on the right, and two with General Hildyard's batteries on the left.

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It was in the course of this day that Sir Charles Warren decided definitely to attack Spion Kop. Early in the morning General Buller had sent a message cautioning him against the proposal to extend his left as indicated in the telegram of the preceding evening. At the same time General Buller reinforced him "by the 10th Brigade [Coke's], made up to four complete battalions by the addition to it of the 2nd Battalion Somersetshire Light Infantry and the Imperial Light Infantry, a local corps 1000 strong, for whose services he particularly asked."[1]

The situation with which Sir Charles Warren had to deal was this. The troops could not advance further from their present position except by making a frontal attack over open ground against the Boer entrenchments on the Rangeworthy Hills and the northern slopes of Spion Kop. This, as we have seen, General Warren had no intention of doing. It was obvious therefore, that if the column was to get through, a position must be found from which these Boer entrenchments could be attacked in flank or reverse, The required position was Spion Kop. I say "required," because, in the first place, the occupation of Spion Kop would allow the British to attack the Boer entrenchments on the Rangeworthy Hills in reverse; and in the second, because the capture of the Boer entrenchments on the Rangeworthy Hills would in itself be useless so long as the Boer entrenchments on Spion Kop remained to take the British line of advance in reverse. These circumstances were pointed out by Sir Charles Warren to General Buller, who was again present on the field of operations. General Buller, however, proposed that an attack should be made on the left, *i.e.*, at a point near Bastion Hill.

During the afternoon of the 23rd [General Warren reports] the Commander-in-Chief proposed an attack upon the enemy's position on our left flank that night. I summoned at once the General Officers available, namely, Generals Clery, Talbot Coke, and Hildyard. General Clery, who was in command of the left attack, did not consider it advisable to make this attack

[1] White Book, p. 36. But the I.L.I did not arrive until late on the 23rd.

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because, if successful, it would commit us to taking the whole line of the enemy's position, which he considered a hazardous proceeding, as we might not be able to hold it. In this I concurred, more particularly as it was evidently too late in the day to carry the operation out effectively.[1]

After this council, General Warren issued instructions that evening to General Coke for the occupation of Spion Kop. As, however, General Coke asked for a day's delay, "in order that he might make a reconnaissance with the officers commanding the battalions to be sent there," the attack was deferred until the following night.

On Wednesday the 23rd, as no advance could be made pending the deferred attack on Spion Kop, General Warren continued to search the Boer positions with his artillery. "Sir Charles Warren," writes Mr. Bennett Burleigh, "continued his steady daily hammering of the strong Boer lines north of Trieghaardt's Drift and Farm, just east of the Springfield-Acton Homes road, from daybreak until sunset."[2] General Buller was again present.

On January 23 the Commander-in-Chief [General Warren reports] came into camp and told me that there were two courses open—(1) to attack, or (2) to retire. I replied that I should prefer to attack Spion Kop to retiring, and showed the Commander-in-Chief my orders of the previous day.

The Commander-in-Chief then desired that I should put General Woodgate in command of the expedition, and detailed Lieut.-Colonel à Court to accompany him as Staff Officer.[3]

That evening General Buller telegraphed to the War Office from Spearman's Camp at 6.20 P.M. the following account of the situation as it then appeared to him:

Warren holds the position he gained two days ago. In front of him, at about 1400 yards, is the enemy's position west of Spion Kop. It is on higher ground than Warren's position, so it is impossible to see into it properly. It can only be approached over bare open slopes. The ridges held by Warren are so steep that guns cannot be placed on them, but we are shelling the enemy's position with howitzers and field artillery placed on the lower ground behind the infantry. Enemy reply with Creusot and other artillery. In this duel the

[1] White Book, p. 16.
[2] "The Natal Campaign," p. 311.
[3] White Book, p. 25.

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advantage rests with us, as we appear to be searching his trenches, and his artillery fire is not causing us much loss. An attempt will be made to-night to seize Spion Kop, the salient which forms the left of the enemy's position facing Trichardt's Drift, and divides it from the position facing Potgieter's. It has considerable command over all the enemy's entrenchments.[1]

As the story of this "attempt" will be separately related, it remains for me to refer briefly to the charges brought by General Buller and Lord Roberts against Sir Charles Warren in respect of the operations included in the foregoing account.

General Buller's allegation that, but for Sir Charles Warren's "slowness," the Boer positions west of Spion Kop would have been found weakly held, has been shown to be both improbable in itself and inconsistent with a mass of positive evidence that points to an opposite conclusion. His main complaint—that Sir Charles Warren neglected to give effect to his instructions—is expressed in the following terms:

I had fully discussed my orders with General Warren before he started, and he appeared entirely to agree that the policy indicated of refusing the right and advancing the left was the right one. He never, though, attempted to carry it out. From the first there could be no question but that the only practicable road for his column was the one by Fair View. The problem was to get rid of the enemy who were holding it.

On the 21st I find that his right was in advance of his left. . . . I suggested a better distribution of his batteries, which he agreed to, to some extent, but he would not advance his left.[2] . . . .

This complaint is thus endorsed by Lord Roberts in his despatch of February 18, 1900:

. . . it may be gathered . . . that the original intention was to cross the Tugela at or near Trichardt's Drift, and thence by following the road past "Fair View" and "Acton Homes," to gain the open plain north of Spion Kop, the Boer position in front of Potgieter's Drift being too strong to be taken by direct attack. . . . Sir Charles Warren . . . seems to have come to the conclu-

[1] *Times*, Jan. 24, 1900. It should be added that the casualties for the period Jan. 17–23 were: officers, 2 killed and 29 wounded; men, 45 killed, 444 wounded and 8 missing. This number can scarcely be considered excessive in view of the duration and character of the fighting.

[2] White Book, p. 17. But see telegram to War Office *supra* at p. 94.

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sion that the flanking movement which Sir R. Buller had mentioned in his secret instructions was impracticable on account of the insufficiency of supplies. He accordingly decided to advance by the more direct road leading north-east, and branching off from a point east of "Three Tree Hill." The selection of this road necessitated the capture and retention of Spion Kop, but whether it would have been equally necessary to occupy Spion Kop, had the line of advance indicated by Sir R. Buller been followed, is not stated in the correspondence. As Sir C. Warren considered it impossible to make the wide flanking movement which was recommended, if not actually prescribed, in his secret instructions, he should at once have acquainted Sir R. Buller with the course of action he proposed to adopt.[1] There is nothing to show whether he did so or not, but it seems only fair to Sir C. Warren to point out that Sir R. Buller appears throughout to have been aware of what was happening.[2]

The basis, then, of Lord Roberts' criticism of Sir Charles Warren is the assumption that his (General Warren's) decision to take his column by the Fair View-Rosalie road was a departure from "the original intention" of General Buller, and that "the wide flanking movement" recommended was an advance by the Acton Homes road.

The strategical objections to an advance by Acton Homes have been already stated.[3] But it is a question here not of strategy, but of evidence. The reconnaissance of the Fair View-Rosalie road, with its waters, had been furnished to General Warren's force. In the actual note before Lord Roberts, General Buller himself writes: "From the first there could be no question but that the only practicable road for his column was the one by Fair View."[4] When General Buller complains "he would not advance his left," he refers not to an advance by Acton Homes, but to an attack on the enemy's right at Bastion Hill. The despatch with which General Buller covers Sir Charles Warren's separate account of the occupation of Spion Kop makes this perfectly plain:

I went over to Sir C. Warren on the 23rd. I pointed out to him . . . I said it was too dangerous a situation to be prolonged, and that he must either

[1] Sir C. Warren did so. See his telegram of the 19th at p. 92.

[2] White Book, p. 3. [3] At p. 90.

[4] In view of General Warren's telegram of the 19th, it is inconceivable that this should refer to anything but the Fair View-Rosalie road.

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attack or I should withdraw his force. I advocated, as I had previously done, an advance from his left. He said that he had the night before ordered General Coke to assault Spion Kop. . . .[1]

The reasons why General Warren would not advance from his left have been given already. The capture of part of the Boer position on the Rangeworthy Hills necessitated the capture of the whole; and even this, if it could have been done,[2] would have been useless so long as the Boer positions on Spion Kop remained to take the column in reverse.

It would appear, therefore, that up to this point General Buller's complaints are unjustifiable in themselves, as well as inconsistent with the telegrams which he had previously despatched to the War Office; while Lord Roberts' criticism of Sir Charles Warren, so far as it applies to the operations in question, is based upon a grave misapprehension of the actual circumstances to which these complaints refer. A study of the two following days will, I think, confirm the painful impression thus far produced.

W. Basil Worsfold.

Note.—The account of the occupation and abandonment of Spion Kop will be given in the July issue of the Review.

[1] White Book, p. 23. [2] See p. 95.

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STATION STUDIES

III. IN KHAMA'S COUNTRY, BECHUANALAND PROTECTORATE

SOUTH Africa is manifestly a country which, in nautical phrase, has not "found herself." There are not many men to be met between Durban and Lake Ngami, or on a journey from the Cape Peninsula to the Victoria Falls, who have attained to any degree of detachment from current difficulties and immediate problems. Unconditional surrender, the blockhouse system, when De Wet will allow himself to be caught, and whether the Cape is to keep its Constitution, such and suchlike are the topics of the hour.

Platitudes about this country are distrusted by most men of sound judgment; and long local experience begins to be regarded as a serious hindrance to right thinking. If you reflect for a moment upon the attitudes which have been assumed from time to time by the militant loyalists of Cape Colony you can scarce wonder that "Colonial experience" should be distrusted in this year of grace. This position, paradoxical still to the British public, has long since been commonplace to the private soldier and the Headquarters Staff. You think perhaps that for the man newly arrived "from home" it would be the wiser as well as the more modest course to accept on faith the dogmas and the pious opinions matured by "Colonial experience." Not a bit of it; believe the initiated. The Boer, what he is and what can be

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made of him; the native and how best he can be taught or forced to work—these are still problems, and the Colonial public, long satisfied with hasty solutions, cannot longer be trusted to solve them. The British public already clings, with its usual constancy, to the view of Boer character prevalent among Colonials whose experience of this retiring and pastoral people consists of an occasional trip from Cape Town to Johannesburg. In a few years it may require materials for a judgment upon the native problem; and if Colonial experience is not by then utterly discredited there will be a plentiful supply of short and easy answers to any difficult questions which a chattering Press may be disposed to put.

The city of Palapye consists of groves of trees and tall bushes in which are partially concealed some twelve to fourteen villages, that is to say, groups of round huts, each with its wall of matted reeds or closely planted stakes. These walls being all circular, your path through a Palapye village tends to take the form of the letter S repeated indefinitely; and you are lucky, indeed, if you describe no figures of 8 in attempting a short cut.

In these villages live various divisions of the Bechuana tribes, and the inhabitants of the whole maze, which covers about three miles of a broad upland valley, might be put down at forty thousand souls. But the real title of this city would be "headquarters of the Bamangwato nation." When next I visit Bechuanaland the great chief may have moved his camp to some distant slope; and himself perhaps be gone beyond that further bourne into the "undiscovered country" where he will surely reap the reward of those who have governed men wisely and well—*Di melius velint*, long life to Chief Khama. In the meanwhile, Palapye remains a centre of teeming life; and if your guide be a man of fine intelligence, with a taste for inquiry and gossip, and a mastery of Sechwana idiom you may hear and see many things that will set you thinking and moralising.

You are set down between one and two o'clock of the night

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at a diminutive station or rather siding; and you watch without regret the procession of snorting and struggling trains moving off along the endless line of single rails with which is bound up so much of what romance there is in Africa. Buluwayo, city of self-assertive enterprise and "men inured to hardship and vile pleasures," is the destination of that strange procession from the ranks of which you have just fallen out as it were by chance. You find yourself wondering why there should be any human habitation in this fever-stricken spot. Perhaps you may have asked the same question at such considerable cities as Beaufort West or Vryburg and received an answer that precludes further inquiry. It should be enough for you to know that the giant who a few years ago chained this illimitable wilderness with his double band of steel, stayed his resistless hand at certain chance points, where accordingly for some months or years the train was perforce stopped; so that he who would press on further had need of stores and oxen and a waggon, as well as a stout heart and a cool head.

Palapye siding then is a fact which you may accept for the moment; and when the weary dawn again visits Africa you will find that there is little enough requiring explanation. One store, an inn, the station, and the station post office, the habitations of a few gangers and the tents of their native underlings, complete the settlement; and its history cannot be more than three years old. You are bound for the capital city of a vigorous nation, the *stad* not the siding. But if you have never tried your hand at driving six diminutive donkeys from a Cape cart with the aid of a huge whip and ungainly reins, there are fourteen miles of deep ruts and deeper sand, three hours of bumping, lurching, and objurgation between you and the haven of your desire. And when at last you draw near this city you will enter it without knowing. Before you have traversed what seems to be the extreme suburb you will be at the centre of the Bamangwato metropolis. It will be at least a week before you realise what an orderly city this is; how its House of Parliament and the mansions of its hereditary chief

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determine the arrangement of its wards and thoroughfares, and stand themselves for a symbol of that harmonious unity of law and order which our tolerant statemanship, aided by Khama's genius, has compounded of such diverse elements as tribal law and our own penal code, Christian morals and the ancestral customs of primitive Africa.

There is no happier animal in the world than the Bechuana child. A group of boys and girls in Palapye is the prettiest sight imaginable. There is none of that intense rivalry of exploit which makes the playground of the elementary school at home a compound in miniature of the battlefield and the prize-ring, the market and the representative assembly. These little black bodies were born to other things; and their dignity of bearing is the most salient point about them to the casual eye. They will sit in a circle of grave and elderly conversation revolving some weighty topic. But for the curse of Babel I would report to you faithfully what such an assembly has to say about the history of its nation, the proud resignation with which the name of its hereditary enemy, the Barotse, is mentioned, the traditional memories still cherished of those good old times before the white man came, and when the rifle and our *Pax Britannica* were alike unknown.

The delight of talking never palls for these naïve groups of little Bechuanas. But they have innumerable games as well. Their language is musical as Italian, to which indeed its sound bears some resemblance. They have a curious way of speaking more slowly at the end of the sentence. The language on a closer acquaintance has a strain of the primitive beauty of Hebrew poetry in its perpetual use of "parallelisms." As a rule they will express each idea twice, the first time in perfectly simple language, the second in some simile, or rather metaphor, that is often very recondite and sometimes naïvely poetical. I remember Khama saying to me in Sechwana on hearing some piece of news that I retailed to him about the Royal Family: "That is very good news, this hearing is to me like the sound of falling waters." So at least his words were interpreted to

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me; and my friend the interpreter gave me to understand that the phrasing of it was typical of the language, although Khama was a particularly good talker. I have listened several times to the boys and girls reading the Bible in the mission schools, and could not but marvel at the beautiful sound of the sentences and at the *verve* and swing of their falling rhythms. It is strange too to be greeted with a graceful gesture very like the Christian blessing—the hand uplifted to the height of the head and the head erect. So might two nomad chiefs greet each other in the desert.

But to return to our group of children; their chatter dies away suddenly and a game begins. Before they have been at it more than a few minutes the flow of pretty sing-song words once more pours out. They seem to take their game but half seriously, as though the talk and not the play were the thing. There is a survival amongst them of that most ancient of games which Greek sculpture has commemorated—the game of knucklebones; though, when I watched them, the game was modified by an element of marbles. And then perhaps, if the day be reasonably cool, they will form into a ring and enact one of those ancient mystery plays in which the motive seems to be the search for something unseen regarded alternately with fear and desire.

The group of playing children will soon break up. Some matron swings slowly and majestically out from behind the reed-fence of a neighbouring hut, a huge bowl of earthenware on her head. Thereon every girl of our children's party glides off to her home with a gait of deliberate purpose. Presently they emerge with bowls and jars of all sizes and shapes. A procession of women, ranging between the ages of seven and fifty, is soon formed in single file, the youngest and smallest leading. Like some black caterpillar the line of supple, dusky ladies, topped by brown bowls, slowly winds its way through villages and sandy wastes to the place of wells. Most of the bowls are adorned with patterns in black or blue and white. Some of these designs, the "Meander" especially, take one's

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mind back to the time when Imperial Alexander consulted Zeus Ammon on the problem of the sources of the Nile, which, as some one has said, "divided with Homer's birthplace the curiosity of antiquity." Is it too much to conjecture that a company of Greek explorers penetrated to the primitive home of the Bantu peoples in the hope of solving that absorbing problem, and left the mark of Hellas and her homely arts in Central Africa, as elsewhere, upon the industries of the peoples encountered?

The place of wells is the dry bed of a stream in which deep holes of twenty, and sometimes as much as fifty feet have been dug. There seems to be but little communism in the tribal laws of the Bechuanas—no common herd of cattle or public mealie-patch; and even water is a hard-won product of the soil which is bought and sold. As a rule it is an old man who sits on a mound or rock in sight of each well, as it were "at the receipt of custom." The currency is mealie-grain, which every drawer of water carries to the place of wells in a kind of large wooden ladle. I could never see that the size of the ladle varied with the size of the water-bowl so that so much water should be bought for so much grain. But at any rate payment was always made, the ladle being emptied into a great bowl, which the proprietor of the well kept in front of him. Unless I was much mistaken—which was abundantly possible, my knowledge of the language being so small—credit was sometimes given, and the well-owner would note that the price of one pitcher of water was owing to him from such and such a household in the village of such and such a sub-tribe. The pitchers being all filled, and big leaves of dock put on the top of the water to prevent its splashing out, the procession slowly forms itself in single file as before, the oldest and tallest again bringing up the rear. This formation has somehow become the obvious one for most of the South African natives; but it seems to be only among the women that the instinct for symmetry and order has decreed that the smallest shall lead when a company marches in single file. As our procession

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moves off there is the usual rambling talk, which is carried on without a backward movement of the head, when these dusky men and women walk, like a string of cranes, threading the native tracks.

The native who lives, as do these cheerful subjects of Chief Khama, under tribal law, is not like us the slave of time. He is, of course, very much alive to the changes of weather, the procession of the seasons, and the rise or fall of temperature which they bring in their train. He knows to a nicety the precise moment of the evening when a wise Bechuana should begin to think about a rag of clothing. And it is most probable he would be able to tell you any day whether there was to be a moon that night, and, if so, how long after the going down of the sun it might be expected. But as for his food and his sleep, why should these be affected by the position of the sun or other heavenly bodies? Eat a little when you are too hungry to go without, drink water when you are too thirsty to abstain, and sleep when there is nothing to keep you awake, these are his primary rules of conduct.

The Bechuana is a moderate eater, content for the most part with a small allowance of mealie-grain or Kaffir corn. Doubtless, our vegetarian friends will expect to hear that they thrive better on this diet than they do on meat. But, alas for theories, it is not so. The little children are sometimes painful to look upon, so terribly does a diet of unrelieved mealies tend to what the vulgar call "wisible swellin'." But it is seldom that this disfigurement persists into full manhood. Thanks to the patience, tact, and zeal of Khama there is here no work for the temperance enthusiast to undertake. Kaffir beer is indeed made and drunk in most of the huts, but it is not a beverage that tempts to excess, and is as healthy and nourishing a drink as could be found. Khama's objection to it (for the prohibition covered Kaffir beer until recently the chief decided to yield to the popular demand) was not that his people got drunk on it, nor that it was bad for their health or morals, but simply that it encouraged idleness, the

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pot in which the beer is fermented requiring to be watched many hours on end if the liquor is to be a success.

The real charm of the Bechuana is the childlike ease with which he glides through life. "To travel deliberately through the ages is to get the heart out of a liberal education," said R. L. Stevenson; and it is a good observe upon European life. But for the Bechuana there seem to be but two ages, only two conditions of mind—the childhood of children and the childlike manhood of men. Perhaps he has few soaring aspirations, no impossible ideals; at the least the true Bechuana never sinks into the slough of despond or suffers the torment of vain regret and bitter disillusion.

Of all South African natives the Bechuana seems to adapt himself most quickly and most completely to our civilisation. Government has been wise enough to take whatever was praiseworthy in the existing tribal law and custom and to lend to it the immense weight of the sanction of the "Great White Queen." There were, of course, certain powers which had to be reserved by the Imperial Government. But, on the whole, it is the ancient law, developed by the natives themselves during centuries of primitive existence, under which the modern Bechuana lives in our Protectorate.

To our notions some of the provisions of the tribal law seem perverse, and recall the laws of the imaginary states we meet with on the stage of comic opera. But, as a rule, there is some good explanation of such perversities. The extreme importance and strength of the tribal tie often justifies customs otherwise indefensible from the European point of view. No *corpus juris* was ever administered with such unfailing strictness and stern justice as this compound of modern law (with its background of Christian morals) and the primitive customs of savage life. If I give an instance of a mistake recently committed by a newly appointed member of the Administration owing to his excusable ignorance of tribal law, I must not be taken to imply that such cases are anything but rare.

To leave the headquarters of the tribe or sub-tribe to which

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you owe allegiance is an extreme measure, requiring the special permission of your headman. To do so without permission entails under tribal law the forfeit of your goods. For there are certain classes of property which may be said to be held under the consent of the tribe; and among these are slaves, the product of wars undertaken by the tribe, and grain, the product of the "garden" allotted to each man from the tribal lands.

A native, dwelling with his sub-tribe somewhere in Khama's country, made up his mind to settle with his family at Gwelo in Rhodesia. For reasons unknown he left without leave and took with him his slaves and a large number of grain-bags. Some months later he returned to take away a few more bags of grain. His chief protested and eventually referred the matter to the Imperial authorities, not so much for decision as to secure the offender and recover the grain and slaves. But this gentleman was crafty; he went himself and complained that he was prevented from recovering property which he had left behind. Doubtless he was well aware that the official to whom his complaint was made was new to his work. On the principles of ordinary equity there seemed little doubt that the man was entitled to take away whatever had previously belonged to him. After inquiry it was decided that as the goods had really been his he was entitled to take them away. In fact, the decision completely ignored the validity of tribal law, which we do our utmost to uphold.

Not many years ago Khama's son seceded from the tribe and left its headquarters at Palapye. This is not the place to discuss his motives in detail; but it is of interest to observe that he was largely actuated by jealousy, not of Khama himself but of one of Khama's sons-in-law, who has a great deal of influence in the councils of the tribe. This son of our loyal ally Khama, may or may not follow in the footsteps of his father; it is just possible that the loyal feelings created and fostered by Khama may be strong enough to resist the counter-influence of any new chief.

Linchwe is said to be an extremely able man, quite capable

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of forming ideas of his own upon the policy which his race should pursue. His secession must have been a fine piece of natural drama. The rule of the chief is by no means absolute; when any really important decision has to be made a meeting of the whole tribe is called; and this may mean an assembly of about ten thousand men. It was at a meeting of this kind, called in Sechwana a *khotla*, that Linchwe announced his secession. He complained publicly of the neglect with which he was treated by his father the chief, while his sister's husband was consulted on all important matters. Khama's reply was that he had good reasons for trusting the judgment of his son-in-law, as indeed he has. To this Linchwe answered by asking all those members of the tribes who agreed with him to leave Palapye with him and seek "fresh woods and pastures new." Nearly four thousand men are said to have left Palapye in his train; but it is probable that a number of these returned so soon as it became known that Khama had made his son an outlaw in consequence of his secession. It is easy to see that this affair would have led to a serious war if the Imperial Government had not intervened. Khama was directed by the Government to give Linchwe a certain portion of the tribal lands and to allow him to settle there. Unfortunately we did not specify the district in which he was to be allowed to settle. The result was that Khama chose the least habitable portion of his territories for his rebellious son. Now, we were in fact responsible for this award, and it was really our business to see that it was carried out. Linchwe is still on his way to the distant desert set apart for him and his followers; indeed, it is said by the gossips that he moves about ten miles a year. We ought really to have seen that he went to his portion of the territory at once; and to send him there with an escort would have been the best course of all.

There seems to be a general impression that when a supply of native labour is required you have only to transport natives to the industrial centre, wherever it may be. We have heard a good deal lately about the "compound" system in Kimberley

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and Johannesburg. There is much to be said for it as contrasted with the alternative which is generally present to the mind when this system is upheld. But it is important to remember that the compound, though an immense improvement on the slip-shod anarchy which prevails in the Cape Colony and most markedly in the Peninsula, is not in itself a desirable way of meeting the difficulty. For there are natives and natives. The large number of cross-breeds, called in South Africa "bastards," should on no account be herded with pure-bred men, who have not only relations with their own tribe which keep them within the discipline of the chief, but have also their tribal dignity to maintain. At Mafeking, besides the town in which the pure-bred natives dwell, there is also a separate quarter for the miscellaneous coloured people, who are too much assorted to live under any tribal organisation. In the proper native quarter tribal existence goes on very much as it does in the Protectorates.

There is here the germ of a system which, as I believe, would go a long way to solve some of the most serious and pressing of the difficulties involved in the native question. There is at least little doubt but that the natives are the better citizens and the more useful workers if they are allowed to manage their own affairs within certain well-defined limits. Close observers agree in describing the natural dignity and pride of the native as the root of such morality as he is at present capable of living by.

The Department of Native Affairs should endeavour to aggregate the members of the various tribes and sub-tribes round the mines so that, as far as possible, all natives of any one tribe represented among the mine-workers may live together, and, what is equally important, work together in the same mine or mines. As time went on, and the native industrial population became more and more organised into tribal units, it would be possible to introduce a certain amount of self-government into these numerous small native quarters. Under the compound system, well as it works on the whole, there is a

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great waste of the force which more than anything else makes for order and contentment. For the natives, like other people, exercise a restraining influence upon each other. The difficulty about drink would also be easier to solve if the "boys," living all together in small groups, were able to make their own "Kaffir beer," which, while itself perfectly harmless, makes them less ready to drink the vile spirits which are sure to be offered to them, however strict the prohibition against selling drink to natives may be made.

A great proportion of the manual labour at home in Palapye is done by the young boys and girls. The boys are away for months at a time with the cattle. The girls look after the "gardens." When you visit a family in Palapye you are generally informed that the boys are at the cattle-posts and the girls at the gardens. The consequence is that in the town itself for a good part of the year there are only the married men and women and the very small children. If you sleep out of doors at Palapye (as I did more from necessity than from choice), you will hear the same murmuring sounds at whatever hour you may chance to wake up. For the children's games and chatter go on throughout the night. You realise in what latitude of what continent chance has placed you, when you have a midnight visit from a wolf or two, harmless creatures to mankind so long as the lack of drainage ensures them their nightly due of offal in the narrow pathways. Sometimes even you may hear the distant roar of a lioness strayed south with her cubs, and roaming over the Chipwong Hills. These are but occasional sounds of the hot summer night; but the sound of children's voices is continuous and perpetual. They have, of course, no definite time for "going to bed"; they are not afraid of the dark, still less of being left alone like children at home; and the delight of talking never palls for them.

In Palapye you often see tiny girls wielding immense stakes of wood with which the mealie-grain is pounded in a large earthenware bowl. It is a charming sight to see these little

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people helping their mothers or elder sisters at the heavy tasks. It is moreover probable that the amount of labour done by them has contributed much to that marvellous strength and beautiful carriage of the body which are even more remarkable in the young women than in the men. The gardens are often at a considerable distance from the *stad*. The girls have therefore to camp out for some days at a time among the mealie-patches. You see the natives at their best when you come across them near such an encampment in the middle of the beautiful bush-veldt. They wear little enough at the best of times; but when they are far removed from the restraints (such as they are) of their town life, they wear no more than the purely conventional indication of clothing which native decency requires. I remember once meeting a band of some forty women, all of them quite young, near some of Khama's tobacco plantations. They were carrying on their heads large baskets full of berries which they had been gathering; some of them had just finished washing their black persons in a stream when we rode down on them. They greeted us with various forms of words, not all of them quite as respectful as they might have been, and then began roaring with the most spontaneous laughter I ever heard. "Look at us; what sweet women we are," was what they said; and then they would become helpless with laughter. I was riding with two officials, one of whom knew Sechwana while the other did not. The higher of these two representatives of the Great White King acknowledged with the utmost courtesy a salutation which runs: *Dumela iniyazi*, and means, "greetings, paramour." He was a little shocked and not a little angry when his colleague gave him this literal translation of a greeting which he had often heard and acknowledged in the belief that it was peculiarly respectful and reserved for himself—as indeed it was. In point of fact, they meant no more than to express their feeling that he was what we might call with all respect "an old dear."

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The women's one necessary garment is a fringe of leather thongs, which they wear in front of their persons. When a girl reaches the age of, I think, fourteen, the fringe of thongs, called the *makgabe*, is supplemented by the *moshesh*, a dressed skin worn behind and suspended from the same strings of light-blue beads as the *makgabe*. It is difficult to imagine a more becoming dress; nor would any one not hidebound in the prudery of European conventions consider it inadequate for the purpose of decency. It would be a great mistake to attempt any interference with the native dress, whether for men or women. These things are all matters of convention; and it is quite likely that European dress may appear meretricious in the eyes of the true unsophisticated Bechuana. It is quite certain that no influence in this matter could be brought to bear upon them with much effect from outside. Besides, there is a growing tendency among the women to wear cotton skirts. Much may, however, be done to improve their notions of the proper lines of European clothing. In the schools of the near future which will, as we hope, be provided and maintained by the Federal Government, through a Central Department of Native Education, there should be a great development of cutting-out classes, in which design as well as the technique of dress-making could be taught to every girl who passed through the school.

The average native has a great passion for teaching. It springs from the childish pride he takes in his knowledge of some purely mechanical piece of knowledge, such as the Sechwana alphabet, in the midst of a population who neither know nor care for any of these things. It has yet to be proved that their capacity to teach is at all comparable with the delight which they take in that most difficult and arduous of employments. It is a common sight to see a group of full-grown men gathered round some superior person many years their junior who instructs them on the strength of a few days schooling. For it is only of recent years, and that only owing to Khama's influence, that parents have arranged for their boys

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to leave the cattle-posts for certain periods in order to attend the schools provided for them. The result is that in these schools you often see grown men; and if you ask them why they did not go to school earlier the answer is invariably that their fathers kept them at the cattle-posts, and that, now they were their own masters, they felt the disgrace of knowing so much less than their younger brothers and sisters. No sooner has a Bechuana learnt how to write the letters of the alphabet than he must find some one else to share his new-found knowledge. To see the scholars (children is not the word for this mixed assemblage) as they troop out of one of the district or village schools maintained in Palapye by the London Missionary Society is a lesson in enthusiasm. The passion for teaching their friends probably accounts for the large number of natives who can read and write a little although they have never been to any school. I have often seen a truck-load of good-humoured "kaffirs" at a siding on the northern line gathered round one of their number who is teaching a friend how to do simple addition on an old slate, probably stolen from a school which he attended in some favoured spot like Palapye.

It may be asked what improvement we can hope to make in the intellect and the morality of these Bechuanas, excellent as they are in their present sphere and to their own degree. It would be rash to hope for too much or to expect results at once. But there is just one thing which we may do without misgiving. It is the one thing which would have seemed obvious to our forbears—"Nor," as Calverley said, "am I very sure they erred, are you?" We may give them our religion, if we can do no more. There are many Christians at Palapye. The great Chief Khama is among the most sincere and devoted of them. Indeed it is only the shallowest view of native affairs which could lead one to depreciate the value of the missionary work done and still doing among them. The utmost caution must, however, be exercised by the missionary to see that the Christianity penetrates the outer husk of barbarism. For the curse of the missionary, more especially

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of that evangelical type which we mainly produce in England, is the page of statistics which he is expected to forward home from time to time in order that the worthy folk of Exeter Hall or the readers of the parish magazines may rejoice over the conversion of so many more "heathen souls." What would be the feelings of these people if they knew that a goodly number of these "converted" heathen had an allowance of wives scarcely to be reconciled with the Christian faith, and allowed their children to undergo Pagan rites which could not possibly be described at a missionary meeting? Yet so it is. There is much to be said for the eclectic principle according to which men of business who deal with natives judge of religious faiths—by the power which they exercise over the lives of their native converts. There is no doubt that the Bechuana is immensely the better in every way if he has learnt to reverence the "name above all names," whatever be the sectarian aspect under which he has learnt to do so. With such people the influence exercised by the confessional is of the utmost power and value. The Catholic missions have not hitherto made much stir in these northern districts; but a little further south the Jesuits have worked wonders, and it is to be hoped that the Catholic teaching and missionary orders will soon extend their sphere to include Palapye and Khama's country generally.

There is no space here to tell the story of the first white man ever encountered by Bechuana tribes; and, if there were, would it be quite fair to give to the world a good story which is not the present writer's property? But I cannot resist recording that this first white man, who married a native woman, settled down with a small tribe of which he became the chief, "near a great mountain in the north of the Transvaal." He prospered exceedingly and gave his name to a tribe. The great mountain was not easy to identify until one very old man gave the white man's name as Machálie, or something like that. Perhaps he was a Scotchman—a MacAlister even. At all events, it is fairly certain that his name, though no longer used

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by a tribe, is preserved in the name of the most conspicuous mountain in the Northern Transvaal, the Magaliesberg.

Khama will not be expecting to see a report of his conversation with me in the pages of a Review; but I hold it a pious act to record on a monument more enduring than brass, some traces of the poetry which stands him in the stead of small talk. The talk came round, as all South African talk will, to the great war then degenerating into its later phases of interminable pettiness more wearing than great losses. I knew that Khama had resisted a temptation to break his allegiance; but I was hardly prepared for the epic flavour of the story. I asked him whether he had seen anything of the Boers during the war. This was his answer; but you must imagine what follows to have been spoken very slowly with long pauses, and in beautiful sing-song Sechwana.

Khama said, "It was about the time of the going down of the sun. I was sitting in my hut. Upon the threshold there came a Boer very dirty and travel-stained. I asked him whence he came. He said, 'I have ridden without dismounting, from the Limpopo.' I asked him what he would with me. He said, 'I bear a message from Commandant Grobbelaar, whose commando is resting on the further bank of the river.' I said, 'What does your commandant wish from me?' He told me that the commandant only desired permission to traverse my territory without being molested by my regiments. I said, 'Why does your commandant wish to cross my country?' He said, 'The Boers are at war with the Rooineks and are driving them into the sea.' I said to the messenger, 'Is that all you have to say?' He said he had not eaten or drunk for many hours, and begged that he might get some food while I considered what reply I should make to Commandant Grobbelaar. I replied, 'You shall not eat or drink in my city or in my land.' He said, 'But I am so hungry that I cannot go without food.' I said, 'You shall not eat in my territory. You will ride straight back to your commandant and will say to him that I, Khosh Khama, am a son of the

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Great White Queen; and that if he or his men cross the river I will drive them back into it by force of arms, to be food for crocodiles.'"

Such is the talk of Khama; and it is worthy of the man. He is a great ruler, but an old man. He has suffered not a little for his convictions, notably in regard to the question of drink. But he will die full of honours; and he himself hopes to meet the Great White Queen in the next world. Let me hope that his wish may be fulfilled; and that the Great White Queen may rejoice to hear the grey-haired king

> Unravel all his many-coloured lore,
> Whose mind hath known all arts of governing,
> Mused much, loathed life a little, loved it more.

A BRITISH OFFICIAL.

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SRÁHMANDÁZI[1]

DEEP embowered beside the forest river,
Where the flame of sunset only falls,
Lapped in silence lies the House of Dying,
House of them to whom the twilight calls.

There within when day was near to ending,
By her lord a woman young and strong,
By his chief a songman old and stricken
Watched together till the hour of song.

"O my songman, now the bow is broken,
Now the arrows one by one are sped,
Sing to me the song of Sráhmandázi,
Sráhmandázi, home of all the dead."

Then the songman, flinging wide his songnet,
On the last token laid his master's hand,
While he sang the song of Sráhmandázi,
None but dying men can understand.

[1] This ballad is founded on materials given to the author by the late Miss Mary Kingsley on her return from her last visit to the Bantu peoples of West Africa.

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"Yonder sun that fierce and fiery-hearted
Marches down the sky to vanish soon,
At the self-same hour in Sráhmandázi
Rises pallid like the rainy moon.

"There he sees the heroes by their river,
Where the great fish daily upward swim;
Yet they are but shadows hunting shadows,
Phantom fish in waters drear and dim.

"There he sees the kings among their headmen,
Women weaving, children playing games;
Yet they are but shadows ruling shadows,
Phantom folk with dim forgotten names.

"Bid farewell to all that most thou lovest,
Tell thy heart thy living life is done;
All the days and deeds of Sráhmandázi
Are not worth an hour of yonder sun."

Dreamily the chief from out the songnet
Drew his hand and touched the woman's head:
"Know they not, then, love in Sráhmandázi,
Has a king no bride among the dead?"

Then the songman answered, "O my master,
Love they know, but none may learn it there;
Only souls that reach that land together
Keep their troth and find the twilight fair.

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"Thou art still a king, and at thy passing
By thy latest word must all abide;
If thou willest, here am I, thy songman,
If thou lovest, here is she, thy bride."

Hushed and dreamy lay the House of Dying,
Dreamily the sunlight upward failed,
Dreamily the chief on eyes that loved him
Looked with eyes the coming twilight veiled.

Then he cried, "My songman, I am passing;
Let her live, her life is but begun;
All the days and nights of Sráhmandázi
Are not worth an hour of yonder sun."

Yet, when there within the House of Dying
The last silence held the sunset air,
Not alone he came to Sráhmandázi,
Not alone she found the twilight fair:

While the songman far beneath the forest
Sang of Sráhmandázi all night through,
"Lovely be thy name, O Land of shadows,
Land of meeting, Land of all the true!"

HENRY NEWBOLT.

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M. MAETERLINCK'S NEW PLAY

("MONNA VANNA")

WHEN I learnt some months ago that M. Maeterlinck was abandoning for a while the peacefulness of his philosophic study and his country beehives and was preparing to face anew the vulgar and noisy criticism of the theatre-going public, I felt a moment's surprise, not to say apprehension. The rare serenity of the works which issued in abundance from his retirement and were received with so unanimous a chorus of approval, gave no hint of so speedy a return to more disputed fields. I was apprehensive, for I knew that in bringing himself thus to descend from the sun-lit heights of his Ivory Tower where Friendship has ripened into Love, he must have obeyed imperious and irresistible promptings from within, commanding him to employ the thrilling accents of venerable drama and so deliver to the world the secret treasure of the feelings and thoughts newborn in his poet's mind. The title of the play and the period of its action made it clear that his seclusion had prompted a bold and daring love-theme, which, for adequate dramatic expression, required more than the vaguely mediæval and sentimental setting of a tragic idyll. Then came the anxious question how, with this new development of his genius, would the thinker succeed in adapting, without injury, the broad simplicity of his first conception to the various petty necessities

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incidental to the scenic reconstitution of a historical period. The period, too, was the Italian Renaissance, a time of chaos and upheaval, already explored and exploited in every sense by literary and theatrical prospectors as an inexhaustible mine of the monstrous and sensational.

It is curious to notice that the Renaissance, which formerly provided the romantic poet with a dash of culture for his local colour, and from which quite recently even contemporary dramatists have been glad to draw forth the archæological *bric-à-brac*, deemed indispensable for conferring on their melodramas, in prose or verse, some intellectual stamp, has in return morally suffered much at the hands of those who claimed to get their inspiration from it. No complete and truthful dramatic portrait has appeared to do justice to that period. Some writers, with merely decorative aims, and no thought for the spirit of the time, have lost themselves in material details. Others have been unable or unwilling to discover more than the tinsel of its infinitely complex psychology, more than its violent or morbid sensuality, a sensuality only refined and not lessened by flowery surroundings. The *Lorenzaccio* of Alfred de Musset, *La Haine* of M. Victorien Sardou, occur as instances. M. Maeterlinck scorns such frippery. More profoundly steeped in that epoch, he has wholly grasped its spirit; with admirable sense of proportion he brings into relief the two principal and apparently contradictory elements, revealing to us in the choicest minds, beyond the fever of daily struggles, a thirst for spirituality and repose; and it is on these neo-platonic aspirations which are formed objectively in Art, subjectively in Nature, that the poet here bases what I shall call his theme of spiritual epicureanism. M. Maeterlinck's drama may fail on the stage, but even its failure would mark an epoch in the annals of the stage, if for no other reason, because he brings back and recreates the historic method, reviving the inner atmosphere and the very soul of past civilisations.

But Maeterlinck, the dramatist, has other virtues of temperament, nascent in his preceding works, clearly defined

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and developed in the present. Especially I would refer to that return to the simplicity of the ancients, so admirably illustrated in several French plays of recent date but various character, which our own public, accustomed unfortunately to pseudo-historical hotch-potch, seems to have failed to notice. Such was *L'Énigme* of M. Paul Hervieu, of which an emasculated version was presented at Wyndham's Theatre under the ridiculous title of *Caesar's Wife;* such was *La Nouvelle Idole* of M. François de Curel, which the Stage Society reproduced for us, a bold but ill-rewarded effort. In M. Maeterlinck in particular, whether consciously or unconsciously, but in any case most admirably, this tendency is carried to a degree of constructive perfection which is rarely found in a poet; it is equally conspicuous in the dialogue and the distribution—cleverly representative, from a social point of view—of the not numerous parts. His expository method, dear to him and, as some say, borrowed from Scandinavia, consists in the deliberate and gradual accumulation of vague fears expressed in antithetical and solemnly equivocal language. This language inspires the spectator, still impressed with the reality of his immediate surroundings, with the duly reverential awe of mysterious and threatening destiny, and prepares his receptive emotional faculties for the crowning catastrophe. Intervals of dialogue serve to punctuate the growing interest in the catastrophe which is thereby retarded or escaped. Throughout this process I would recognise the manner of Greek tragedians, the famous episode of the successive revelations in the *Oedipus Rex*, for example. Moreover, in the drama with which I am dealing this reverential awe is the result of a clear discovery, whose severe and decided outlines would gladden the most fervent adherent of French classicism in the seventeenth century.

The curtain rises on the palace of Guido Colonna at Pisa, where he is in command of the garrison. Guido discusses with his lieutenants, Borso and Torello, the desperate position of the town, which is besieged by Prinzivalle, a mercenary in the

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pay of its implacable enemy Florence, and is on the point of falling short of provisions and ammunition. The conversation centres on the redoubtable personality of the hostile chief, in whom Guido sees a second Attila, a second Flail of Heaven, savage, uncertain, and ominously plain-spoken; Borso on the contrary calls him loyal and generous. Are they to surrender or resist to the end? Enter Marco, Guido's father, who had gone with a flag of truce to Prinzivalle, and had been given up as lost. This is perhaps the most charming bit of character-drawing in the play, this old man with his gentle vein of philosophy, who, having reached the end of a life in which he has seen much of men and much consequently of human sorrows, denies the wisdom of preferring death, horrible, cold death with its eternity of silence, to any physical or moral suffering whatever which may postpone it. But let us listen to his report to the officers at Pisa of how he prospered in his mission:

Marco. Savez-vous qui j'ai rencontré sous la tente du brave Prinzivalle?

Guido. Je m'en doute: les commissaires impitoyables de Florence. . . .

Marco. Oui, c'est vrai; eux aussi, ou l'un d'eux; car je n'en ai vu qu'un. . . . Mais le premier que l'on me nomme, c'est Marcille Ficin, le maître vénéré qui révéla Platon. Marcille Ficin, c'est l'âme de Platon reparue sur la terre . . . j'aurais donné dix ans de ma vie pour le voir avant de m'en aller où s'en vont tous les hommes. . . . Nous étions comme deux frères qui se retrouvent enfin. . . . Nous parlions de Platon, d'Aristote et d'Homère. . . . Il avait découvert, dans un bois d'oliviers près du camp, sur les bords de l'Arno, enfoui dans le sable, un torse de déesse si étrangement beau que, si vous le voyiez, vous oublieriez la guerre. . . . Nous avons creusé plus avant; il a trouvé un bras; j'ai déterré deux mains si pures et si fines qu'on les croirait formées pour créer des sourires, répandre la rosée et caresser l'aurore. . . . L'une d'elles avait la courbe que prennent les doigts légers quand ils effleurent un sein; l'autre serrait encore la main d'un miroir. . . .

Guido. Mon père, n'oublions pas qu'un peuple meurt de faim, et qu'il n'a que faire de mains fines et de torses de bronze.

And Marco knows well, too well, that his fellow citizens are fighting with one another for the grass that springs among the stones; he knows also that he holds their safety in his hands, in the proposal which he brings and which will save the

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lives of thirty thousand men at the cost of ruin to one, but that one his own son. So he tries to gain time; but Guido insists: he can, he will hear all, and then, slowly, in the following portrait of Prinzivalle, are unveiled the features of inexorable fate:

Marco. Or, j'ai trouvé un homme qui s'est incliné devant moi comme le disciple ému s'incline devant le maître. Il est lettré, discret, soumis à la sagesse et avide de science. Il sait écouter longuement, et se montre sensible à toutes les beautés. Il sait sourire avec intelligence; il est doux et humain, et n'aime pas la guerre. Il cherche la raison des passions et des choses. Il sait regarder en lui-même; il est plein de conscience et de sincérité, et sert à contre-cœur une république perfide. Les hasards de la vie, peut-être le destin, l'ont tourné vers les armes, et l'enchaînent encore à une gloire qu'il déteste et qu'il veut délaisser; mais pas avant d'avoir satisfait un désir; un funeste désir, comme en ont certains hommes qui sont nés, semble-t-il, sous l'étoile dangereuse d'un grand amour unique et irréalisable. . . .

And so Prinzivalle—indignant and disgusted with the Republic which he serves, and ripe for treason—in spite of the formal orders received eight days before to deliver a final assault on the fortifications already stripped of defenders and at his mercy, Prinzivalle hesitates—more, he offers to save Pisa, to enter its service with all his faithful followers and to send in three hundred waggons of food and ammunition on the next night, but—on one fatal, one irrevocable condition:

Marco. Tout cela entrera dès ce soir dans la ville, si vous envoyez en échange, pour la livrer à Prinzivalle durant une seule nuit, car il la renverra aux premières lueurs de l'aurore, mais il exige en signe de victoire et d'abandon, qu'elle vienne seule et nue sous son manteau. . . .

Guido. Qui?—Mais qui donc doit venir?

Marco. Giovanna. . . .

Guido. Qui?—Ma femme?—Vanna? . . .

Marco. Oui; ta Giovanna . . . je l'ai dit. . . .

Guido. Mais pourquoi ma Giovanna, s'il a de tels désirs. . . . Il y a mille femmes. . . .

Marco. C'est qu'elle est la plus belle et qu'il l'aime. . . .

Guido. Il l'aime? . . . Où l'a-t'il vue? . . . Il ne la connaît pas. . . .

Marco. Il l'a vue, la connaît; mais n'a pas voulu dire depuis quand ni comment. . . .

Guido. Mais elle, l'a-t-'elle vu? . . . Où l'a-t-il rencontrée? . . .

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Marco. Elle ne l'a jamais vu ; ou ne s'en souvient pas. . . .

Guido. Comment le savez-vous ?

Marco. Elle-même me l'a dit.

Guido. Quand ?

Marco. Avant que je vinsse vous trouver.

Guido. Et vous lui avez dit ? . . .

Marco. Tout.

Guido. Tout ? . . . Quoi ? . . . Tout le marché infâme ? . . . Et vous avez osé ? . . .

Marco. Oui.

Guido. Et qu'a-t-elle répondu ? . . .

Marco. Elle n'a pas répondu. Elle est devenue pâle et s'est éloignée sans parler.

Guido. Oui, j'aime mieux cela. . . . Elle aurait pu bondir, vous cracher au visage, ou tomber à vos pieds. . . . Mais j'aime mieux cela. . . . Pâlir et s'éloigner. . . . Les anges l'auraient fait. . . . Je reconnais Vanna. . . .

Exquisitely expressed is this husband's reverence for the wife, the pure worship of the tender face, which blushes at a look, and on which all the emotions ceaselessly go and come, as if to freshen the brilliance of its beauty. To no purpose does Marco employ eloquence whose pathos is intense and thrilling, in vain does he appeal to feelings of patriotism and humanity, and invoke the thousands of the dead, insist on the glory and the duty of the sacrifice. How, indeed, to convince a husband beside himself that "love for a single being is happy and praiseworthy, but the more comprehensive love is better," and that "vigilant chastity and fidelity are good virtues, but there are days when they seem puny in comparison with others." Guido remains unshaken in his resolve to fight to the death and thus to engulf in his own downfall his city and his brothers. However, he consents to abide blindly by the answer which Vanna herself shall make. "A man," says Marco, "sees in another man only what he sees in himself; and every man knows his fellow in a different way and as far only as the limits of his own consciousness." Marco, then, has recognised in Vanna a force which Guido does not suspect; to the latter, if Vanna's reply is not the same as his own, it is because they have been deceiving one another from the

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first hour till to-day — it is because their love has been nothing but a gigantic lie which now collapses. The unhappy man is blind to the approach of inevitable Fate, and full of confidence and love he goes to meet Vanna who comes towards him followed by a supplicating throng:

Guido. Ma Vanna! . . . Qu'ont-ils fait? . . . Non, ne redis pas les choses qu'ils ont dites! . . . Laisse-moi voir ton front et plonger dans tes yeux. . . . Ah! tout est resté pur et loyal comme l'eau où se baignent les anges! . . . Ils n'ont rien pu souiller de tout ce que j'aimais; et toutes leurs paroles tombaient comme des pierres qu'on lance vers le ciel sans troubler un instant la clarté de l'azur! Quand ils ont vu ces yeux, ils n'ont rien demandé, j'en suis sûr. . . . Ils n'ont pas éxigé de réponse; leur clarté répondait. Elle mettait un grand lac de lumière et d'amour que rien n'eût pu franchir entre leurs pensées et la tienne. . . . Mais maintenant, regarde, approche-toi. . . . Il y a un homme ici que j'appelle mon père. Vois, il baisse la tête; ses cheveux blancs le cachent. . . . Il faut lui pardonner; il est vieux et se trompe. . . . Il faut avoir pitié; il faut faire un effort; tes yeux ne suffisent pas à le dissuader, tant il est loin de nous. . . . Il ne nous connaît plus; notre amour a passé sur sa vieillesse heureuse comme une pluie d'avril sur un rocher crayeux. Il n'a jamais saisi un seul de ses rayons; il n'a jamais surpris un seul de nos baisers. . . . Il croit que nous aimons comme ceux qui n'aiment pas. . . . Il lui faut des paroles pour comprendre. Il lui faut la réponse. . . .

Vanna. [*s'approchant de* MARCO]. Mon père, j'irai ce soir.

Guido. Quoi? . . . Que lui as-tu dit? . . . Parles-tu pour lui ou pour moi? . . .

Vanna. Pour toi aussi, Guido. . . . J'obéirai ce soir. . . .

Guido. Mais à qui? tout est là, je ne sais pas encore. . . .

Vanna. J'irai ce soir au camp de Prinzivalle.

Guido. Pour te donner à lui comme il l'a demandé?

Vanna. Oui.

Guido. Pour mourir avec lui? . . . Pour le tuer avant? . . . Je n'avais pas songé. . . . Cela, du moins cela, et je comprendrai tout. . . .

Vanna. Je ne le tuerai pas; la ville serait prise. . . .

Guido. Quoi? . . . C'est toi. . . . Mais tu l'aimes? tu l'aimais. . . Depuis quand l'aimes-tu? . . .

Vanna. Je ne le connais pas; je ne l'ai jamais vu. . . .

Guido. Mais tu sais comme il est? . . . sans doute ils ont parlé. . . . Ils ont dit qu'il était. . . .

Vanna. Quelqu'un m'a dit tantôt que c'était un vieillard, je ne sais rien de plus.

Guido. Ce n'est pas un vieillard! . . . Il est jeune, il est beau. . . . Bien plus jeune que moi.

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"He is young . . . handsome . . . much younger than I!" . . . There is the stroke of the dramatist's genius, like a flash laying bare the weak spot of this love with all its nobility. Guido is jealous, and therefore suspicious; he has none of that confidence, that absolute abnegation of self, which alone, from the philosophic point of view, can make love perfect. Incapable himself of rising to the immaterial heights of affection where the fleshly is forgotten, he will not allow that another can attain thereto. Morally then his love is already ruined. It is upright no longer. Vanna on her side is suffering—suffering terribly in body and in soul, but a hidden and mysterious power supports her, does not allow her to speak, but urges her: "I will go, I will go, I will go." She goes because she cannot but go. When she grew pale in the first instance at Marco's proposal, she knew then that she would go. And so she goes forth to the altar of sacrifice, alone, and slowly, without a look at Guido, who staggers, breathing all his despair, all his bitterness at his deception in these words: "Who would have said that my father knew her better than I?"

In the second act we are in the Florentine camp in Prinzivalle's tent; he is impatiently awaiting Marco's return and reply. It is the decisive hour; his life turns on it.

Comme ces grands navires aux voiles éployées que les prisonniers introduisent en même temps que leurs songes, dans une bulle de verre.

And yet, we may note, his resolve is already taken, apart from the reply from Pisa. In betraying Florence, he is only countering another treason; this is made clear by his violent interview with the second commissioner, Trivulzio. The latter is a type of villain dear to the melodramatist, but raised in this play to the personification of blind devotion to the state, which leads him to neglect no means, however questionable, to destroy popular idols. A frail body is aglow with patriotic courage, as is shown by his desperate assault on Prinzivalle.

Prinzivalle, when struck in the face, generously pardons the enemy whom he admires, and has his wound dressed by his confidant Vedio, grimly remarking, "Leave the lips free!"

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A far-off shot is heard; Vedio goes out . . . the curtain at the entrance of the tent is raised, and Vanna halts on the threshold, covered with a long mantle, while blood streams from her shoulder on to her hands.

Frankly I do not like this double wounding, which the author turns to quite unnecessary use in the third act. The second incident appears to me to neutralise the effect of the first, and further to render the playwright liable to the reproach of having made an appeal to sympathy, or of having been guilty of cowardice in thus opening his grand, his critical scene. But with this reserve—and the blot may be easily removed—what admirable artistic simplicity distinguishes the following dialogue, slow, concise, hesitating, with a thrill for us in every word:

Prinzivalle. Vous êtes décidée. . . .

Vanna. Oui.

Prinzivalle. Faut-il vous rappeler les termes du. . . .

Vanna. C'est inutile, je sais. . . .

Prinzivalle. Vous ne regrettes pas? . . .

Vanna. Fallait-il venir sans regrets? . . .

Prinzivalle. Votre mari consent? . . .

Vanna. Oui. . . .

Prinzivalle. J'entends vous laisser libre. . . . Il en est temps encore, voulez-vous renoncer. . . .

Vanna. Non. . . .

Prinzivalle. Pourquoi le faites-vous? . . .

Vanna. Parce qu'on meurt de faim, et qu'on mourrait demain d'une façon plus prompte. . . .

Prinzivalle. Et sans autre raison?

Vanna. Quelle autre pourrait donc. . . .

Prinzivalle. Je comprends que l'épreuve. . . . Et une femme vertueuse?

Vanna. Oui.

Prinzivalle. Et qui aime son mari?

Vanna. Oui.

Prinzivalle. Profondément?

Vanna. Oui.

Prinzivalle. Vous êtes nue sous ce manteau?

Vanna. Oui.

[VANNA *fait un mouvement pour dépouiller le manteau.* PRINZIVALLE *l'arrête d'un geste.*

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As the movement indicates, the conqueror is already conquered at heart; he no longer demands the price of his mercy, no longer will he dream of asking for it; and when at his bidding, the long convoy has started by torchlight for Pisa, it is a humble, suppliant and respectful worshipper who casts himself before the astonished Vanna to tell her the long kept secret of his love.

Prinzivalle. Or, vous aviez huit ans, et moi j'en avais dix, quand je vous rencontrai pour la première fois. . . .

Vanna. Où cela?

Prinzivalle. A Venise, un dimanche de juin.—Mon père, le vieil orfèvre, apportait un collier de perles à votre mère. Elle admirait les perles. . . . J'errais dans le jardin. . . . Alors, je vous trouvai sous un bosquet de myrtes, près d'un bassin de marbre. . . . Une mince bague d'or était tombée dans l'eau. . . . Vous pleuriez près du bord. . . . J'entrai dans le bassin.—Je faillis me noyer; mais je saisis la bague et vous la mis au doigt. . . . Vous m'avez embrassé et vous étiez heureuse. . . .

Vanna. C'était un enfant blond nommé Gianello. . . . Tu es Gianello? . . .

Prinzivalle. Oui.

Vanna. Vous m' avez reconnue tout de suite, lorsque je suis entrée? . . .

Prinzivalle. Si vous étiez venues dix mille sous ma tente, toutes vêtues de même, toutes également belles comme dix mille sœurs, que leur mère confondrait, je me serais levé, j'aurais pris votre main, j'aurais dit: "La voici . . ." C'est étrange, n'est-ce pas, qu'une image bien-aimée, puisse vivre ainsi dans un cœur? . . . Car la vôtre vivait à ce point dans le mien, qu'elle changeait chaque jour comme dans la vie réelle. Et celle d'aujourd'hui effaçait celle d'hier.

Vanna, however, cannot believe in a love which has failed to force the hand of Fate. "Had I loved like you, I would have . . . Ah! there is no telling what I would have done!" And Prinzivalle, thinking to discern in this admission some indifference towards Guido, tries to take her hand. But he is repelled. "This love," says she, "is the love which life has given me; I was not blind when I accepted it. I will have no other; and if it is stained by any one it will not be by me." Moreover she fails to recognise in Prinzivalle's conduct any sign of that unique rarity, an all-absorbing passion, save the folly of his treason. But Prinzivalle, his soul enlarged by the example

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of her frankness, is ashamed of himself and tells her that his treason is but the result of circumstances and that she misunderstands the greatness of his sacrifice. "I would not purchase a single smile from you by a lie." Won by his sincerity Vanna yields him the hand which had braved his amorous advances.

Sincerity, yes, sincerity, according to M. Maeterlinck, is the foundation, the very essence of love, as of friendship; of love more than of friendship. Our modern conception of love requires, to keep it lasting, a constantly renewed dose of novelty to act as a tonic to idle and jealous curiosity, a kind of unknown *x* which renders the marriage state a field of incessant manœuvring where husband and wife aim to gain the maximum and yield the minimum of confidence. It is a vicious conception, bred of moral slackness, and M. Maeterlinck proceeds at once with great dramatic force to show us its weakness in the presence of true love which rests on manly loyalty, on absolute trust. The poet's description of the tardy awakening of the latter feeling is an incomparable piece of writing:

Vanna. C'est curieux, quand j'y pense. . . . Je crois que j'aurais fait tout ce que tu as fait si j'aimais comme toi. . . . Il me semble parfois que je suis à ta place, que c'est toi qui m'écoutes, et que c'est moi qui dis tout ce que tu me dis.

Prinzivalle. Et moi aussi, Vanna, dès le premier moment, j'ai senti que le mur qui sépare d'un autre être devenait transparent, et j'y plongeais les mains, j'y plongeais les regards comme dans une onde fraîche, et les en retirais ruisselants de lumière, ruisselants de confiance et de sincérité, comme si je les plongeais dans ma propre conscience et dans mon propre cœur. . . . Il me semblait aussi que les hommes changeaient; que je m'étais trompé sur eux jusqu'à ce jour. . . . Il me semblait surtout que je changeais moi-même, que je sortais enfin d'une longue prison, que les portes s'ouvraient, que des fleurs et des feuilles écartaient les barreaux, que l'horizon venait emporter chaque pierre, que l'air pur du matin pénétrait dans mon âme et baignait mon amour. . . .

Vanna. Moi aussi, je changeais. . . . J'étais bien étonnée de pouvoir te parler comme je t'ai parlé dès le premier moment. . . . Je suis très silencieuse. . . . Je n'ai jamais parlé ainsi à aucun homme, si ce n'est à Marco, le père de Guido. . . . Puis il a mille rêves qui le prennent tout entier; et nous n'avons causé que trois ou quatre fois. . . . Les autres ont toujours un désir dans les yeux

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qui ne permettrait pas de leur dire qu'on les aime, et qu'on voudrait savoir ce qu'il y a dans leur cœur. Et dans tes yeux aussi il y a un désir; mais il n'est pas le même; il ne répugne point, et il ne fait pas peur. . . . J'ai senti tout de suite que je te connaissais sans que je me souvinsse de t'avoir jamais vu. . . .

Prinzivalle. Aurais-tu pu m'aimer si mon mauvais destin ne m'eût fait revenir lorsqu'il était trop tard?

Vanna. Si je pouvais te dire que je t'aurais aimé, ne serait-ce pas t'aimer déjà, Gianello? Et tu sais comme moi que ce n'est point possible. Mais nous parlons ici comme si nous étions dans une île déserte. . . . Si j'étais seule au monde, il n'y aurait rien à dire. Mais nous oublions trop tout ce qu'un autre souffre pendant que nous sommes là à sourire au passé. . . .

Could there be anything more touching, anything nobler than these last words, conveying the perfection of fidelity to the husband. For we feel that a new, fatal and irresistible love is born in her. She is more than vaguely conscious of it; but she still believes in Guido, and, as long as she can believe in him, all suspicion of weakness would be a slur on her honesty. And so we fully concur when, in view of the bonfires which celebrate the saving of Pisa, Vanna touches his forehead with her happy lips and says: "That is the only kiss I may give you, my Gianello"—and we fully sympathise with Prinzivalle's answer, "Ah! my Giovanna, it passes the joys that love hoped for"—Vanna has believed in Guido, and Prinzivalle in Vanna, and Prinzivalle has followed Vanna to Pisa, giving her thus the best proof of his trust and love. There they are together, surrounded by an acclaiming and excited crowd. . . . Guido sees her, her alone, and, with a gesture, waves her aside as though she were a leper. But he will have to listen. She tells him all, the unhoped-for deliverance, the saviour's love, the kiss which she gave him on the forehead and which he returned. And Guido will believe her doubtless, for he loves her!

But Guido does not believe that the stars are grains of hellebore or that the moon may be extinguished by spitting in a well, or that a man who has but one night to live contents himself with a kiss on the forehead. He appeals to the people, who are unanimously of his opinion, "each judging others by

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the standard of his own conscience." Then Vanna throws all her force, all her loyalty, all her devotion, into one last look, one last denial. But Guido becomes cynical. Though he has sworn to kill the mercenary leader for his affront, he now promises the lovers pardon and liberty if his wife will publicly admit her guilt. Vanna proudly refuses, and Guido has Prinzivalle seized for immediate execution. This is too much for Vanna; there is no longer any bar to her love for Gianello, now that Guido has himself broken the contract by his want of faith. So she will save Gianello, and to save him will lie, entangling him, for his own sake, in her splendid falsehood. Frenzied, she hurls herself upon the guards, crying aloud the shame that is not hers, the hatred that she does not feel, in language that is tragically philosophic.

Vanna. Voici ce que j'ai fait: cet homme m'a donc prise, bassement, lâchement, comme je vous l'ai dit. . . . J'ai voulu le tuer et nous avons lutté. . . . Mais il m'a désarmée. . . . Alors j'ai entrevu une vengeance plus profonde et je lui ai souri. . . . Il a cru mon sourire. . . . Ah! les hommes sont fous! . . . Il est juste qu'on les trompe. . . . Ils adorent le mensonge! . . . Quand on montre la vie, ils croient que c'est la mort! Quand on leur tend la mort, ils la prennent pour la vie! . . . . Il avait cru me prendre et c'est moi qui l'ai pris! . . . Le voilà dans sa tombe et je la scellerai! . . . Il fallait l'amener en l'ornant de baisers comme un agneau docile. . . . Le voilà dans mes mains qui ne s'ouvriront plus! . . .

Vanna claims to be Prinzivalle's executioner, and chooses a deep dungeon, with Marco, who alone has believed in her and alone fathoms her design, to be jailor, and the key in her sole keeping. And now—too late—Guido recovers his belief in her. Artlessly he hands her the key: "'Twas a bad dream!" And Vanna, though fainting, is still strong enough to answer him with this sublime equivocation: "Yes, the end of the bad dream, and the beginning of the bright."

For such a falsehood there is and there is not justification; it is only human, very human. To many, however, this somewhat hazy ending will appear unsatisfactory, and viewed, indeed, from the standpoint of the average playgoer, it is no doubt open to controversy. But to adopt the common

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standard of judgment in dealing with a play of so exceptional a character were perhaps unfair to the author. In it the thinker has sought merely to embody a philosophic dogma by dramatic treatment. Hence, the psychological crisis and moral conclusions once exhausted, the more material corollaries are, in his eyes, of little or no consequence.

Such then is M. Maeterlinck's work of art, simple, grand, daring. From a literary point of view, the verdict is his already. On the stage, at the moment when these lines are written, success is less assured. But M. Maeterlinck has on his side two considerable adjuncts in the choicest intellects of theatrical Paris, and the picturesque originality of M. Lugné-Poé's staging. Above all, in the interpretation of the title-part, he will have the support of the gifted and lovely wife,[1] who has, no doubt, furnished its primary source of inspiration; having, like the Renaissance heroine, followed the bolder of two theories of love.

MAURICE A. GEROTHWOHL.

[1] Madame Georgette Leblanc, the well-known cantatrice.

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MUSICAL INSTRUMENTS IN ITALIAN PICTURES

IT would be difficult for the student or lover of early Italian pictures to pass by unnoticed the music-making angels, with their quaint instruments, represented sometimes as moving in rhythmic cadence, sometimes as seated in passive adoration and devotion.

When these are looked at carefully, it will be seen (more especially in pictures where angel-hosts figure, as in those of the Florentine and Umbrian schools), that, even if the instruments were withdrawn, the sense of musical rhythm would still be suggested. And the reason why this feeling suggests itself is, that these early religious painters conceived as a reality the attractive force of divinity and made all action and movement converge towards this central idea, thus creating, as it were, a symphonic whole.

How different is the character of the early Venetian pictures, still under the spell of Byzantine tradition, with an enthroned Madonna and Child and saints standing stiffly on either side, onlookers, but not participators, distracting accessories rather than compelling forces of concentration!

Music, "in its ideal, consummate moments," unlike the other arts (with the exception of architecture, which is somewhat akin to it), seeks neither to imitate Nature nor to express the effects of the inward feelings, but rather to embody the feelings themselves, "the end being not distinct from the

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means, or the subject from the expression." Perhaps this is why the largest number of instruments is found in the earliest pictures, for it was in these alone that the painter sought to render purely imaginative incidents about which he felt deeply, such as Paradise and the Assumption, or the Coronation of the Virgin. The presence of angel-musicians not only gave an atmosphere of Biblical tradition to the subject, thus satisfying the Church, but it also intensified the sense of celestial happiness and glory, thus foreshadowing an eternity of bliss for the people.

There is no doubt that the instruments represented together as an orchestra in pictures of the early Florentine School were played together in reality on specially religious and festive occasions. This fact gives additional interest to these representations of angelic bands, as it helps to throw some light on the instrumental music of the Middle Ages. From them we learn the exact form of the instruments, the way in which they were held, and the manner in which they were combined. The painters made use of these combinations partly from a desire to find some material expression of the joys of Paradise and partly for the sake of the decorative help which their varied forms gave to composition. But beyond all this there must have been some more direct influence to create such a pageant of musical expression. Two influences suggest themselves at once, the dispersion of the troubadours about the beginning of the thirteenth century, after the Albigensian War which ruined so many of the nobles in the South of France (the chief supporters of these wandering minstrels), and the introduction by the Crusaders of novel instruments from the east, which were eagerly seized upon by the painters on account of their decorative forms.

Between the minstrels of Southern France and those of the north there was a marked difference. In the north, men's taste was for warlike adventures, and the songs they loved were of battle and combat. Even the minstrel himself went to the war, as is told of Taillefer, who rode first into the fight at

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FIG. 1 *From Fresco The Triumph of Death, Campo Santo, Pisa*

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Hastings, singing songs of the prowess of Charlemagne and Roland, and falling as he sang. In the south there was more wealth and the conditions of life were easier. Here the minstrel became the *protégé* of the fair ladies of the castle, his doughty deeds taking the form of love-songs, which were always distinguished by great reserve and reverence of style as became a servant addressing his lady. And it was these southern singers who, after the war, were soon scattered over the North of Italy and to be found at every court.

One of the earliest pictorial traces of their presence may be seen in the large fresco of the *Triumph of Death* in the Campo Santo at Pisa, where, amongst other scenes, a festive company of dames and gallants is seated in a grove of orange-trees, whilst two musicians discourse to them—one on a psaltery, and the other on a viol, an instrument which first came into use amongst the troubadours.

In the early Venetian pictures, the child-musician seated at the foot of the throne became almost an essential part of the composition, and this motive, on account of both pose and number (one, two, or three child-angels instead of a choir), with the favourite troubadour instruments, the lute, viol, and flute, seems to suggest the influence of the troubadours; the angel-musician, for religious purposes, taking the place of the minstrel playing before his lady in the castle hall.

Reminiscences of the troubadours are also to be found in pictures of the sixteenth century. But by this time the painters had waxed bolder, feeling no longer in bondage to the Church as their only patron, and they made no attempt, except in title, to disguise as a religious picture what was really an expression of the daily life of the people, and of their delight in it. Such a picture, for instance, among others, is *Dives and Lazarus*, by Bonifazio, in the Venice Academy, which simply represents a family party enjoying a meal in the cool shade of a loggia, whilst a wandering minstrel plays sweet music to them.

Perhaps the earliest written reference to a minstrel occurs

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in the eighteenth book of the *Iliad*, where, in describing the scenes wrought by Hephaistos on the shield of Achilles, Homer, in telling of a dance of youths and maidens, says that "among them a divine minstrel was making music on his lyre." He further says of the dancers: "And now would they run round with deft feet exceeding lightly, as when a potter sitting by his wheel that fitteth between his hands maketh trial of it whether it run." This is worth noting, as it may have suggested to Botticelli the scheme of a circle of dancing angels in the sky in his picture of the Nativity in the National Gallery, the shape of the circle recalling a potter's wheel in motion. But the minstrel, with harp or lyre, appears throughout unwritten as well as written history, on the tomb of the Egyptian, at his marriage feast, at his funeral rites, and on the monument of the Assyrian. And from Darwin we learn of still earlier musicians. He has recorded, in the *Descent of Man*, two flutes, made out of the bones and horns of the reindeer, found in caves together with flint tools and the remains of extinct animals. In truth, wherever man has been, he has left evidence of a desire to create music; perhaps with that inward longing for harmony which he can in no way define, but of which he seems to find some faint fulfilment in the momentary transport of musical sound; perhaps with the feeling, as expressed in the Chinese annals, "that music hath the power of making heaven descend upon earth."

In studying, in their early developments, the two principal schools of painting, the Florentine and the Venetian—the Florentine under Giotto and his followers in the fourteenth century, and the Venetian under the Vivarini and the Bellini in the fifteenth century—the different use which is made by them of the musical-instrument motive is very striking. In pictures of the early Florentine school, when the idea of adoration has to be suggested, a band of music-making angels is generally introduced; whereas, in the early Venetian school, the child-angel musician, either alone or with one or two others, is the constant theme. Even when the fundamental

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FIG. 2. Madonna and Child. Ag. Cos. Nerlon, Fresh, Fresco

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difference in the internal life of Florence and Venice is borne in mind, something is still required to account for so different a use of this music motive. The important factor acting upon the life, and therefore necessarily manifesting itself in the art, of Florence, was the influence of Dante and his immortal poem.

Dante emerges from the dark night of mediævalism like Helios from the sea, illuminating and revivifying everything. Dante touched, as if by magic, the vast ocean of thought, and sent ripple after ripple into the boundless immensity. Dante was the herald of the Renaissance, in that he focused in his poem all possible knowledge, and so prepared men's minds for the return of classical learning and its development, both literary and artistic.

Dante's poem came at a time when the intellectual condition of the age demanded its religious conceptions in material form, and it exercised a supreme ascendency over the imagination, in an age when religious imagery was not so much the adjunct, as the essence of belief, the development of the imagination preceding, as it always does, the development of reason. To this want Dante's poem ministered directly, as may be seen in studying the Florentine and its allied schools, which came into direct contact, so to speak, with his personality. The Venetian school proper, which developed a century later, was no continuation of this Giottesque ideal, but a return to the hieratic character (though glorified in expression) of the Byzantine formula to which the troubadour element adapted itself.

In the pictures and frescoes of the early Florentines, we find choirs of angels filling the air with music and song, recalling the choirs who welcome the penitents on the Mount of Purgatory, and those who in Paradise rejoice over the final emancipation. Representations of such angel-choirs may be seen in the *St. Francis in Glory*, by Giotto,[1] the *Coronation of the Virgin*, by Orcagna,[2] the *Coronation of the Virgin*,

[1] Assisi. [2] National Gallery.

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by Fra Angelico,[1] the *Coronation of the Virgin*, by Filippo Lippi,[2] and in many other pictures too numerous to mention.

The Church early recognised the power of music to kindle and stimulate man's emotions, and Dante, by his own acknowledgment of this power, became her Apostle. The "Divina Commedia" contains many allusions to music. One of the most touching incidents in the whole poem is a reference in the second canto of the Purgatorio, to a minstrel of the time, Casella. It shows not only Dante's love of music, but how his soul, in all its loneliness and sorrow, had found and possessed the beautiful, had been stirred, refreshed, and emancipated by it, if only for a season. Dante and Virgil, preparatory to their ascent of the Mount of Purgatory, have just crossed the river in a boat, propelled neither by oar nor by sail, but by the wings of an angel. On landing amongst a crowd of happy souls, happy in the knowledge that personal effort can now raise them to a higher state of being, Dante meets his friend, the minstrel Casella, and begs him to sing to him once more the song that had so comforted his soul on earth. Perhaps it is the most marked instance of the power which music exercised over Dante, that it could stay his steps even as he neared the moment of consummation—the presence of Beatrice.

In the "Divina Commedia," the mention of musical instruments occurs principally in the Paradise. In the Inferno there is no sound but the sighs and lamentations of those who exist, without hope, in eternal darkness of soul and body, and in the Purgatorio, the music is that of choirs of angels—angels such as the painters loved to paint—set as a nimbus of song around the Child Jesus.

The instruments mentioned by Dante are the lyre, harp, cithern, cornamusa (bagpipe), organ, and viol. These are all to be found in early Italian pictures as well as the hand-organ, tambourine, drum, flute, double flute, cymbals, lute, silver trumpets, syrinx, psaltery, dulcimer, shawn, and triangle. Nearly all may be seen in the fresco of *Paradise* by Orcagna,

[1] Louvre. [2] Florence Academy.

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Fig. 2 — Prime Minister and Executive by Hamilton E. Fowler Armstrong

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himself a musician, in Santa Maria Novella, Florence, and in the picture of *Paradise* by Fra Angelico, in the National Gallery, both of which contain an unusual number of instruments, but their varied groupings, forms, and developments may be studied all through early Italian art.

Much might be said about these instruments, technically and historically, but they have been so often and so ably described by others, that only those which have special significance in a few pictures or frescoes of the early Italian school need be mentioned here.

The lyre was undoubtedly borrowed by the Greeks from Egypt. An Egyptian fable ascribes its invention to the god Thoth, whereas the Greeks claimed it as the invention of Apollo. This belief in a sacred origin suggests that its real origin is unknown. In Greece it was the instrument of everyday use. Socrates speaks of "the lyre for use in our city, and for the shepherds in the country, a syrinx" (panpipes). But though both these instruments are of great antiquity and are found represented on monuments, and also in MSS. of the ninth, tenth, and eleventh centuries A.D., neither of them is met with in Italian pictures until the fifteenth century.

This link with the classical world brings us into touch with the atmosphere which surrounded the artists of that time, an atmosphere steeped in enthusiasm for antiquity, encouraged not only by scientific study, but also by the discovery of ancient sculpture, and of classical MSS., which were being carried to Italy by refugee Greek scholars. Even fragments of the classics were valued like precious gems; and so great was the excitement over a newly acquired MS., that on the discovery of a fresh treasure, the Florentine artists assembled in the beautiful Rucellai Gardens, as if to celebrate a festival, whilst the proud owner of the parchment, or the learned patron, read to the eager and enthralled audience some old-world poem or drama. And, so, almost naturally it would seem, the lyre, the classical instrument *par excellence*, came to be represented in Italian pictures, the earliest example being

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found in Mantegna's *Parnassus* in the Louvre, Mantegna himself having been the centre of a circle of classic-loving students at the Court of Mantua, one of the most brilliantly learned courts of the fifteenth century.

After the date of Mantegna's picture, the lyre is occasionally represented, but it never became common as the lute and viol did, because it was not at that time an instrument of every-day use. There are two other representations of it in the Louvre besides the *Parnassus*, one in Perugino's picture of *Apollo and Marsyas*, and the other in Lorenzo Costa's *Court of Isabella d'Este*. Both the latter picture and the *Parnassus* were painted for Isabella d'Este, and must have adorned her Mantuan palace. The lyre also occurs in a painting at Berlin by Raffaellino del Garbo, a Madonna and Child with angel musicians, and in one at Parma by Correggio of the same subject. But it remained for Raphael to immortalise it in his glorious frescoes in the Camera della Segnatura in the Vatican, in the fresco known as *The School of Athens*, where Apollo, as a statue in a niche, is represented with a lyre, and again in the ceiling picture of *Apollo and Marsyas*. In the *Parnassus*, Apollo, surrounded by the Muses, plays on a viol, perhaps out of compliment to the famous viol player, Jacopo di San Secondo, who is said to have served as model for the Apollo.

After Raphael's fresco of Apollo with the viol, the motive seems to have been generally adopted by artists, a well-known example being Lo Spagna's fresco of Apollo now in the Capitoline Museum at Rome. On majolica, the same motive frequently occurs.[1]

The trumpet, one of the oldest of extant instruments, and already familiar when the Mosaic books were written, is most usually met with in very early pictures, doubtless suggested by the allusion in the Revelation to the seven angels with the seven trumpets, and probably also owing to its common use at

[1] Examples of it may be seen in the Victoria and Albert Museum, South Kensington.

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Fig. 4.—From The Nativity, by Botticelli, National Gallery

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the time for processional purposes, processions having always been an important feature of Italian civic life. Some of the earliest representations of it in Italian art, in its long tube-like form, are in Giotto's frescoes in the Church of San Francesco, at Assisi, and in the Arena Chapel, Padua. Mantegna has also shown his supreme genius in his use of it in the frescoes of the *Triumph of Cæsar* at Hampton Court Palace, in which, owing to the special angle at which the trumpets are held by the players, and to their being grouped together in a mass at either end of a number of war-trophies, the sense of a forward movement, which would otherwise have been impeded by the ponderous nature of the loot, is given to the procession.[1] This marvellous scheme of Mantegna's to ensure the idea of movement, only finds its counterpart in the Parthenon frieze. Trumpets have also been used with wonderful effect by Signorelli in his fresco of the *Resurrection*, in the Cathedral at Orvieto, where giant angels sound forth to a crowd of risen and half-risen men and women, the blast of life and death.

The psaltery and dulcimer are very much alike, except that the psaltery is held in the hand, and played with either a plectrum or the fingers, whilst the dulcimer must be rested on some flat surface, the strings being set in vibration by small hammers held in the hand. Representations of the latter are rare, and probably the only picture in which it occurs is that of a Madonna and Child, surrounded by a crowd of angel-musicians, by Boccati, at Perugia. Most probably this instrument was brought from the East (where it is still used), about this time. Psalteries frequently occur in various forms and sizes, some large enough to rest in an upright position on the knee of the player, some small enough to hang by a golden cord from the neck of an angel. Some were strung horizontally, some vertically, the strings grouped in threes, each group being

[1] Since writing this, I have come across a passage in the valuable work by Professor Kristeller on "Andrea Mantegna" in which he also suggests a somewhat similar idea as to the effect produced by these trumpets.—A. K.-W.

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tuned in unison to give one note, as in the modern piano. An instance of this method of triple stringing may be seen in the *Coronation of the Virgin*, by Orcagna, already referred to, a picture containing many instruments so beautiful and exact in detail, that only an artist who was also a musician could have painted them.

The psaltery was probably introduced into Italy by the Crusaders, and, in the thirteenth century, almost superseded the harp, although this latter instrument was still retained in pictures where angel-musicians occur.

After the thirteenth century, even King David no longer figures with his traditional harp, but always with a psaltery. There is an example of this in Fra Angelico's *Paradise* in the National Gallery, where the good Frate, perhaps intentionally, has represented King David striking a complete chord, suggestive of the harmony of heaven as compared with the broken notes of earth.

The cornamusa, or bagpipe, is of great antiquity. Judging from the numerous examples of it in painting and sculpture, and the allusions to it in literature, it seems to have been very generally a favourite instrument. It was used by the Greeks and the Romans. It figures in the religious and social life of the Middle Ages. It was to be heard at the concerts of the gayest and most brilliant of French Courts (that of Louis XIV.) as well as in the joyous merrymaking of the peasant on the village green. It appears in two forms, the sound being produced in the one case by blowing (as seen to-day in the Highlands of Scotland) and in the other by simple pressure on a small pair of bellows placed under one arm, the bag of wind being under the other, a method still practised in Ireland. In early pictures and sculpture this latter process is common, and may possibly be accounted for by the large number of Irish monks who were to be found in Italy from the time of the foundation of the Monastery at Bobbio by St. Columba in the seventh century, or it may simply have been adopted by the painters as a more pleasing way of representing the performers.

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Fig. 5.—*From An Allegory of Parnassus, by Mantegna, Louvre*

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Certainly, from a decorative point of view, to dispense with the action of blowing is an advantage of which an artist would readily avail himself. An easily accessible example of the Irish method is in a relief on the back of the marble canopy by Orcagna, in Or San Michele, Florence, of which there is a cast in the Victoria and Albert Museum.

The hand-organ (Regal), appears in most of the early pictures, and almost invariably in conjunction with other instruments. Its special use was to give singers in religious processions or choirs the note or pitch. An example of this occurs in the *Coronation of the Virgin*, by Fra Angelico, in the Uffizi, Florence, where an angel with a hand-organ kneels in the midst of the worshipping saints as if to lead them. There are numerous examples of the Regal in the National Gallery.

The harp is one of the most ancient of instruments, the earliest known representation of it being in a painting at Thebes, in Egypt, supposed to be of the thirteenth century B.C. These Egyptian harps have no front pillar, and were probably suggested by the stretched string of a bow. Though it is evident from the sculptures of the ancient Egyptians that the harp was played at entertainments with other instruments, still it was thought to be especially suited to the service of the gods, and it was sometimes even represented in the hands of the deities themselves. From the earliest times it seems to have been continuously associated with religious rites. It was a favourite instrument with the painters of the early Florentine and Umbrian schools, and will be found in all the pictures where celestial joy and adoration are to be inferred.

The troubadour instruments, the lute, viol, and flute, in the hands of a child-angel, were peculiarly dear to the Venetian school, and survived longest as material accessories of a religious picture, when angels treading the air in wind-driven garments no longer appealed to the imagination.

As everything vital has a beginning and an ending, so gradually art which sought and found its ideal in itself, took

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the place of art which had sought its perfection and end in the service of religion, and angel-musicians faded away before the worship of the individual. But as we of to-day stand before these pictures of music-making angels, we seem to hear, floating across the centuries that lie between us, a faint echo as from another world, the murmuring of sweet music, like the murmuring in a sea-shell, telling us of a beautiful conception of life which has been and has passed away.

ALICE KEMP-WELCH.

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SOME MOTHING MEMORIES

THERE have been mortals whose boast has been that they could see with open eyes the winged creatures of the night; green-clad men, fierce but courtly; snow-white women, black-eyed and yellow-haired; bloodless beings, reputed treacherous, but all the same adorable; singing troops, which swarm upon moonlit nights, circling round tree-tops, or where dark circles remain on the grass next morning to attest their passage. Such sights and sounds, however, are for the chosen. For others they may be now and then visible, but hardly with eyes open. Usually with eyes remarkably tightly closed, and ears pressed too closely to a pillow to distinguish very accurately the words of the singers.

There are winged creatures, not singers, yet musical some of them after their kind, which are less chary of their presence, or less exclusive in their selection of witnesses. Perishable mortals, built up of mere palpitating dust like ourselves, yet, given the right hour, the right environment, and the right weather, with methods of flight hardly less fantastic, hardly less captivating than the more famous fliers. To see these also as they ought to be seen some little preparation is needed. You are not obliged to be a seer of occult sights, a mystic, a visionary; nothing more poetic is necessary than that you should be a prosaic and quite ignorant naturalist. Let that claim once have been presented, and you, too, have the key of the fields in your pocket; you, too,

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may roam the wood, the bog, the stone-strewn glen, and may moreover do so, at strange and unrecognised hours, in the ascetic grey of dawn, or at the blackest hour of godless midnight. Even if met and interrogated by some surprised guardian of the night—a gamekeeper or the like—you are pretty sure to escape with the very bearable penalty of the poor man's bewildered contempt.

I

It is good to find yourself upon a moonless night—always moonless, for the taste of the moths exactly reverses that of the *sidhe*—in an old, but still upright wood in West Ireland. I say upright, because many of the woods in that region have been so bebattered by storms that they have given up their upright position altogether, leaning away eastwards till it seems as if their tops were about to take root upside down in the ground. This will not do, for in such a wood you cannot manipulate your weapon as you ought. A wood large enough to provide tracks you must also have, and if it gives some central place in which you can stand, with many tracks converging towards you from various points, you can scarce do better.

The wood found, the night come, a lantern lit, the entomologist in his place, what of the moths? Light is still hovering vaguely about, a flickering pink or lemon-tinted glow between the trunks, but night, impenetrable night, has already settled in all the deeper places, turning to a narrow red lane whenever the intrusive beam of your lantern turns its policeman's eye that way. Be still now for your very life; everything depends upon your stillness. See yon burly fellow! common, doubtless, as the dust, but with what a gallant dash he comes towards you, and with what gleaming eyes, reflecting the light like pin-points as they pass. Behind him another, swerving suddenly to the right as he perceives the pencil of your beam ahead; doubtless, therefore, you say to yourself, a

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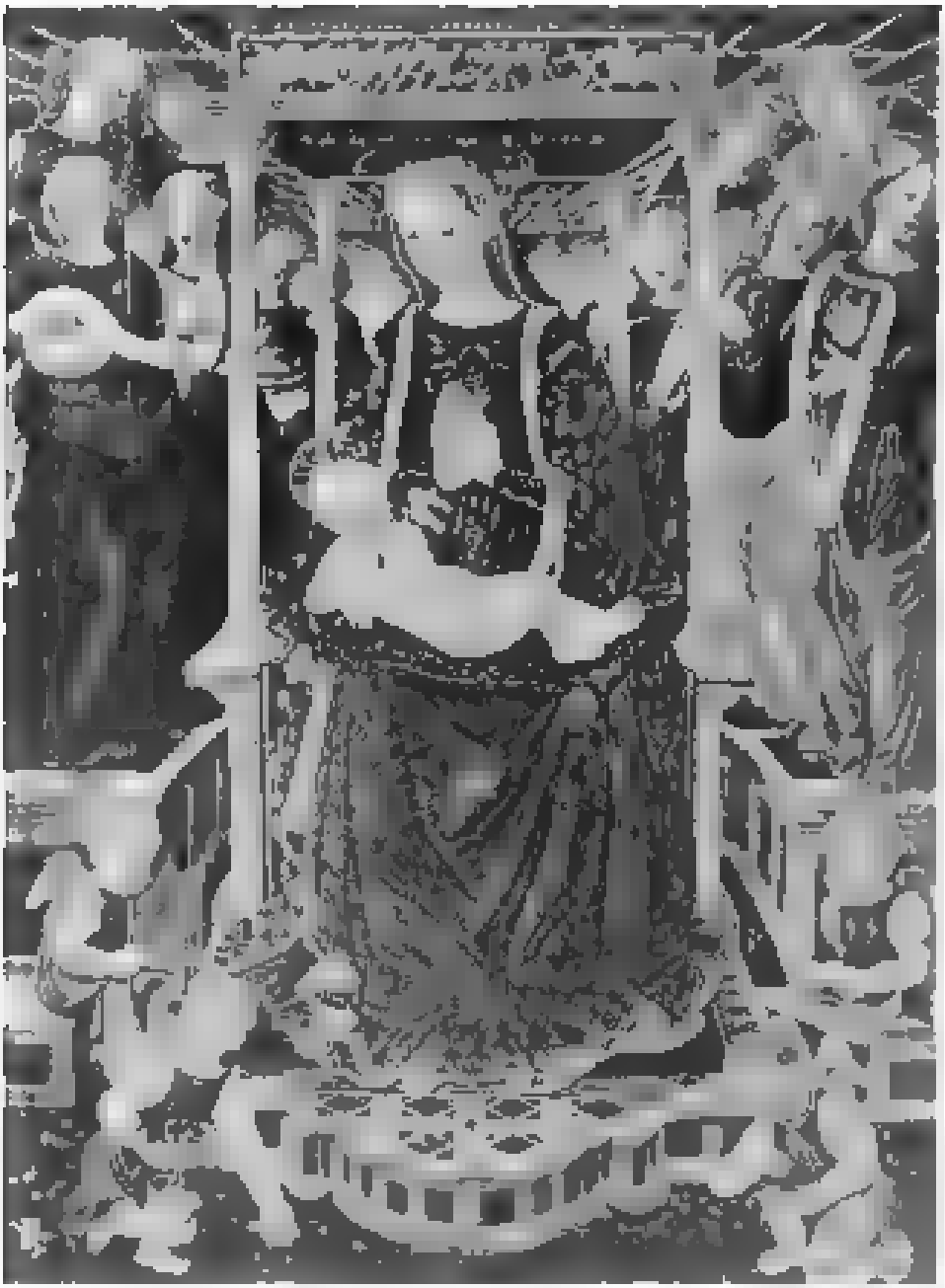

Photo: Alinari

Fig. 11 — Madonna and Child with Angels. Ajaccio, Musée Fesch (Photo: Photo Archives)

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desirable rarity. Over it an undulating grey shape—a geometer by the flap of its wings—sauntering along, steering its way between the forward stretching twigs by grace of that sensory apparatus which seems to cover every inch of it like its feathery dust. Crossing that sober flight, swift as a bat and hard as a bullet, come two or three booming beetles of the night, things to be avoided, especially when they fly full tilt against your face. Missing you by a bare half-inch, off they go, the red gleam lighting up the steel of their wing-cases, and the harsh "burr-rr-rr" of their going running after them loudly through the black and solitary glades.

Faster and faster now more moths, excited themselves, and exciting to you, as you stand and watch for them. Emerging unexpectedly into view, see yon large and quaker-coloured person, an unlooked-for visitor this, a child of deep night and the small hours, roused from his sleep in some bed of nettles by that unseemly lantern of yours. Next, lob-lobbing sideways down the track, a large underwing, showing its orange-and-black border for one minute, before hurrying away in the opposite direction. Clouds, meanwhile, of nameless things, pyrales and tortrices for the most part, are skirmishing up and down, mere dust of the air and uncounted atoms, nature's most redundant, and one would say most superfluous, offspring. Suddenly, high in air over everything and out of reach, what was that long-winged shape which shot past? Speculation goes to work; a Sphinx, you say to yourself; but which Sphinx? "Ligustri," "Ocellatus," "Elpenor"? Other names occur, but these are idle guesses. Back again, swifter than light, and with a shrill rustling, that sounds like the chance touching of some harp-string of the woods, see, it goes again. You upturn your lantern; you crane your neck to see into the topmost twigs. At first, nothing. All at once you catch fleeting glimpses of a swallow-like flight, so rapid as almost to defy the eye. Again and again, and now the impression comes to you of a bewitching dance, a wild mazurka, or serpentining saraband, being danced somewhere between you and the nearest

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star-points. And, as you watch, gradually all base and brutal thoughts of capture pass from your mind, lost in mere pleasure and admiration. What the falcon is amongst birds, the stag amongst hoofed beasts, that the Sphinx-moth is amongst its rivals in the insect world; supreme in mastery, a dream of delight to those who love perfection, and can recognise it when they see it. You, who do so, stand still, and watch, and watch. And while you watch a distant clock begins slowly to toll out one of the larger hours, and the night deepens, and the world rolls in its orbit, and you wonder how many of the more intelligent of your acquaintances have ever stood as you are doing to watch such a sight?

After a while, leaving your crossways, you saunter up a track, plunging your red beam into wells of blackness to right and left of you as you go. Faster and faster, moths come flying through the tepid air. Into sight, and out again; towards you, away from you; now lost in profound darkness; now seen for a second in the glare; flit, flap, whirl, dart, op, tumble, roll; buzzing noisily, flitting silently, on they come; moths of every size, sort, colour, and description. So fast do they swarm on some nights that your eye ends by being unable to distinguish anything beyond an endless succession of swiftly gyrating wings. Brown, fawn-coloured, reddish, greenish-grey, greyish-white, full white, almost full black. In and out, up and down, to and fro they go, in a wild, kaleidoscopic twirl and tangle of living, moving, possibly enjoying, certainly vigorously palpitating life, a vision which is apt to follow you when at last you reluctantly go indoors, and to thrid once more its serpentining mazurkas and sarabands far into the recesses of your morning dreams.

II

A second mothing experience may be yours, if you will. This time you shall pursue under the shelter of a roof. That it is a weather-excluding one I will not go so far as to assert, indeed,

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seeing that some two centuries have elapsed since it was slept under, that seems to be scarcely probable. You are in a castle, let that suffice; one of ten thousand castles scattered over the face of Ireland, wherever Norman marauder came, or native imitator found stones, and the men to pile them. Like others of its kind it stands close to a modern dwelling-house, therefore naturally suggests itself to the entomological mind as the very place for an extemporised moth-trap.

A few mouldering window-sashes exist, kept for the benefit of wintering plants. Push these aside, and lean out for a few minutes. The night air reaches your nostrils plainly salt, though the wind is not, from the west, but the south-east. Across the narrow encompassing cordon of trees—a mere barrier-reef of greenery—you can dimly discern, stretching indefinitely away from you, the great stone-strewn plain of Galway, a waterless sea, or grassy desert, flat and featureless for the most part as the very Sahara itself.

But the moths, you ask, the moths? "They are coming, they are coming." Hear you not that gentle humming. Hark to the flutter of wings; hark to that soft but solid "plop, plop," as a fluffy but substantial body glues itself for a moment to the glass, peering in at you with amber eyes, and the next moment, having decided to enter, goes rustling noisily to and fro amongst the onions which depend in festoons from the ceiling. Thicker and quicker now they come, from many sides, and from many occupations; from the grass and the garden; from the stream-side and elsewhere; all drawn together by that false glare and glitter, the treacherous illumination of your castle window.

And now, in place of carrying our imaginary adventure to any imaginary end, I am minded to give you the finale, the deeply humiliating finale, of a *bonâ-fide* adventure, carried out in much the same scene, and much the same conditions, upon a certain night long past and dead.

For it befell years ago that an entomologist of my acquaintance, being in just such a scene as I have depicted, and alone,

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and the night an exceedingly black one, there began little by little to grow up within his entomological brain thoughts of a somewhat quaking and disquieting character, the last to be expected of any votary of natural science. For more and more, as the night deepened, and the wind rose in short gusts, making the candles flicker, there rushed with like gusts through his mind the thought that this place in which he stood was a very odd and a very lonely one, and that many strange scenes and deeds must certainly have taken place there in the old days, which scenes and deeds might well be thought to have bequeathed leavings, as it were, and after effects, calculated to perturb mortals who rashly intruded themselves upon it, especially at ungodly hours.

For the further perturbation of that entomologist, it happened that there was in this ancient castle a certain ancient clock, which clock, being like itself somewhat out of gear, had a fashion of prefacing its strikings with singular grunts and grating discordances, due to some defect in its internal economy. And such discordances, with many odd and uncomfortable croakings, having prefaced the hour of eleven, our friend's already well-strung nerves were yet more disturbed by the same. When, therefore, a few minutes after that goblin striking, there came a resounding double rap upon one of the remaining panes of glass, and, looking up, our quaking scientist beheld a face—plainly and unmistakably a face—peeping in at him through the glass; a face clothed, or it seemed to him, with long, dusky, reddish hair, having in it large, seemingly human, eyes, which opened and shut with extreme rapidity—not assuredly the face of any moth that ever came out of cocoon—at that sight the overthrow alike of reason and of zoology became complete.

What or whose that face really was; whether it belonged to night-bird, to bat, or to other natural visitor of illuminated windows, let the demons that preside over causeless panics determine. To suppose for a moment that you, my stout-hearted reader, would have shared in so ignoble an alarm is, I am well

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aware, to insult you causelessly. All the same, whenever that scientific night's entertainment recurred to its projector's memory, he was unable to imagine any other finale to it except the one with which it did, as a matter of fact, conclude—namely, a swift turning away from that eye-haunted window; a rapid descent of the broken stairs, leaving the candles to gutter themselves to death as they pleased; a tremulous race across a mercifully short space of garden walk, and the loud and most consolatory slamming of a back door!

III

Here is yet a third mothing experience. This time your feet are set, not in a decaying wood, the last fragment of a once widely-pervading forest, but upon a scrap of sea-wasted rock, a tiny Kerry islet, nearly small enough to take up betwixt the thumb and finger, quite small enough, therefore, for you to call for the moment your own. A roof of some sort—cottage or cabin—is in this case a necessity, for "sugaring" is a strictly dead-o'-night's delight. That concession to sophistication secured, let me entreat you to have no other. If your islet boasts retainers—boatmen, gardeners, or the like—see that they are despatched at night-fall to the nearest mainland. By this means, and by this means only can you be sure that no human eye will survey your proceedings. The true naturalist is as shy a creature as the very prey he pursues, and of all forms of discomfort dreads most the cold, the supercilious, even the merely perplexed eye of his non-zoologic fellow Christian.

As for the preliminary arrangements—sugar, treacle, rum, and a painter's brush to put them on with—those I leave to your discretion. Two points I would, however, impress upon you. In the first place, whatever you do, do not, I pray you, spare the bottle! This is not a case, believe me, for sobriety; bid the preachers of temperance for this night betake themselves elsewhere; for this one night let Bacchus, rosy Bacchus, beloved of Ariadne, and of our moths, reign supreme over your islet.

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Another point concerns the laying on of your stuff. Be artistic with it, I implore you, and do it delicately. Remember that a moth, even an intoxicated moth, is a dainty feeder. He may gorge like any Roman Emperor, but he loveth not to entangle his feet, still less his wings, in your sugary concoctions. See to it that these are laid on then in thin and dainty strips, so that, alighting silently beside it, he may delicately insert his proboscis into that glutinous stream, so miraculously provided, and be able to carouse long and deep, without hurt accruing to that marvellous feather cloak he wears.

The night has come! You are practically alone upon your islet. Your retainers have been despatched long since to the opposite shore, and the rest of its inmates are, with the exception of yourself, either asleep, or on the road to that condition. Now is the moment for you to steal from the house, stealthy as another Guy Fawkes, closing the door behind you with a careful hand, and so out into the black pervasive night.

Black, but not cold, for the month is July, and you are in the very track and chosen path of the Gulf Stream. A mild breeze, honey-scented, though salt-laden, is blowing to you from the illimitable West, and across a row of gorse bushes that bristle along the top of the cliff. Points and rills of light trickling thinly here and there, bewray the scattered habitations of the mainland. Across the narrow strip of water that lies between you and these comes a sound like slow subdued sighing. There is hardly any wind, but the Atlantic seldom really sleeps, and a thousand restless little wavelets are running in and out of the hollows, getting caught and delayed for a moment, then escaping again, and throwing themselves with these sounds of satisfied longing upon the breast of their mighty mother.

You meanwhile are making your way as you best can down a small, but very steep and rocky defile, which your lantern turns into a sort of Aladdin's staircase, all glittering points, and jewel-studded knobs. Ferns—hymenophyllums and the like—

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are hanging by myriads out of the holes, but there is no time for thinking of these now. Groping and stumbling, you at last reach the lowest point in your islet, consequently the best for sugaring. Tree-trunks of any bulk it boasts not, trees yet it has, and old ones; for in all these Kerry islets plant-life flourishes, happy in having escaped that brutal devastation which has left the neighbouring shores a mere desert, wrecked and desolated. Making your way to the tree already selected, you turn your light upon it. Too quick by far! At least a dozen cautious topers have been scared by your precipitancy. Wait and do it again, this time stealing the light upon them as though it were a process of nature; as though the night for some reason had been curtailed of half its rightful hours, and you were the Dawn herself in proper person.

Behold the results of discretion—and of intoxication! Several of the company were so far gone that even your first rude onset has had evidently no effect upon them. Others which had sidled away have now returned. See that row of "Peach-blossoms," fairest and daintiest of all the daughters of Dissipation. Pill-box them swiftly, lest they repent them, and begone. Alas, the potent spirit has o'ercrowed them; they drop in helplessly, without even an effort to escape. More and more, and all in the like estate; large and small, gay or the reverse, chiefly the reverse, for your average noctua is but a dull and sober-looking dog, even when he has been up all night drinking rum. Send now for the preachers of temperance! Let them come in their myriads, and be presented each of them with a pill-box—a transparent one—in which sits a living image of the Complete Drunkard, set and framed, a warning to man, and to every other insect.

But morality must wait till the morning, when a sort of rough assize will be held, and half your captures dismissed, like other sobered drunkards, with a warning. Sugaring is not a lengthy process. If the company have not assembled of their own accord, and at the summons of intoxication, there is not much use in waiting for them. One more round there-

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fore of the trees, one more exhibition of the detective lantern, of the reformatory pill-boxes, and you may go home. Again you grope and stumble along the Aladdin passage, this time upwards, glancing ahead of you as you go, and half expecting to meet—you know not quite who or what. As you come out at the top, quickening your steps, with thoughts of your neglected bed, you once more hear the Atlantic, still rolling restlessly to and fro on its own vast bed. Once more the honeyed scent of the gorse comes to your nostrils; once more you perceive the scattered, now nearly extinguished, lights of the mainland. And, as you stand for a moment on the threshold to extinguish your lantern, you turn back—at least it is my intention that you should turn back—with a very kindly feeling in your heart for your own little islet; so wild, yet so well clothed; so near shore, yet so secure against intrusion; a mere toy in one aspect, yet dignified too, in its rock-girt completeness, in its wave-encircled isolation. Lastly, as you betake yourself indoors, you heave possibly an involuntary sigh, remembering that as a matter of fact your bewitching islet is not really *your* islet at all.

EMILY LAWLESS.

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A NEW ART OF THE STAGE

THE Purcell Society, not always reverent in its treatment of Purcell's music, or satisfying in its rendering of that music, has shown remarkable intelligence and enterprise in the choice of Mr. Gordon Craig for the mounting of its performance. Last year he produced *Dido and Æneas* at the Coronet Theatre; this year he has produced *The Masque of Love* and Handel's *Acis and Galatea* at the Great Queen Street Theatre. In these remarkable experiments I seem to see the suggestion of a new art of the stage, an art no longer realistic but conventional, no longer imitative but symbolical.

In Mr. Craig's staging there is the incalculable element, the element that comes of itself, and cannot be coaxed into coming. But in what is incalculable there may be equal parts of inspiration and of accident. How much, in Mr. Craig's staging, is inspiration, how much is accident? That is, after all, the important question.

Mr. Craig, it is certain, has a genius for line, for novel effects of line. His line is entirely his own; he works in squares and straight lines, hardly ever in curves. He drapes the stage into a square with cloths; he divides these cloths by vertical lines, carrying the eye straight up to an immense height, fixing it into a rigid attention. He sets squares of pattern and structure on the stage; he forms his groups into irregular squares, and sets them moving in straight lines, which

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double on themselves like the two arms of a compass; he puts square patterns on the dresses, and drapes the arms with ribbons that hang to the ground, and make almost a square of the body when the arms are held out at right angles. He prefers gestures that have no curves in them: the arms held straight up, or straight forward, or straight out sideways. He likes the act of kneeling, in which the body is bent into a sharp angle; he likes a sudden spring to the feet, with the arms held straight up. He links his groups by an arrangement of poles and ribbons, something in the manner of a maypole; each figure is held to the centre by a tightly stretched line, like the spokes of a wheel. Even when, as in this case, the pattern forms into a circle, this circle is segmented by straight lines.

This severe treatment of line gives breadth and dignity to what might otherwise be merely fantastic. Mr. Craig is happiest when he can play at children's games with his figures, as in almost the whole of *The Masque of Love*. When he is entirely his own master, not dependent on any kind of reality, he invents really like a child, and his fairy-tale comes right because it is not tied by any grown-up logic. Then his living design is like an arabesque within strict limits, held in from wandering and losing itself by those square lines which rim it implacably round.

Then, again, his effects are produced simply. Most of the costumes in *The Masque of Love* were made of sacking, stitched roughly together. Under the cunning handling of the light, they gave you any illusion you pleased, and the beggars of the masque were not more appropriately clothed than the kings and queens. All had dignity, all reposed the eye.

The aim of modern staging is to intensify the reality of things, to give you the illusion of an actual room, or meadow, or mountain. We have arrived at a great skill in giving this crude illusion of reality. Our stage painters can imitate anything, our limelight men can give us any hour of the day or any

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season of the year. What they do not give us is the emotion which the playwright, if he is an artist, wishes to indicate by means of his scene. It is the very closeness of the imitation which makes our minds unable to accept it. The eye rebounds, so to speak, from this canvas as real as wood, this wood as real as water, this water which is actual water. Mr. Craig aims at taking us beyond reality; he replaces the pattern of the thing itself by the pattern which that thing evokes in his mind, the symbol of the thing. As, in conventional art, the artist unpicks the structure of the rose to build up a mental image of the rose, in some formal pattern which his brain makes over again, like a new creation from the beginning, a new organism, so, in this new convention of the stage, a plain cloth, modulated by light, can stand for space or for limit, may be the tight walls of a tent or the sky and the clouds. The eye loses itself among these severe, precise, and yet mysterious lines and surfaces; the mind is easily at home in them; it accepts them as readily as it accepts the convention by which, in a poetical play, men speak in verse rather than in prose.

Success, of course, in this form of art lies in the perfecting of its emotional expressiveness. I do not think Mr. Craig has yet done much more than indicate what may be done with the material which he finds in his hands. For instance, the obvious criticism upon his mounting of *Acis and Galatea* is, that he has mounted a pastoral, and put nothing pastoral into his mounting. And this criticism is partly just. Yet there are parts, especially the end of Act I., where he has perfectly achieved the rendering of pastoral feeling according to his own convention. The tent is there, with its square walls, not a glimpse of meadow or sky comes into the severe design, and yet, as the nymphs in their straight dresses and straight ribbons lie back laughing on the ground, and the children, with their little modern brown straw hats, toss paper roses among them, and the coloured balloons (which you may buy in the street for a penny) are tossed up into the air, carrying the eye upward, as if it saw the wind chasing the clouds, you feel the actual

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sensation of a pastoral scene, of country joy, of the spring and the open air, as no trickle of real water in a trough, no sheaves of real corn among painted trees, no imitation of a flushed sky on canvas, could trick you into feeling it. The imagination has been caught; a suggestion has been given which strikes straight to the "nerves of delight"; and be sure those nerves, that imagination, will do the rest, better, more effectually, than the deliberate assent of the eyes to an imitation of natural appearances.

I do not yet know of what Mr. Craig is capable, how far he can carry his happy natural gifts towards mastery. But he has done so much already that I want to see him doing more; I want to see him accepting all the difficulties of his new art frankly, and grappling with them. For the staging of Maeterlinck, especially for such a play as *La Mort de Tintagiles*, his art, just as it is, would suffice. Here are plays which exist anywhere in space, which evade reality, which do all they can to become disembodied in the very moment in which they become visible. They have atmosphere without locality, and that is what Mr. Craig can give us so easily. But I would like to see him stage an opera of Wagner, *Tristan* or the *Meistersinger*, even. Wagner has perfected, at Bayreuth, his own conception of what scenery should be; he has done, better than any one else, what most other stage-craftsmen have been trying to do. He allows more than they do to convention, but even his convention aims at convincing the eye; the dragon of the *Ring* is as real a beast as Wagner could invent, in his competition with nature's invention of the snake and the crocodile. But there are those who prefer Wagner's music in the concert-room to Wagner's music even at Bayreuth. Unless the whole aim and theory of Wagner was wrong, this should not be. I should like, at least as an experiment, to see what Mr. Craig would make of one of the operas. I am not sure that he would not reconcile those who prefer Wagner in the concert-room to this new kind of performance on the stage. He would give us the mind's attractive

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symbols of all these crude German pictures; he would strike away the footlights from before these vast German singers, and bring a ghostly light to creep down about their hoods and untightened drapings; he would bring, I think, the atmosphere of the music, for the first time, upon the stage.

Then I would like to see Mr. Craig go further still; I would like to see him deal with a purely modern play, a play which takes place indoors, in the house of middle-class people. He should mount the typical modern play, Ibsen's *Ghosts*. Think of that room "in Mr. Alving's country-house, beside one of the large fjords in Western Norway." Do you remember the stage directions? In the first act the glimpse, through the glass windows of the conservatory, of "a gloomy fjord landscape, veiled by steady rain"; in the second, "the mist still lies heavy over the landscape"; in the third, the lamp burning on the table, the darkness outside, the "faint glow from the conflagration." And always "the room as before." What might not Mr. Craig do with that room! What, precisely, I do not know; but I am sure that his method is capable of an extension which will take in that room, and, if I am not mistaken, he would be eager to set his method to the task.

There is one writer of our time who has not yet been fairly seen on the stage, and whose plays could not, it is certain, compete on the stage of Her Majesty's or the St. James's with the popular drama of Mr. Stephen Phillips. I mean Mr. Yeats. I have not seen any one of his three plays, the *Countess Cathleen*, the *Land of Heart's Desire*, and the *Shadowy Waters*, on the stage. The two former have indeed been acted in London and in Dublin, but not, I think, very satisfactorily; not, certainly, in accordance with his own ideas. The *Land of Heart's Desire* has been successfully acted in America. I doubt whether such a play as the *Shadowy Waters*, beautiful as it is in itself, could ever grasp the interest of any audience not made up of mystics and poets. But in the *Countess Cathleen* I think Mr. Yeats has written a play which is, in the true sense, dramatic; which could, there-

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fore, be effectively acted under proper conditions. There is in it a remote but intense life, a finely imaginative but direct and straightforward speech; the verse is organic, and grows out of the structure of the piece; nothing in it is decorative or episodical. But this story of the barter of a soul is a tragedy of the soul. It takes place among people who, if they spoke in prose, would still speak the language of poetry; and it cannot be acted realistically among realistic scenery. It wants, as a background, the vast purple cloths which Mr. Craig used last year in his setting of Purcell's *Dido and Æneas*, and, for costumes, the shadowy purple draperies which melted into that background; it wants this dim lighting from the roof, this atmosphere in which dreams can move freely, as if at home there. Here, then, in Mr. Craig, is the stage-manager for Mr. Yeats; and here, in Mr. Yeats, a playwright waiting to be staged by Mr. Craig.

ARTHUR SYMONS.

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THE DEAR

I PLODDED to Fairmile Hill-top, where
A maiden one fain would guard
From every hazard and every care
Advanced on the roadside sward.

The busy breeze came up the hill,
And smartened her cheek to red,
And frizzled her hair to a haze.—With a will,
"Good morning, my Dear!" I said.

She glanced from me to the far-off gray,
And, with proud severity:
"Good morning to you;—though I may say
I am not *your* Dear," quoth she:

"For I am the Dear of one not here—
One far from his native land!"—
And she passed me by; and I did not try
To make her understand.

THOMAS HARDY.

Google

DANNY

XXII

SON OF HIS FATHER AND AFFLICTED

IT was because Danny knew no fear of the Arch-fear that about that time Simon Ogg and the people began to be afraid of him.

Simon indeed feared him of old; for in the early days the Warden had met him outbye on the moor, and had words with him; and for weeks thereafter when the grey knight and his lady came through the village, linking along, arm-in-arm as was their way, he of the red eye-rims cowered in naked terror behind the door.

"What gars ye tremble that gate, John Jelly-bag?" cried his wolf-eyed mother.

"I am afraid," chattered the youth, truthful in spite of himself.

"Because of what?" cried the mother.

"Of him," whispered the youth, and pointed with the thumb over his shoulder.

The mother looked forth.

"Of Danny?" she scoffed. "He is but a dog."

"He is the Devil herself," said Simon with conviction.

To Simon then and thereafter the presence of the Warden was as a perpetual and irritating sore. Simon, though afflicted, was a mighty hunter on the marches of other people, as his

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father had been before him. That same father indeed had come upon his death at the Laird's hand, through this sporting habit; since which time the Laird had forsworn all sport for ever: and now for many years the spoiling of the Heriot baronies had been the unofficial perquisite of Simon Ogg, and the like-livered; so, as young Simon once put it, all was for the best after all.

Then had come Danny; and all had changed. The little knight preserved rigidly in his own favour and Robin's, and there was no more spoiling of the moors within the jurisdiction of the keenest-eyes March Warden north of Solway; and Simon Ogg was bitter because of it.

And well he might be. Those were bad and barren times for Simon, his mother mocking him everlastingly because he came home empty-handed from his hunting and stayed day after day huddled over the fire—cuddle-minnie that he was! —Was he feared of a bit doggie?—him, the son of Red-handed Simon. A fine son to his father, and that father's blood crying these twenty years for blood again. Ah, if she had not been a woman she would have shown him!

Simon, blinking red eye-rims, muttered that all the world knew it was his minnie's self had gone to the Laird the night before she was a widow, and warned him what her man was up to and where; begging him on her knees, so the tale went, to put out after him and get him put away from her for ever.

Thereafter, on that night, words passed between mother and son, and later, Simon, driven by her houndings, went forth, strove all night, horror at his heels, and in the morning watches, achieved a fallow-buck on the borders of the birch-woods.

As he wiped the sweat from his brow, and prepared to truss the legs of his victim, Danny came over the brow above him; saw him kneeling in the bracken, and stormed at him down the hill with merry battle-cry.

Simon rose, roaring, and fled down the brae-side; and skilled in the wiles of the hunted, dropped of a sudden, deep in a bracken-bed, and lay there to watch.

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Danny did not pursue. He stood upon the body of the dead buck, and head in air, cried for his battle-mate.

Robin came to his cry, saw the kill—that it was a deer: and made halt.

"Whist, mannie!" he said fearfully. "Ye must mind your murders if the Laird's about."

Danny looked up, waggled furiously, and plunged with frank delight to gralloching his dead.

Robin bent, saw the cord tied round the dead deer's foot: and understood.

Then he stood up, turned his back upon Simon in the bracken-bed, and cried up-hill to the heavens.

"Simon Ogg, son of your father and afflicted! hearken. I see you there. And I ken you're near by," he shouted, "my buckie, for I heard Danny call for you. And I heard you hellaballooin' when he was after you. I thank you for *your* trouble," cried the old man. "I thank you for this bit venison: we was searching meat. And his Honour," he ended, "who killed your father for you out-bye, he too will thank you when he hears of it."

He bent, shouldered the deer, and departed down the hill, Danny at his heels.

Simon crawled away upon his belly; and his mother met him in the door of his home and blasted him with scorn.

"A fine son to a murdered father!" she cried, "who nor brings home meat for the pot nor makes good his father's murder."

Two days later Simon met Robin in the street, and leered at him with much-meaning eye.

Robin stopped.

"Am I a dog?" he asked indignantly, "that the very Abjecks mouths at me?"

"I hope ye found it to your liking," whispered Simon, and winked furiously.

"What?" asked Robin.

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"My bit venison," said Simon.

"That what you stole from his Honour?" cried Robin.

"Ay," said Simon, "and what you stole from me," said he, "and ate," said he, "your lane; and never a body to share a bittock but the reek of it."

XXIII

THE OATH OF SIMON OGG

Now for Simon Ogg the bitterest sting of all lay in this: that Danny, the most jealous Warden in the country-side, who fell like the sweep of a sword on all who crossed his borders, was not himself above reproach. As Robin euphemistically phrased it—"Whiles the wee man forgets a march himself," and foraying abroad spoiled sport for Simon and his brethren for a score miles round.

At these times he doffed the Danny of the Dews. The Gentleman-in-Waiting, the Warden of the Marches, the Keeper of the Door, knew him no more. Now he was Danny the Reiver, a gentleman moss-trooper rollicking forth to harry the land from Lammer-more to the shores of the sea.

Often he would be away for days together thus a-raiding; and those would be wae days and dowie for Robin. Not only was the old man widowed of his battle-mate, and left to go his rounds forlornly in the dews, but the anger of the Laird was on him because of the absence of his Body-Squire; and the Woman's tongue never ceased from prophesying woe and that her man was gone not to return.

Yet the old man was little to blame; for as he truly said,

"When the Voice cries him forth——"

"Voice?" jeered the Woman. "Whose Voice?"

"Missie's," said Robin.

"Does Missie cry him out to the bloodying?" jeered the Woman. "She that would aye wait him at the brae-foot with the whippie."

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"She cries him forth to tryst her in the wilderness," said Robin; "and when she cries he will be away and nor me," said the old man, "nor mortal will stay him."

And none could; none indeed ever attempted it, save Simon in bitterness of heart; and that was after that time that, greatly daring, he broke his kirk and the Laird had come to him still cuddle-minnying in his cottage, and asked him what he had to say for himself.

Simon mumbled that he was born afflicted, his Honour having killed his father, as his Honour might call to mind.

"Ye were worse afflicted before I killed him," said the grim Laird.

"It's sore being born with no daddie to ye all the same," mumbled Simon.

"It was your gain," said the Laird, "and my loss. It's cost me a crown a week ever since."

"I've seen none of it," said Simple Simon. "Ye might as lief not have killed him," said the son, "for all the good it's been to me."

"You was best shut of him, my lad," said the Laird. "I know that who knew him. And anyway, because I killed your father, it's no reason you should break your kirks. However," he added, "in consideration of your being Simon Ogg, I'll let you off this last once with a word of warning: Keep your kirks," he said, "keep your hands from poaching and stealing; and keep clear of that old hell-hag of a mother of yours—and maybe ye'll make some sort of a misfit of a man yet," and he went forth, grim and dumb, cloak-wrapt, and Danny at his heels.

Simon Ogg that night obeyed the last of the Laird's precepts, and went forth to transgress the second. Now that night Danny, too, had put forth on bloody business; and the two clashed at dead of night suddenly by the shores of the sea a score of miles from home.

It was the place where the sea comes thrusting into the Throat of the Hills like the blade of a spear; it was the time

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when the seals play on the sand-dunes in the moonlight and the dead come forth from the great deeps to feel again the breath of heaven.

What then happened by the lapping of the tide, in the stillness of the moon, the scared sea-fowl and secret stars can tell. Simon told none; and Danny never spoke of it. But for weeks thereafter, when the Laird swept through the village, his calm-eyed Squire at heel, Simon crept indoors and drew down the blind.

"What's taken you?" cried his Mother, with the wolf-eyes beholding him.

"Whisht!" whispered Simon. "He is passing."

"He who murdered your father!" cried the Mother, never tired of harping on that string.

"He who nigh murdered his son," said Simon, nibbling; and it was not till the Laird and his Squire were already at their questing on the bridge, that he came forth into the street, and there with lifted hand, under the roof of heaven, his mother's eye upon him and the village looking, swore, by the blood of his murdered father, that one day by moor or moss, on land or water, in hell or heaven, he would get back upon the Laird and the little man in grey—"Life for life, soul for soul."

Robin, passing at the time, heard, but was little moved, merely reporting the matter to the Laird; who, indeed, noticed it so far as to set Simon the Longer Penance—"for taking an oath," so ran the grim order, "which he will not keep."

"We will see that," cried Simon, as he came forth next Sabbath into the kirk-yard, pale-eyed and blinking, from being shamed before the congregation.

XXIV

THE WOMAN PROPHESIES

Now there were others besides Simon, whose souls were vexed by the red crusades of the little knight. These were wardens

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to those men who came up from the South year by year, like a blight of locusts to trouble the land; and these on a day, led by one who was himself no better than he should be, speaking foreign French and taking no snuff, as Robin said, gathered in council at the Ferry Ha' by the Ford of the Weeping Bride and offered blood-money for the body of a certain soldier-saint in grey.

News of it came to Robin, and he trotted down to the village, and there gave it forth ominously that who harmed Danny had the Laird for his foe.

Hepburn was afraid, but the leader of those bloody men, loud-mouthed loud-laughing Saxon of the South, who knew nothing of the Heriot Hand, heard of it and mocked. The mother of Simon who was drinking at the ale-house at the Ferry at the time, returned to Hepburn and her son, and told him significantly of the mocking of the huge-limbed Southron.

Word of his mocking came to Deborah Awe, too, and she was amazed.

"Who is this man?" she cried, "who dares defy his Honour?"

"He is one Joliath by name," said Robin moodily.

"Goliath!" cried the Woman, "A Philistine!"

"Surely," said Robin, "and as uncircumscribed a one as ever I saw though he swears like a Christian."

"What kind o' kin would he be to him o' Gath?" asked the Woman.

"A-well," said Robin: "it seems he spells his name not justly the same: so he'd be but a far cousin!"

Now it was but a week after that gathering of bloody men at the Ferry Ha' that the Reiver went forth a-raiding.

He had been with Robin in the white dawn, going his rounds busily, bloodily, as was his wont; the old man had bent a moment to tie his shoe, and looking up had found himself alone.

Robin knew of old the vanity of pursuit, yet he climbed feverishly to his watch-tower on Lammer-more, and there under the grey roof of God, the rain-washed moors at his feet, and far

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Burnwater dull and dim beneath the bulwark of the hills, clamoured; but no answer came except from a grouse-cock whirring out of the heather half a mile away.

Mindful of that dark meeting at the Ferry Ha' he set his face for home, miserably, but as he drew near the kitchen he habited himself in impudence as in armour; and rollicked into the kitchen with the conquering air of the victorious lady's man.

"And how is my wee white one the morn?" he cried playfully—"blithe as a laverock and bonnie as a gowan, I'se be sworn. Ah!" he cried, halting and looking round the naked kitchen—"a foul setting for so fair a face."

The Woman, scrubbing on her knees, looked up.

"Where is Danny?" she snapped.

"Away somewhither," said Robin, nonchalantly, and was passing on.

The Woman rose from her knees and confronted him.

"I see how 'tis," she cried. "You have lost him again."

"One of us has," said Robin, pushed by her and passed down the passage into the hall.

The Laird ceased from his lonely pacing as the other entered and turned.

"Well?" he growled.

Robin raised a warning finger.

"Whisht!" he said, and nodded significantly in the direction of the kitchen.

"What?" asked the Laird, thunder-bowed.

"The Woman," whispered Robin tactfully.

"What of her, fool?" thundered the Laird.

"She is wae at heart," said Robin.

"Wae?" thundered the Laird. "Why?"

"Whisht!" hushed Robin. "Danny is away, so she gar'd me tell ye."

"Who gar'd ye tell me!" asked the Laird, glowering.

"Her," said Robin petulantly; "our virgin. It was little fault of hers," added chivalrous Robin, and turned to go.

Google

"I am not blaming her," said the grim Laird.

Robin turned.

"D'you blame on me?" he asked fiercely.

"No," said the Laird. "Ye're as GOD made ye, and yer mother spoilt ye. Ye can't help yourself."

"I canna," said Robin. "It's the company I keep," and went out quickly.

To the kitchen he returned, sour at heart.

"What said he?" inquired the Woman.

"It's no matter of yours," snapped Robin.

The Woman was joyful.

"He threeped at ye!" she cried. "I am blythe to hear it. One day my Danny will go, and he will not return."

"And that will be a joyful day for you!" cried Robin bitterly.

"When my Danny is dead!" cried the Woman.

"When you can say: 'I aye tell't ye,'" said Robin, going forth.

"Ay," cried the Woman, following, "and I aye *have* tell't you, and I will tell you once again: *You will lose him once ower often yet,* Robin Crabbe. I have said it before, and I say it again. *You will lose him once ower often yet.* Mark me!" she cried, hanging on his heels. "My word will come to pass. It maybe this very time, or it may not be yet a bit. But mark me! *You will lose him once ower often yet.* And that is my last word to you, Robin Crabbe."

"I would well it were," said the rude man, and trailed away to mope all day, full of uneasiness because of that gathering of dark men at the Ferry Ha'.

XXV

THE WATCHERS ON LAMMER-MORE

THOSE were dark days for Robin. The Laird indeed said little; wrapped in his short cloak, he moped about, grim and

Google

grey and inaccessible, as an eagle shorn of his mate. But the Woman said much. Day-and-night-long at that time she might be heard, crying that that day had come of which she had long spoken; till Robin was driven forth from the kitchen to pass miserable days on Lammer-more, hand to his brow, looking forth across the unkempt land towards Burnwater lying pale and still beneath far Windy-hope and the Forest of Altyre. That gathering of dark men at the Ferry Ha' sat upon the old man day and night like the horror of Death. He would not tell the Woman of it; he dared not tell the Laird; so he must bear his burthen alone, and it was nigh to breaking him, foolish, fond, old man.

Two days passed. A third came, and began to pass away, and still the Reiver had not returned.

That evening at that tender between-time when the day is gone, and the night not yet come, and the gossamers swing across the evening like fairy tresses hung from star to star, there were three watchers on Lammer-more.

The Woman had come out of her kitchen and stood at the foot of the brae, the evening upon her hungry eyes, scant hair, and time-worn face.

On the brae-side above her on Fir-Tree Knowe was Robin. Once she called up to him shrilly to ask if the old man saw a sign of the lost one? but he stood like one deaf, his face to the West, and answered nothing.

"Nor ever will," shrilled the Woman, answering her own question. "Once ower often I aye said; and now ye see!"

Topmost of the three, in that high, lonely headland whither Missie and her knight had been wont to go on such holy evenings to exchange secrets with the Lord God walking there, stood the Laird.

Great and grim and black he stood like a blasted fir against the sky.

The moors began to smoke; the mists to steal forth from the cleughs and nether-places of the land; the glory lifted from the face of Burnwater, lying afar like a dead lily floating

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in a mere of shadow; while beyond athwart the Throat of the Hills the sea lay like a barrier of beaten gold.

The hallowed silence fell about him like a raiment; the stars came out; the moon was like a silver sickle upon a field azure; and there came stealing across the forlorn dark face that tenderness that the David of the Western Isles, herding up there, had seen upon it in those earlier days.

The iron melted out of his face. He stood beneath the stars, no longer a stark Heriot, but a dreamer of soft dreams, very dear. His feet were on the heather, his face in the seventh heaven; and upon it the ruined splendour of the West like a blindness to transfigure it.

And as the dreamer had told, he began laffing and daffing with lifted face, blind eyes, and tender hands; and as he murmured, smiling, he was aware of one stirring in the heather at his feet.

Dreaming still, he looked down and beheld two eyes of love, low at his feet, regarding him.

A moment he stood amazed; as one who looks into the eyes of her he has lost and found now after many years.

"Child!" he whispered, in wonder of love—"Child!" and bent with tremulous tentative hands as though to lift her, and there was upon his face a glow that was not altogether of the moon.

Then a wet leaf, as it were, touched his wrist.

He woke.

At his feet was no maidenly white Missie, but a storm-warrior, wet, haggard, ragged with battle home from bloody doings in far lands.

Grimly the Laird stared down; and the Reiver, but an hour escaped from instant death, sat at his feet and yawned demurely and with creaking jaws.

As the two came off the brae together, one crept forth from the dark and with whimpering cry fell upon his knees, caught up the wanderer in fond arms and kissed him.

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"I kent he would come!" sobbed he. "I kent he would come!"

As they came to the foot of the brae, the Woman came winging to them in the half light like Azrael with hungry eyes; nor spoke till she had him in her arms.

"My man to me!" she cried, and hugged him to her bosom.

Out of the darkness behind came the voice of Robin, nonchalant, swaggering as of old.

"So ye'll be disappointed again, Lucky."

"And no fault of yours," retorted the Woman, rocking on flat feet. "It is well this time," she cried, "but I will be right yet. Once ower often I have said, and once ower often it will prove."

XXVI

THE CURE FOR CONSCIENCE

NEXT day Danny was not himself. The Woman noticed it—and abused Robin; Robin noticed it—and moped; so did the Laird—and scowled.

The little man was troubled, absent—"all the while away," as the Woman phrased it.

Once or twice he put forth on little lonely questings about the old familiar lady-haunted spots by burn and brae; and Robin, troubled greatly, followed and tried to entice him to a bloody enterprise upon a vixen who had a lodgment under Gaunt Scaur. In vain. The Warden, though he greeted his ancient friendly, went on his questing way alone, and would not be tempted to his duty.

Robin trailed back to the kitchen.

"He cares no more to kill," he announced, "he cares no more to live," and sat down soddenly. "And I aye tell't ye."

The Woman turned on him, fierce-eyed.

"It is that is troubling him, I do think," she cried. "He

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has something on his soul—some bloody murder you and he have been at in the wilderness."

"God send it's nothing on his stomach," said Robin, mindful of the oath of Simon Ogg and the Philistines of Altyre.

"It will be some crime upon his conscience, I am telling you," reiterated the Woman. "For though God made him male, he is not altogether like a man, is not my Danny. He has a conscience to him; and when he has shed innocent blood he does not glory in it, but is sore and shamefaced."

"What's he want with a conscience to trouble him?" gloomed Robin.

"What, indeed!" sneered the Woman. "You do fine without one."

"Ay," said Robin, "none o' yer foreign fandangoes for the likes o' me."

"But Danny is not the likes o' you, praise the Lord," said the Woman. "He is a Christian, or would be but for you and your enticings. And it is the thought of some family fallen fatherless through him—some poor Rachel animal mourning for her litter because they are not—that weighs him under so. Could you clear his conscience for him," ended the Woman, "all might be well yet."

Robin reflected.

"I could clear his conscience for him fine," said he at last, "but I do think I could easier clear him of his conscience. And I will just drench him," said Robin. "That should throw it off for him fine."

That night he tried his remedy, but to no seeming purpose. Indeed, he of the sick soul and drenched body disappeared; and the Woman, as was her way, raved at Robin.

In the dawn next day the sick one was home again.

Robin bore him back to the kitchen, and there the Woman received him with amazement and open arms.

"Back from the bloodying in one day!" she cried. "The Lord's wonders never cease!"

Google

"He has not been bloodying," said Robin, greatly gloomy. "He has not so much has fleshed his teeth. I know not what he has been at. I would to God I did."

"I will tell you," said the Woman grimly and looked down into the eyes of love of him upon her bosom, "for God made him male, and there is but two things that sort puts out after. If a man has not been after some shed of blood, then has he been after some she woman. So God made them, and they canna help themselves; and there's no good talkin'."

Robin shook his head.

"Na," he said, "na; he is no vanquisher of women, as I have been," said the dim old dotard, "to my shaame be it spoken."

"You!" shrilled the Woman in the high-nickering voice peculiar to such badinage. "You vanquish us! you and your Dreep-eye?"

"Ay!" said Robin, and nodded at her; "and who should know it better than Deborah Awe?"

Now Danny was back from his night-adventuring, but in spite of Robin's drenches he was still sick of soul. There had come the old harassed hungry look into his eyes. Now he trotted at the Laird's heels with drooping tail; anon he made sudden halt and stood with ears alert, as though hearkening to the far-heard feet of the Well-Beloved: again he would start off of sudden scurrying purpose, following unseen skirts trailing over dewy lawns; and then marched warily with eyes as stars, bright to expect her, ambushed at every corner and behind each bush, to leap forth on him with loud hands and merry eyes just as of old. Even his dreams were troubled. As he lay at the Laird's feet and slept he was not hunting now, but murmuring as though loving his lady in her chamber.

The Woman fell back on furious abuse of Robin.

"You have drenched him to his death!" she shrilled. "It's that is troubling him."

Google

"Ye said it was his conscience a while back," sneered Robin, miserably.

"So it was," cried the Woman. "And you killed his conscience with a draught; and now that same draught is killing him."

"It is better I should kill his conscience," said Robin, "than his conscience should kill him;" and went.

As he sat that evening seeking familiar comfort in the village ale-house, Simon Ogg, drinking in the door, dropped his pewter suddenly.

The potman looked up.

"What's taken the lad?" he cried. "He's all of a daddle. Ah," he added, "I'm thinking ye'll ha' taken a chill layin' out-bye last night, ma lad."

Robin woke from dim dreams.

"Who was out-bye last night?" he asked.

"Ah!" said the potman. "Ask Looney here."

"Simon Ogg, son of your father," said Robin solemnly, "where was you last night, when ye was where ye'd no call to be?"

"God's sake, man, whisht!" whispered Simon urgently, his cheek cuddled against the door-post, peering round it fearfully into the street.

"It's but his Honour," said the potman. "I heard the gate clash a minute back; and Looney got the horrors straight."

He went to the door and looked over Simon's shoulder.

"I canna see him either," he said.

He turned to the youth.

"What is it ye see?" he asked. "Is it a war-lock? that gars ye glower that gate."

Simon nodded furiously.

"Where?" asked the potman, himself not unafraid.

"Just there," said Simon, nibbling his finger-tips and nodding streetwards.

The potman looked. The street was empty save, indeed,

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for a little lonely warrior figure trotting down it bent on some earnest business.

"Danny, as the Lord lives!" cried the potman.

"What of it?" asked Robin.

"His lane!" cried the potman.

"His lane?" cried Robin. "Is his Honour none there?" and tumbled to the door to see.

"Not in the flesh," said Simon, chattering.

Robin looked long. He saw the little lonely figure pass through the village, he saw him come to the bridge, and leap to the coping as of old; he saw him at search there with diligent nose; then he came back, busy, hurrying, rapt, and the trouble in his eye.

"He'll be away hunting," said the potman, "else his Honour'd be there."

"Hunting he is," said Robin, nodding, "and not the heathen."

He turned on Simon chattering in the door.

"Where was you last night?" asked he, sharply.

"In the Forest," said Simon. "And he was there and he is fey. He is fey."

Half an hour later, Robin looked in on the Woman in the kitchen with solemn eye.

"That has been shown me that is troubling our man," he announced and nodded. "He has met Missie in the wilderness."

The Woman, looked up, startled.

"How came ye by that?" she asked.

"I have seen a thing," said Robin nodding, "in a dream."

XXVII

THE PAPISH PHILISTINE

That night Danny disappeared; so did Simon Ogg.

Robin knew it; so did the Woman.

"It's the second twice in three days!" she screamed.

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"There was never the like of it before, nor ever now will be again; for why? He has gone not to return. And it's all you and your perdition drenches. I kenn't what would come of it. I just tell't ye. And as I said and so it has proved."

So indeed she did say nine hundred and ninety and nine times in three days; and as in the morning of the fourth day she was saying it for the thousandth time, the Reiver trotted in upon her.

Then it was Robin's turn. From dawn to eve he stirred not from the door of the kitchen, jibing at the Woman for a lying prophetess, a Bald-headed Abomination, and every pet name, fair and foul, a ruthless tongue and rude wit could lay hold of. Not till evening fell did he desist to retire to the village, there fitly to celebrate the Reiver's return and the utter destruction of Deborah Awe.

He had been gone a bare half-hour, when the Woman, returning to the kitchen, was amazed to find him sitting before the fire, his head between his hands.

"Keep me!" she cried. "Back so soon! You are indeed the rapid drinker that walks to the village, gets you blind-drunk, and home again all while I see his Honour changes his feet."

"I am not blind-drunk," said Robin, chin upon his hands. "I have scarce tasted."

The Woman regarded him.

"Have you dreamed then?" she asked.

"Not to my knowledge," said Robin dully.

"Then what in God's world is it?" she cried. "Dear keep me! Ye look that widderful and wae ye might ha' heard the world had run out o' brandy, and there was no more blood to be had for the spillin'."

"It is this," said Robin, and looked her in the eyes; "last night—Tuesday night—the Forest of Altyre was moved."

"What's that to me if it was?" cried the Woman.

"To-day," continued Robin, "was to have been a great shooting at Altyre. There has been no shooting because of the moving."

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"Awell," said the Woman, "am I man that I should mourn because the Lord has seen good to come between his creatures and their murderers?"

"And the countryside is being raised against the mover," continued Robin dully.

"The mover is the Lord, I say," asserted the Woman. "He is weary of this blood-guiltiness; and has moved the Forest to warn his creatures of the coming up against them of bloody men; even so He warned David in Keilah of the coming up of Saul."

"And on every brig and naked wall from here to the Ferry Ha'," continued Robin, "they have a reward out against the mover. I have seen it with these eyes."

"They may reward and reward," said the Woman, grimly, "and yet if it is as I say——"

"It is not as you say," said Robin shortly. "You say lies. It is not on the Lord they are putting it. I would it were."

"On whom then?" asked the Woman.

"On Danny," said Robin.

The Woman turned on him darkly.

"This is as I have said," she cried. "Ten thousand times ten thousand I have tell't you, and you have mocked and cried out on me 'Baldhead!' and the like. And now ye see. Our man is in jeopardy of his life because of ye."

"How will I hinder him?" cried Robin miserably. "Missie calls him; and he is just away. She trysts him in the wilderness," said the old man; "that has been shown to me in a dream. And if while he is waiting for her—and you'll mind she was never there to the stroke—he bloodies a bit, who shall blame him?"

The Woman pondered, chewing her under-lip.

"Who is it has the Forest this year?" she asked at last.

"Young Johnson," said Robin; "a young fool-man with a fair wife. It is not for him I fear," said Robin. "He is little better than as God made him. Nor for her. I have seen her in Campbell-town carousing by in chariots and horses, and

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though she decks out in gaudy duds as it might be the Scarlet Woman," said Robin, "yet she is ower like to Missie to do scathe to any that walks God's earth, let be Danny."

"Who is it then you fear?" asked the Woman.

"Awe," said Robin harshly. "I fear none. But O Woman!" —he threw up dim eyes, and dropped his hand upon his knees—"I am just sore afraid."

"Because of why?" asked the Woman, with scared eyes.

"Because," said Robin, "of yon muckle slabber of a foul-mouthed foreigner."

"Goliath!" cried the Woman, wide-eyed.

"Ay," said Robin, biting home on a plug, "and full as uncircumscribed as ever his kin was when he cam' out o' Gath, with helmets on his head and targets on his feet."

"What of him?" asked the Woman, with wide eyes.

"He has sworn," said Robin.

"That's little more than the mort o' men do," said the Woman, relieved.

"No man ever did it in my hearin'," said Robin, "and lived. He cursed Danny by his gods."

"That's no matter," said the Woman, "The gods o' the Philistines aren't much."

"Wait!" said Robin. "He swore—" and swallowed, "he swore——"

"To kill him?" whispered the Woman.

"To crucify him," said Robin.

"To crucify him!" screamed the Woman, and rammed her apron to her mouth. "My man!"

"Ay," said Robin, "your man—my man—Missie's man—all our man!"

The Woman was pale as her apron.

"The papish indeed!" she cried. "The papish Philistine!"

"To crucify him," continued Robin, nodding, "along o' t'other vermin against his kennel-door. Ye may look!" said the old man. "It is truth I am telling you. Andra' Gillray who has foreign French and tongues, heard him swear it at the

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Ferry Ha'. Myself," said Robin, "I have no Philistine. I am a Christian and have no dealings with barbarious tongues; and I cannot rehearse you the words, but that is the matter of it."

The Woman drew a deep breath as one emerging from icy waters.

"The Anti-Christ!" she said. "The bloody Caiaphas!"

"He is all that, be sure," said Robin, and spat upon the floor, "and worse. He is an Englisher."

The Woman turned and scurried for the door.

"Where away?" asked Robin sharply.

"To warn his Honour," cried she.

"Let be, Woman," snapped Robin. "What cares his like for his Honour?"

"If not for his Honour, for whom then?" asked the Woman, hand on the door.

"Woman," said Robin solemnly, "if there is any hugger-mugger-muddlin' over this matter it will be like to cost us our man. Is it to yon old billie——"

"Billie!" cried the Woman.

"Bletherin' and blatherin'," said Robin.

"Mind your mouth!" shrilled the Woman.

"That we will turn in our hour of need," said Robin. "Na. This is a matter for a man," said Robin, "or more than man. This is a matter for such an one as was he who slew the kin of this same Uncircumscribed—a mighty valiant man and a man of war."

"For such an one indeed," cried the Woman. "But where will we find our champion?"

Robin gathered himself and rose.

"Here is your David," said he, and stood before her, dim. "I will go up and fight with the Philistine for you."

The Woman looked at him.

Age-bowed, with dripping ringlets, he stood before her: then went out.

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XXVIII

A MAN OF HIS WORD

It was night; and from the cottage of Simon Ogg proceeded merriness and shrill song.

> Three wee devils in a big black pot,
> Screamin', steamin'!
> And the ole daddy Devil stirrin' of the lot,
> Beamin', streamin'!

The door opened and a face looked in. Within all was blackness save for the light of the peat fire splashing ruddily on dingy walls, low rafters, hung with onions and fat hams. Pinned to the centre-beam and fluttering in the red light, like a huge anguished butterfly, hung a notice; and before it in the firelight danced Simon Ogg, beating with two wooden spoons a furious rat-a-tan on the sides of a fat ham, and screaming:

> He's a-pokin' and a-strokin' with a poker that is hot,
> Here one, there one!
> Particularly proddin' in a sore selected spot,
> His dear one, the heir one!

"His heir one," said a voice in the door, "Simon Ogg, son of his father."

Simon leaped round, saw one in the door, dim, ringleted and bonneted, against the night and everlasting stars, and tittered.

"Ye're fine and songful," said Robin.

"Ay," tittered Simon, and searched with blind hands at his back.

"What gars ye do that?" asked Robin, eyeing him.

"What?"

"Pluck for that notish."

"What notish?"

"The notish hanging from the beam," said Robin, "offering £10 reward," said Robin, "for information against you."

"Against me," cried Simon. "What for, why?"

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"For bein' there," said Robin, nodding.

"Where?" asked Simon, blinking.

"Where you've been," said Robin.

"Who's been where?" said Simon, nibbling his nails.

"You have," said Robin, "in the Forest."

"What Forest?"

"The Forest that was moved."

"Has the Forest been moved then?" asked Simon.

"You should know," said Robin sourly.

"When was it?"

"By night," said Robin.

"What night?"

"The night you was there," said Robin.

"I wasna there," said the youth, fearful, but dogged. "And who tell't you?"

"Ah," said Robin. "I have my dreams."

"Your dreams can put no proof on me," said the youth, watching him with cat's eyes.

"And there is Danny," said Robin.

"Danny!" said the youth, and began to chatter. "Did he see me?"

"Did he not?" said Robin.

"But it was pit-murk!" cried the youth, nibbling furiously.

"Maybe," said Robin. "He sees with his nose."

"And now I mind me," said Simon, "I was never there to see."

"And now I mind me," said Robin, "he was none there to see ye."

"Indeed, but he was so!" cried the youth.

"Can ye swear to that?"

"I swear to it," cried the youth. "I just saw him."

"You saw him!" cried Robin, and transfixed him with accusing finger. "You saw him, you that was not there!"

Simon staggered but recovered.

"It was in a dream I saw him," he mumbled with the flashing genius of the insane.

"You dream dreams!" cried Robin. "The very trouts in

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the poddles will be dreamin' dreams next. Na," he cried, "na: there is but one dreamer of true dreams to each parish. So it has been appointed," said Robin, "and so it is. And I am parish-dreamer in Hepburn. . . . And you was in the Forest."

Simon threw up the sponge.

"Belike I was there," he whined, "but so was Danny."

"You was there," said Robin, inexorably, and turned to stump out.

"Where to?" asked Simon following, pale-eyed even in the dark.

"To earn £10."

"What for?"

"Informing on you," said Robin.

Simon drew closer.

"See here, Mr. Robin," he whispered, nibbling, "if you will swear to tell none, I in my turn will tell you——"

Robin paused and turned.

"What?"

"A thing," said Simon, nibbling and nodding in a very ecstasy of mystery.

"I thank you," cried Robin with high scorn, "but when I would know a thing it is not to you that are afflicted that I would turn," said he: "it is to my dreams."

"Concerning Danny," said the youth, and nibbled and nodded.

Robin stayed.

"Tell on," he said with cold indifference. "I will make shift to hear you."

"Ye'll tell none o' my bit jaunt?" insisted Simon.

"Trust me," said Robin, "and see."

"Ye'll none tell Joliff, the Englishman," pursued Simon. "He has his eye towards me. He would clink me if he could."

"Ye're safe with me," said Robin. "I'll none tell Joliath. I could not if I would. I have no Philistine," said Robin. "Besides that I would not be seen talking with English in the gate."

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Simon drew closer stealthily.

"Whisper!" he said and began. "I did just happen there or thereabouts."

"Where?"

"In the Forest," said Simon, "that night."

"What night?"

"Tuesday night."

"How came you there?"

"Just walkin' in my sleep," said Simon, nibbling.

"Lie on," said Robin shortly.

"And I woke and found me there."

"Where?"

"On Windy-hope above Burnwater: it's there where the great fir was that came down in the tochet storm two years gone; and as I was layin' out bye, who should come by but——"

Robin held up his hand.

"I will hear no more," said he, shortly.

"Why not?" said Simon, looking at him.

"I have heard plenty enough for my purpose," said Robin courteously.

"And what's that?" said Simon, suspiciously.

"To hang you," said Robin.

"Will ye betray on me?" screamed Simon.

Robin turned on him wrathfully.

"Am I a Judas?" he asked, "that I would break the troth I have plighted. Na," he said, "I will indeed inform on you—how else would I earn the reward? But do I not go to the Bloody Englisher," said Robin, "but to his Honour."

"But the Forest's none of his Honour's?" cried Simon.

"Is not Danny his Honour's?" said Robin sternly. "And are they not putting the moving of the Forest on him? Shall he suffer for your sin?"

"I'd liefer ye tell't the Bloody Englishman than his Honour," whined Simon.

"Na," said Robin firmly. "I have my oath that I may not break. Yet be not dismay'd," said Robin. "It will be

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the same to you. For I will tell it up to his Honour, who will tell it up to the Fool-Sassenach, and he to Joliath, and Joliath to the police."

"And I will be clink't," cried Simon.

"You will so," said Robin, "if you are not hang't," and turned away.

Simon shattered.

"Mr. Robin," he began. "Need ye tell his Honour? It was him killed my daddy in Gaunt Scaur."

"Ay," cried Robin fiercely, "and for all thanks to him for doing that for you, you would kill his Danny—who is more to him than son, and little less than soul."

"I'll ne'er lay a hand to him," whimpered Simon.

"You took an oath," said Robin inexorably.

"It was minnie made me," whined Simon. "And his Honour has not forgotten that against me, though he shamed me for it."

"That he has not," said Robin, "nor will never."

"O Mr. Robin," whined the youth, "is there no way but his Honour must know?"

He stood before the old man, lank, quaking, shabby-kneed, and whimpered.

"There is one way," said Robin at last, "and but one. Go you to Altyre the morn's morn. Tell the Bloody Englisher it was you and none but you moved the Forest. And it might be well," added Robin, "to tell him that to your sure and certain knowledge Danny was not out that night."

"But he was," cried Simon, "he was there."

"I've none but your word for that," said Robin, "and you are a liar above all men but your mother."

"Ye've none but my word I was there," said Simon cunningly.

"Even you canna be lyin' all the time," said Robin, and continued, "Tell him that, just as I have tell't you. And if," said Robin solemnly, "you add to that by the half of one word, or take from it the less than that, then," said Robin, rolling

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dim eyes, "may the Laird do by you as he did by your father or worse," said Robin, "or worse."

"Can he worse than murder me?" screamed Simon.

"What the Laird canna," said Robin, "there is just one that can, and that," said he, "is Robin Crabbe."

Robin stood in the door of the kitchen, and looked in on the Woman.

"I have done four things this night that should stead me well," he announced. "I have saved my Danny—and Missie will be pleased; I have made away with a malefactor out of this parish maybe for aye and may be for six weeks—and his Honour will be pleased; I have made £10 that I have not earned—and I am pleased; and I have taken an oath," said Robin, "that I have not kept, nor yet broken it—and the Lord will be pleased."

XXIX

"WHERE IS MY DANNY?"

It was dawn next day. Simon Ogg stood in the door of his cottage and shivered; and at his heels was his wolf-eyed mother, whispering.

"Who strikes Danny strikes the Laird," she was saying in his ear. "Mind that, you that are son to a murdered father! you that took an oath and was shamed for it before the congregation!"

Simon shrugged, shivered, stepped out into the silent street as one plunging into cold waters, and turned West. Once he turned, and in the silent street his wolf-eyed mother stood watching him; so he turned again and took the old drove-road that skirts the foot of Lammer-more, surging up to heaven in long slow sweep, wind-ruffled nor yet awake.

As he came out on to the cold moors, a tiny figure, black against the dun dawn on the hill-top, espied him, and came plunging down the brae, Danny at his heels.

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"Where away at cock-shout?" asked the old man with upraised authoritative hand.

"I go to Altyre," chattered the youth, his eyes on Danny.

"On that business I spoke with you of last night?" asked the old man.

"The same," said Simon.

Robin eyed him critically; then he thrust forth an old hand.

"Simon Ogg," said he, not unfeelingly, "you have more heart to you than has been shown to me. It is ill to sin," continued the preacher of the weeping eye, "but some hold—and I am one—that to sin and then to confess your sin is better than never to have sinned at all. And mind," said Robin, "if they give you the £10 for informing against yourself, it is to me that it belongs, who put you in the way of addling it. But I will not forget my little friend," said Robin, tenderly, "and we will share and share alike. You shall have your sixpenny," said Robin, "if ever you come forth from clink alive; and I will have that is over. Go, my buckie," said Robin, tears in his eyes. "Go! and the blessing of St. Colomb be with you in clink or in cottage, in heaven or in hell."

Simon, son of Simon, tramped on his way, tittering; while Robin trotted home with heart uplifted.

In the kitchen he sat down and laughed so long and silently, that the Woman, coming in on him asked him sharply had he been drinking, or had he had the dreams.

"Nor t'ane nor t'ither," said Robin, hugging himself.

The Woman looked at him.

"What is it then?" she asked. "Have you killed Goliath? you that are our champion."

"I have cotched him," said Robin, "if I have not killed him," and told her all. "And so," he made end, "I have sent Simon Ogg to his fate. And I have saved my Danny,"

"And where is your Danny now?" asked the gaunt Woman.

"Here to my heel," said Robin, and looked.

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"I see him not," said the Woman, and looked into the old man's eyes.

"He's there all the same," said Robin, turning and ever turning, and ever paling as he turned, "only—I just canna see him. . . . Ho the man! ho the Danny!"

"You may call and call," cried the Woman. "He is not there to hear."

"He'll just be with his Honour," he said, feigning indifference, and yet with shaking lip.

"I will see that," cried the Woman and ran.

In a moment she was back, clattering furiously along the passage.

"Where is my Danny?" she cried vengefully, and flung into the room.

Robin was already in the door, sneaking forth.

"Is he not with his Honour?" he asked, pausing.

"That he is not, nor has been!" cried the hard-voiced Woman, and stood over against him, gaunt accuser, hand on hips. "And his Honour would ken where he is."

Robin began to sneak forth.

"It is of you I ask it, Robin Crabbe!" cried the Woman dogging him. "You that are our champion! You that have saved him!"

"If he is not there," said Robin, "it is like he will be some other where."

"He is lost!" cried the gaunt Woman, "lost!" and turning called down the passage.

"Robin Crabbe has lost him again, your Honour."

"Send him here!" came the harsh voice from the hall.

"The Laird would speak with you," said the Woman, turning.

"I canna come," said Robin, hurrying away.

"He must come!" thundered the voice unseen.

"I canna!" cried Robin, raising his voice. "I've my work."

"Ye can let it go," thundered the Laird, "same as usual."

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"Na," said Robin, firmly, "a man must work while he has daylight: it is in the Book. Maybe I'll come to-night. I'll see."

He sneaked away, and the Woman hung on his heels.

"Then what will I tell his Honour?" she asked, "and him shouting for Danny. God's sake! hear him!"

"Tell him," said Robin shortly, "to go look for him."

"I will tell him this!" cried the Woman: "that Danny is gone; and that Simon Ogg has gone after him, whose father the Laird slew, and who has sworn to slay again—life for life, soul for soul; and that you sent him. And I will tell him of the oath of the Englisher which you have withheld from him."

Robin turned.

"I tell't you of it!" he cried. "It was for you to tell his Honour—you that Missie bid mend him and mind him, and see he changed his feet."

"Me!" screamed the Woman. "It was you forbid me flatly. How will yon old billie, bletherin', and blatherin', serve us?" ye said. "Na," says you, "I will be your champion," you says. "I will go up and fight with the Philistine."

"I did it to try ye," said Robin. "I did it by his Honour's word."

"We will see that!" cried the Woman, turned and fled for the house; halted, and turned again, gaunt-eyed, remorseless, prophetess of woe.

"What was it was the oath of the bloody Englisher?" she cried, "word for word, that I may rehearse it to his Honour."

Robin above her on the mound quavered, bowed, and fell suddenly upon his knees.

"To crucify him," he sobbed, his old face in his hands. "To crucify him. O Missie! O my man!"

(*To be continued.*)

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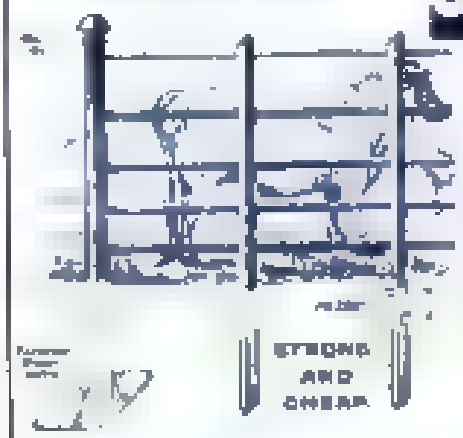

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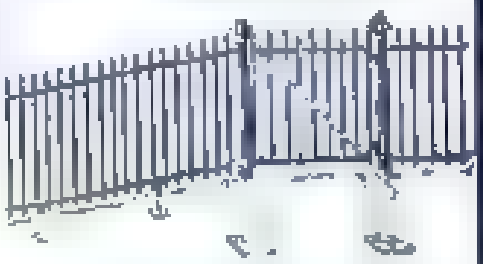

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